

III Score & X

Or

Selections
Collections

and Recollections

OF SEVENTY BUSY YEARS — BY SILAS C. SWALLOW

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REYNOLDS HISTORICAL
GENEALOGY COLLECTION



Presented To

Organism of
New Cumberland N.C.

By

Mr. Thomas Silas C. Swallow

May 31 1914

Chapter X for buying

III SCORE & X

OR

Selections, Collections, Recollections

OF

Seventy Busy Years

By, REV. SILAS COMFORT SWALLOW, D. D.,
Erroneously Called "The Fighting Parson."

*"He who writes or makes a feast
More certainly invites his judges than his friends.
There's not a guest, but will find
Something wanting or ill drest."*

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DEDICATION.

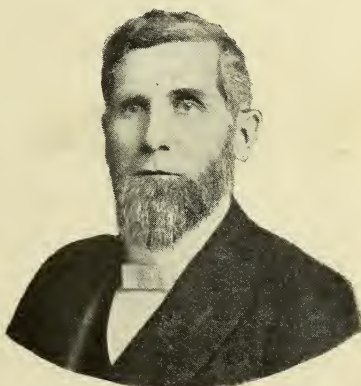
TO Rebecca Louise (Robins) Swallow. Now and for forty-five years my beloved wife—The model home maker—When in health the tireless church worker—For twelve years the staff of her father's old age—For thirty-five years the foster-mother of orphaned children—And always the strenuous reformer's "*Stout Heart*," in many a hard-fought conflict for great principles—is this record of a battle-scarred, but through Christ a victory-crowned life,

Affectionately dedicated

By her husband.



The candidate for Vice President was Mr. Carroll, of Texas. Mrs. Swallow's maiden name was Robins.



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FORE-THOUGHT.

WILL IT PAY?

Such is the inquiry concerning every venture in this highly synthesized commercial age. Not always in dollars and cents is the question asked, but sometimes in the matter of SENSE alone without the dollars, will it pay? A venture may not pay the venturer, but his family, his neighbors, his townsmen, his nation, the world may reap the benefit.

Will it pay to write a semi-autobiography? Provided there is wrought into it some historic facts, quoted aphorisms, moral lessons locally applied? Will it pay the reader in its helpfulness to him in life's struggle? Will it pay the writer financially or will he lose money at a time when he can ill afford to do so?

Will the book sell, and be read? Will it challenge sufficient notice to be even healthily criticised, and roundly denounced? These are some of the "aforethought" questions that perplex a "would-be author."

I determined to test some of these questions in the most practical way and hence when the book "III Score & X" was nearing completion I sent out 3,000 approximate "Table of Contents," accompanied by an explanatory circular, and a return postal card for would-be subscribers, and nearly 1,500 of these cards came back promptly from forty-two states, ordering the book, and all this before the manuscript went into the hands of the printer. Then I said, "It's a go for better or for worse."

A CONDITIONAL SECOND VOLUME.

We have used fictitious names instead of the real ones in several cases where severe censure is implied in the historic account of their conduct. This we have done out of deference to the feelings of their relatives and friends. If they see proper to contradict our statements, we are prepared to produce a volume supplemental to "III Score & X" giving not only their real names, but much of the evidence in our hands, especially concerning "the origin of the Capitol fire," "the larceny of State furniture," "the padded pay rolls," "the preparation for the six million steal," "the conspiracy which led to charges against me in the church," and "the motive and methods of those back of the Philadelphia Press conspiracy, embracing the detective's story of the part taken by the chief conspirator, and a snap shot of the reverend gentleman."

CENTRAL IDEA.

A great politico-moral revolution is sweeping the continent, and the death knell of the liquor traffic, the monster iniquity of the ages has sounded.

This is the result of God's hand moving in answer to prayer, and of forty years of an uncompromising agitation that brought education. This in turn was accomplished largely by a comparatively small number of devoted men and women who sacrificed time, strength, self ease, social and political promotion, reputation, millions of money, and not a few of them, life itself. Hitherto the masses of even Christian people have had money for everything except for this cause. Had there been no money there would have been but little seed sown, and if no seed sown no harvest. That which was unpopular has become popular.

The final victory is in sight, provided the compromisers be not allowed, as so often before, to sidetrack reform for personal preferment. Happy beyond expression would we be to have reached that period in the great sanguinary conflict where without sacrificing our cause, we might out of respect for the memory of the dead and the feelings of the living, omit all personal references. But to be a truthful historian of the last quarter century in its relation to moral reforms will not permit such omission. To the greatest of these reforms, viz: The annihilation of the liquor traffic is this volume in large part dedicated.

WHY NOT CRITICISE DEMOCRATS?

That question has been asked of me a hundred and one times, and will be asked again by Republicans who read this volume and observe my strictures of the Republican party. Here is the answer once for all. The Democrats of the north make no pretence of political piety outside of Mr. Bryan, and he favors license, while the Republicans claim to be the G. O. P., the party of moral ideas, the party that should have the support of Prohibitionists. It would be a work of supererogation to fight the Democrats. They make no pretense of being aught else in many localities than a Republican annex for the crumbs that fall from the rich parties table. The Republicans have been in power almost continuously for nearly a half century. All the evils that "our Teddie" complains of, and one, viz: the liquor evil, that he has never complained of, have grown up under Republican administrations. If that party while in power could not prevent the incoming of the evils, can it minister to their outgoing? About the only good to come from thrusting the dead donkey would be, to furnish additional and unnecessary evidence that we believe in the eternal punishment of the wicked.

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CHAPTER I.

ABOUT APPENDIX, PREFACE, AND TABLE OF CONTENTS.

We want this book read by the reviewer. And, as from experience we know the temptation of reviewers to skim the index, appendix, preface and table of contents, and nothing more; we first decided to embody all of these ornaments in the first chapter; but afterward realizing how conspicuously the contents of the table has always figured in the promotion of the higher civilizations, not only till they reach their zenith, but in their down-grade slide toward their nadir, we repented of our rash decision and have put the well spread table in. Then realizing more fully the general popularity of the two-faced man or woman, especially the politician, and the commonness of that article, we decided to have a preface. Now a preface is the face that goes before the other face or faces which the owner may utilize for changed conditions as they occur, or are made to occur. The preface of books, like men's theology, formed to suit their

character, should be called sub-face because so often written after the book is finished. And further the preface or front face of books as of individuals is usually the best face, and is an intimation if not an argument that the faces that follow are equally good looking. D'Israeli once declared that "it argues a deficiency in taste to turn over an elaborate preface unread; for it is the attar of the writer's roses." However, as it is not my purpose to make a rose garden of my book, nor yet a thorn patch, but rather a sort of thought conservatory, more probably perhaps incubator, I concluded that



as my book will not be two faced I would not have a preface, but only a fore-thought. Now it has been said that foresight, so largely depending on fore-thought, is much to be preferred to hind-sight. Hence "fore-thought" in place of "preface" I have written to be read.

As to the appendix, it is somewhat dangerous these times to have one. Many people of both sexes are having their's excavated, or amputated or extracted, or more probably all of these, and pickled in alcohol, and exhibited as evidence that the Almighty made a mistake when he appendixed the race. Did our Father's have them? Or, are they a mod-

ern accession of some embryonic organ in process of evolution? Darwin is *gone*, we can't ask *him*. But strange, is it not; that our parents never instructed us in the proper construction, exercise, nourishing, development or education of that little animated sign board at the intestinal cross-roads? And that science has so recently discovered its useless character, and pernicious existence. If this volume had an appendix and some learned Ph.D. should diagnose, and pronounce it *appendicitis* with the accent on the long i, and all the scattered thousands of volumes had to be gathered into some literary hospital for an operation, our trouble would have just begun. Such may be the attempt of the Alliance, even without the appendix. Some people do say that the improper management of the "table of contents" superinduces trouble in the "appendix." Senator Hoar wrote a sympathetic letter to a political friend who was about to be proceeded against for appendicitis. But learned later that no operation was necessary, since a revised diagnosis called the ailment "acute indigestion," he wrote another, congratulating his friend because the trouble was not in the appendix but in the table of contents.

A hundred thousand people, at least, die in America every year from pickling their appendices in alcohol without first having them extracted. That the little stranger may not be lonely they also pickle at the same time the stomach, liver, kidneys, heart, brain, arteries, muscles, nerves, and even the bones. They soon discover that not only are these pickled, but that their owners are really in a pickle, for when they confess to have had enough of the pickling stuff they go right on drinking it down till it is discovered that while alcohol preserves dead tissue, it rots the living tissue, and the victim of the poison must be buried in the interests of the public health.

All these considerations had determined me to have no fixed index, appendix, preface, or table of contents; but to give them all a roving commission to find congenial society in the various chapters as they evolve. But no! I must have a "table of contents." So much of my happiness through these nearly seventy years has found here such stomach-felt, not to say heart-felt expression, that the "table" shall stay.

I, A PUBLIC BENEFACTOR.

Job lamented "Oh, that mine adversary (enemy) had written a book." More modern controversialists covet with similar purpose a literary product of *their* adversaries, which they may pick to pieces, and thus avenge themselves of those adversaries. It is the silent man, whether a Napoleon or Grant in war, or a Gladstone in diplomacy, or a Matt. S. Q. in politics, saying "Dear Beaver don't talk," or an Asbury in religion, whose tactics are dreaded by the thoughtful opponent. Mr. Roosevelt is little feared by those he so multitudinously threatens.

This book is in a sense in accordance with the teaching of the great Master who said "love your enemies and do good to them that hate you and despitefully use you." It will be enjoyed by our numerous enemies because it will afford them ample opportunity to avenge themselves. I will thus be a public benefactor by decoying these enemies from dissecting others who are possibly my friends.

On life's small questions, which have two sides, and their name is legion, we strive to follow the example of the irascible Randolph of Roanoke. He met an enemy who maintaining the middle of the path growled out "I never give way to a dog," to which Randolph replied, "I do," and walked around him. But on the great questions that underly the future of the church, of our republic and of the world; questions buttressed in the irrevocable "Thus saith the Lord," we strive in our weak way to touch elbows with King John, declaring:

"My countrymen, I sue for simple justice at your hand,
Naught less will ask, nor less will have.
Act right therefore, and yield my claim,
Or by the Gods that made all things,
I'll fight till from my bones the flesh be hacked."

That the book will confirm some of my friends in the belief that I am a "knocker," a "kicker," a "sore-head," a "pessimist," I have no doubt. But if I know my own head and heart neither are "sore," but the latter is grieved beyond expression because some of the churches of the land follow not Christ nor his word nor their own vows, but follow the corrupt politician who is led or driven, but surely dominated by the venders of booze.

We have been frequently asked "If you don't like the church why don't you leave it?" Our uniform answer is "But I do like it." Like it so well that I would make almost any sacrifice to see it restored to the spirit of the Master, as lived by the Wesleys, and the fathers. Let those go out who violate their church vows, and trample in the dust their own resolutions and the discipline of the church. I choose as a loyal son of Methodism to stick. It is the other fellow who belongs "without where there are dogs and sorcerers and whoremongers and murderers and idolaters and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie." I hold at least quasi anti-Annanias certificates from both church and state. I am a Methodist by adoption primogeniture, by regeneration and by flagellation.

Dr. Hiram Mattison left the Methodist Church because of her then inane attitude on the slavery question. He came back at the expiration of a few years, saying substantially, "I honor her radical rightness now, even in greater measure than I dishonored her cowardice then, and can stay out no longer, for she looks so much more beautiful looking in

from without than when one looks out from within that I must again enter." We have been invited out by the toe-point of the Methodist backslidden boot, as these pages will show. By the sucking dove preacher not yet out of his Methodist swaddling clothes. By newly formed denominations seeking for strength to stand alone or to lean on perverts from other churches. From strong denominations intent on growth from "Come-outers," and from many "Come-outers" themselves who wanted company. But there are already too many "Come-outers," sinfully too many denominations, say by about one hundred, and so, "we're here because we're here, sir," and hope to stay at the old home till we go home.

"I love thy kingdom Lord,
The house of thine abode;
The Church our blest Redeemer bought
With his own precious blood."

RECIPE FOR GETTING ENEMIES.

Here I claim to be an expert. The man who enlists for the war or for life in a relentless crusade against a crime like the liquor traffic, of five thousand years growth, and hits the license law, hits the legislator who made it, hits the judge who grants license under it, hits the lawyer who advocates it, hits the politician who conceives it, hits the political party which truckles to it, hits the voter supporting the party, hits the preacher excusing the voter, and voting with him, hits the bishop condoning the preacher's offense, into which he treacherously led him, and hits the church which violates its own law in harboring as acceptable members all these supporters of license crime; such a man we say, especially if active in the crusade for two score years, will have enemies enough for his own use, and some to loan to friends who need the useful adjuncts of a low-civilization called enemies, as rods to beat the dust of self-conceit out of their hides.



Mr Lincoln Steffens

I am aware that that most fierce but most rational denunciationist of modern times, Mr. Lincoln Steffens, has recently sickened of these wholesale censure of his fellows, and in most forceful language has portrayed his sickness. I quote from his appeal introductory to his story of San Francisco.

"We Americans have been out on a man-hunt. Some of us still are at it. We are crying to have somebody put into jail; to make some individual suffer; and we may, mob-like, catch some victim some day and we may wreak upon him our hate. I hate this hate and this hunt. I

have bayed my bay in it, and I am sick of it. I am convinced that if I should follow far enough the human trail I was on, I should catch myself. For I have gone far enough already to see where I am to blame; how I have done or neglected to do things which have contributed to the guilt of the most intelligent rascal in the United States. And, if I have not done wrongs as great as his, I wish never again to forget that I have lacked his ability and his temptation. Happening into a cleaner business, the only temptations I have fallen before are those of my business. But the whole hunt, the hate and the spirit of vengeance upon men, whether of the law or of the mob, is wrong. It is things, not men, that hurt us; it is bad conditions, not ill-will, that make men do wrong."

And yet is there not the semblance, at least, of fatalism, in all this. Either God or men must be responsible for conditions, and who dare charge God with the establishment of corrupt environments. The wickedness of the world still lies at the door of wicked men. And while every sincere man must confess to his share in the Christian world's sad plight, yet at the door of religious compromisers, lies much of the blame, and who shall dare to hide or condone it?

Attempting single-handed and alone, except as God should help, an expose of a forty-year-old gang of capitol burning state thieves, when it was in the midst of preparation for an added ten million steal, adds to the long list of "adversaries" for whose accommodation, as well as for the gratification of my many friends is this book written.

THE BEST OF FRIENDS.

We hail those friends living, and drop a tear for the thousands dead. They are the truest, noblest, most heroic ever found by mortal. They are in every star of our national constellation, and the fragrant missives sent by those of other lands as well, have smoothed what otherwise were a ten years thorny journey from Chaos toward the good times here, and the better times coming. And now in the language of Mary Clemmer's "Words for parting"—

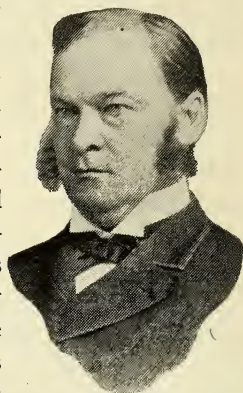
The way is short, O friends,
That reaches out before us;
God's tender heavens above us bend,
His love is smiling o'er us;
A little while is ours
For sorrow or for laughter;
I'll lay the hand you love in yours
On the shore of the Hereafter."

Read the book, you will not like all that's in it. Neither do I. The poverty of human language and of man's ability to read that language, is ever disappointing our fondest hopes of being understood. If you think

the volume as a whole will do good, loan it, or rather help me sell it, recommend it, and write us. If you think it will do harm suppress it *if you can*.

THE BIG I.

If the big *I* shall appear conspicuously in this volume, let my apology be that it is *I* and me, and my and mine, that *I* am writing about. That was an honest confession of my friend, Rev. George W. Miller, D.D. A wounded boy in the Civil War, left for dead on the field, insisted on not dying, and had his way; studied for the ministry and applied for membership in the Central Pennsylvania Conference of the M. E. Church. He was sent out of the conference room that his qualities might be discussed. Dr. Hamlin, the eloquent presiding elder, raised the question of his falsely alleged egotism. Being informed of it on his return to the room, Mr. Miller answered: "Dr. Hamlin *thinks* he's smart and wants others to tell it. I *know* I'm smart and am willing to tell it myself. The fact is, both were among the foremost brilliant men of the age, and Dr. Miller is still a powerful pulpit magnate. At present, I as an author have so far advanced in egotism, if not in egoism, as to claim membership in Hamlin's philosophic school. Before the completion of this volume, I may have matriculated at least, in the Miller school. But trust I may not attain to the picture drawn by Jane Taylor,



Rev. Geo. W. Miller, D.D.

"The loud, loquacious vulgar egotist,
Whose I's and Me's are scattered in his talk
Thick as the pebbles on a gravel walk."

I may reach the description of another, viz.: "Not hampered with the instinct of incompetence," if not already there. Or possibly I may rival the political speaker, concerning whom the colored hearer afterward said: "I did not heah his name, but he sho' do give hissef a pow'ful good recommend."

Notwithstanding the much of modern saying in praise of altruism, God appeals to the creatures egoism. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren" you are to get something. There is but a limited amount of purely disinterested benevolence in the world. Even "Jesus, for the joy that was set before Him endured the cross." Set over against "Be good and you will be happy," some humorist has placed "Be honest and you will be lonesome." It is no evidence of honesty in the man who claims to be neither egotist nor egoist. His boast betrays

him. If the volume seems fragmentary and disconnected, please remember that it is an "Omnium Gatherum," made up of fragments, selections, collections, and recollections of seventy busy years.

FORGETFULNESS.

As I write I am forcibly reminded of my forgetfulness. Well, forgetfulness is a weakness, possibly a sin, to be greatly deprecated. It is also very inconvenient, as that Fourth of July orator discovered, who wrote and committed (at least he thought he had): "Fellow citizens, we are forcibly reminded to-day of the sacrifices—of the sacrifices—of him who was first—who was first—was first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his—his—his—soldiers. I refer to that early patriot soldier, whose name was—was—was—whose name was—(out from a side pocket was brought the manuscript) whose name was George Washington." He had actually forgotten, in his embarrassment, the name of the father of his country. He tried memoriter again, "We should on this na—this na—this natal day of our—of our—of our—na—na—na—tion be grateful, be grate—be grate—full to all—to all—to Almighty—to Al-l-might-mighty-might (out came the manuscript) God." He had in his stage fright forgotten the name of his Creator. It was a sad plight that Mr. Julius Cæsar Burrows found himself in when at the National Republican Convention in Chicago, on June 16, 1908, in making the address as temporary chairman, he forgot the name of the President, whom he was supposed to eulogize and stammered out Theo—Belt—Rosa. The injunction to the rich man in hades indicates what he went there for. It was forgetfulness. "Son remember that thou in thy life time," etc. But it was too late. It always is when one fails to remember in time. And all this is prefatory to some things which I remember, and the many more things I have forgotten.

HEAR-SAY EVIDENCE AS TO AGE.

Nevertheless, I have, as the Southern brother would say, a "right smart" memory; but though present on the interesting occasion cannot remember my birth well enough to swear to it, it being a matter of hear-say, not accepted as evidence in court. I remember my cradle, my precious mother's lullaby, and the hand that smoothed the wrinkles from my brow, fretted by trials as real as those of maturer years.

"HE MILKED."

I remember that I have forgotten, if I ever knew much of that eventful first year after I emigrated from babyland to this country. A mother testifying in court to the good character of her son, declared that "he had been a farmer all his life." "And what, pray you madam, did your son

do at farming the first year of his life?" asked the incautious lawyer on cross examination, and then nearly fell off his chair as the mother, amid the guffaws of the crowd, shot back at him the answer "he milked." A coarse story, do you say? All of real life is as coarse as an onion, which uneaten makes one sick. I have no remembrance of my partnership in the domestic dairy, but arguing *a posteriori* as the logicians say, am morally certain such partnership existed, else why am I here?

If consulted before I came I might have objected, especially if I had heard or read of Hood on the birth of Miss Killmansegg.

"What different lots our stars accord!
This babe to be hail'd and woo'd as a lord!
And that to be shunn'd as a leper!
One to the world's wine, honey and corn;
Another, like Colchester native born,
To its vinegar only and pepper."

SECOND CHILDHOOD OF DOG AND MAN.

I remember the toothless dog given me by John Watson, our three-mile-distant neighbor boy, with the injunction to "feed him milk till he gets his teeth." Repeating the injunction to my father, he answered, "My boy he has had all the teeth he will ever have." Pity it is that so many men, as well as dogs, are the "have beens" of society, and the greater pity that multitudes every year dig their graves with their teeth, after which they have no more use for either molars, incisors, or bicuspid, but only for the grave which they digged. Over-eating and drinking gives multitudes yearly their long last sleep. How sensible in good old Bishop



Peck, whose sufferings from a midnight mince pie challenged the sympathetic inquiry of a colleague, "You are not afraid to die, are you Bishop?" To which he responded, between groans, "No, not afraid, but I'm ashamed to die."

Churchill's Gotham describes

"Old age, a second child by nature curst
With more and greater evils than the first,
Weak, sickly, full of pain; in every breath
Railing at life, and yet afraid of death."

The transition has been an easy one, from the toothless dog to the toothless man. How helpless the latter in this August month, of roasting ears. He is only exceeded by the full-toothed Irishman, Dennis

O'Hara, who, writhing in agony as the casement of four dozen ears, was exhorted by his good wife, in the absence of a priest, to "pray," which he did thus: "Oh, Lord, ef ye'll help me this time I'll never ask yez agin. I'm not like these blatherin Methodists, always a tazen ye, and ef ye will only relave me of two dozen ears of this corn, I thinks I can manage the other two dozen mesel'." And he must have been a brother to Pat, who, though supposed to be dying, and smelling the odor of the boiling ham, asked his wife for a "bit," but was denied it, because it was being prepared for the funeral. But whether in dog or man, Longfellow hit it straight when he wrote:

"Whatever poet, orator, or sage
May say of it, old age is still old age."

A FLY-CATCHING YOUTH.

I remember the home-woven and home-made girlish-looking red woolen dress, that humbled my early boyish pride as I caught the flies that basked in the sunshine on the open door of the back-woods home, and have often wondered what would have become of this scurvy old world if perchance I had killed all of these heaven-appointed scavengers commissioned to clean up human filth and transmute it into living tissue. But I gave up forever with my youth both fly catching and hair splitting, since while sugar catches more flies than vinegar, yet I'm not now catching flies, but killing saloons which requires "less of treacle and more of tartar."

I remember grandfather's rescue, when with my older sister, now Mrs. Copeland, of Blue Springs, Nebraska, we had climbed into his open buggy, to which old Nancy was attached, and she had leisurely started to the music of our affrighted screams, across lots and over half closed bars, toward her home. The moral of that ride and rescue was, figuratively, to "beware of the Nancies." Though really some of the sweetest characters I have known bore that much-abused name.

BUYING LAND.

I remember how I wondered whether people who went West to buy land, brought it home, as did my father dry goods and groceries? That question was affirmatively answered many years after, when I saw a bunch of foreigners at Castle Garden, just from their native heather. Soil is not always real estate. It is sometimes personal property without the formality of a quit claim deed. And yet, out of these dirt-begrimed families will come our future lawmakers. Let us educate, Christianize and Americanize them. If we fail in this, it will be both our fault and our misfortune.

"POLK, DALLAS AND THE TARIFF OF '42."

I remember, though but six years old, the long processions of farm wagons, decorated with evergreens and field flowers, and bearing the hardy yeomanry to and from the great political gatherings of the campaign of 1844. That was but one quadrennium distant from the memorable campaign of coons, log cabins, and hard cider. I can yet, in imagination, hear the song:

"Ha! ha! ha! such a nominee
As James K. Polk of Tennessee."

And that other, referring to Henry Clay, his opponent, each stanza of which ended with:

"Hurrah for the farmer of Ashland."

The banners were numerous in that far-off period bearing the inscription, "Polk, Dallas and the tariff of '42." What a nightmare in American politics has been that same tariff question. And what a fetid, fetish for the politicians on both sides to juggle with, to the exclusion of more important questions in statecraft. And what a diabolical policy for robbing the consumer and building up trusts and monopolies and government defying millionaires has been this same tariff.

The story goes that Washington came back at the end of a hundred years, only to find a country so changed as to challenge his belief that this was America. In amazement he asked, "What is that?" "A locomotive." "And that?" "A telegraph." "And that?" "And that?" "And that?" "A postal card," "an envelope," "a friction match," "a postage stamp," "a trolley car," "an electric light," "a telephone," "a mowing machine," "a reaper," "a thresher," "an electric fan," "stove," "smoothing iron," "automobile," "incubator," "a poodle dog nurse," etc. "And what and whence that strange song?" "Oh, that is the phonographic reproduction, sung a month ago by an inmate of the county jail, incarcerated as a martyr patriot, his only offence the drinking of too much government-taxed whiskey by which the government revenues are being augmented."

"And what is that he is singing?"

"My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing."

"Not a very appropriate song," said Mr. Washington, "for a man in prison for helping his government."

Unconvinced that this was his old America, Washington was taken to Congress, when Dalzell was making a tariff speech. "Ah!" exclaimed the father of his country, "This is verily my old America, they were dis-

cussing the tariff when I left fully a hundred years ago, and they are at it yet." To which he might have added, "Alas, what fools we mortals be!"

PERSONALITIES? YES!

Perhaps some of my friends, or enemies, tried and true; for generally with me, both are both; will inquire: "Will you indulge in personalities in this book as in your paper and magazine work?" Why not? Nathan said unto David, "Thou art the man." Where great and grievous wrongs are to be righted, the individuals responsible for those wrongs should be named. The book will not indulge in epithets or vituperation, but will show the inconsistency inhering in the conduct of those who promise one thing and do its opposite to the great hurt of the church and the world.

In the great slavery controversy it was not until the persons responsible for the wrongs were named that their anger and resistance, combined with the undying zeal of the abolitionists, culminated in emancipation.

Will the book indulge in posthumous censure? And why not? The Bible is crowded with it as a warning to the living, and as an aid to the great reforms on the accomplishment of which depends the future of society, of the church, of the country, and the race.

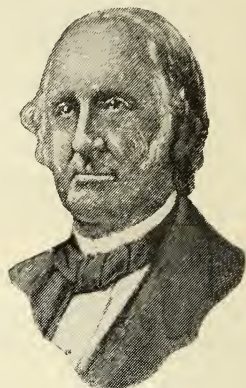
Surely the public acts of public men, and especially those destined to work injury to the republic, ought to be proper subjects for respectful, but nevertheless adverse criticism, irrespective of the life or death of the actors. Irrespective too of the manner of their death. Assassination does not render its victims sacred, or their deeds immune from censure. The dying utterances of a man, put into his mouth by the low standard of political morality with which he had been familiar in the church and out of it, do not change the character of his deeds while living. Wendell Phillips said some very plain things about the dead, when the political followers of Daniel Webster, then deceased, proposed with ostentatious ceremony, to place his statue in the state house yard. Read a few of them as here reproduced:

"ABOLITIONISTS RISK BANKRUPTCY."

For what? "For obeying commands which the pulpits preach, and then fine us for practicing." Substitute Prohibitionists for Abolitionists in the foregoing sentence and we have an exact description of present conditions. On May 12, 1859, in a New York address, Mr. Phillips referred to the dodgers and schemers on moral questions in a way that substituting Roosevelt and Fairbanks, or McKinley and Hanna, or Taft and Sherman, or Bryan and Kerns, for Webster and Clay, and Prohibition for Abolition, would be singularly appropriate for our day.

"TRADING IN THE RELICS OF SOULS."

Phillips wrote, "If this experiment of self-government is to succeed, it is to succeed by some saving element introduced into the politics of the present day. You know this: Your Websters and Clays, however intellectually able they may have been, have never dared or cared to touch that moral element of our national life. Either the shallow and heartless trade of politics had eaten out their own moral being or they feared to enter the unknown land of right and wrong. Neither of these great names has linked its fame with one great moral question of the day. They deal with money questions, with tariffs, with parties, with state law, and if by chance they touch the slave question, it is only like Jewish hucksters trading in the relics of saints. Judge it then, candidly, carefully as Americans, and let us show ourselves worthy of the high place to which God has called us in human affairs."



Wendell Phillips.

"SHELLS OF HISTORY."

Mr. Phillips continued: "No man criticises when private friendship moulds the loved form in

"Stone that breathes and struggles,
Or brass that seems to speak."

"Let Mr. Webster's friends crowd their own halls and grounds with busts and statues. That is no concern of ours, but when they ask the State to join in doing him honor, then we claim the right to express an opinion. We cannot but remember that the character of the commonwealth is shown by the character of those it crowns. A brave old Englishman tells us the Greeks had officers who did pluck down statues if they exceeded the symmetry and proportion, and ordered monuments according to men's merits." "We need such officers now," said Mr. Phillips. "Indeed we do." And then he continued: "Especially when I think of the long term and wide reach of his influence and look at the subjects of his speeches—the mere shells of history, drum and trumpet declamation, dry law, or selfish bickering about trade, trade, trade. When I think of his bartering the hopes of four millions of bondsmen for the chances of his private ambition, I recall the criticisms of Lord Eldon, 'No man ever did his race so much good as Eldon prevented.'" True of most of the church vote supported politicians of to-day.

HEARD ROUND THE WORLD.

Of course such sentiments engendered mobs, composed of those who answer arguments with stones, and seek to silence the reasoner with threats and epithets, with calumny and vituperation. Halls and churches were closed against Mr. Phillips, but the echoes of his trumpet voice raised against the compromises of the dead men whose evil deeds lived after them, were heard all round the world.

QUAY'S CRITICS INCONSISTENT.

The men who complain of our censure of the dead, are not slow to ring the changes on Saul, Annanias, Absalom, Judas Iscariot, Benedict Arnold, Jeff. Davis, vulgar, blasphemous old Joe Cannon for whom they have voted or applauded for a full quarter of a century, and even Matt Quay, also, for whom and his methods many of them voted, with guilty knowledge of those methods for a quarter of a century, by voting for the legislators his diabolical machine had set up. Just now there is a protest by many church men against placing a statue of Quay in the State Capitol, and yet many of these very men voted to keep the living Quay at the National Capital through many a long year, when as much was known concerning Quay as they know now. The right or wrong of posthumous censure depends largely upon whose idol is being shattered. "It does make a difference whose ox is being gored."

CHAPTER II.

LEADER AND SHOUTER.

I should be a much better man than I am, for I was a child of many prayers, my father having been a Methodist Class Leader and my mother an old time shouting Methodist, with a consistent life behind it, that shouted equally as loud. She believed in direct answer to prayer, and spent much time at a throne of grace. The backwoods farm-house, a half mile south of what is now Laflin, and five miles north of Wilkes-Barre, was the itinerant's stopping place, and frequently welcomed to its table and "preacher's room," such men of God as Anning Owen, Marmaduke Pearce, Dr. George Peck, B. W. Gorham, Asa Brooks, Silas Comfort, from whom I got my name, and many others.

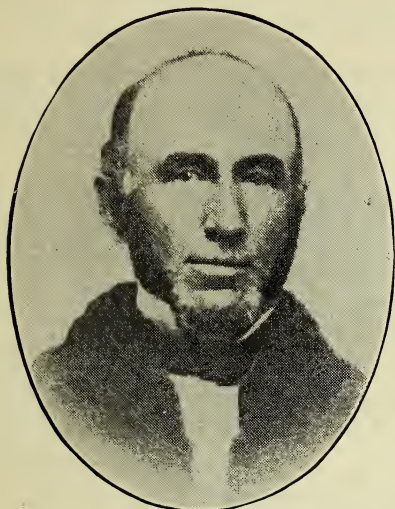
SILAS COMFORT.

By the way, Rev. Silas Comfort, D.D., was a character concerning whom history has taken notice. During my Presidential Campaign in 1904 I received a letter from Dr. George F. Comfort, Director of the Syracuse Museum of Fine Arts, stating that he had seen my name in the papers and asking whether the "C" stood for Comfort, and as his father's name was Silas, whether I was named after his father. I responded in the affirmative, giving him such data concerning his father and my christening as had come down to me from tradition. Shortly after there appeared in the Syracuse (N. Y.) *Herald*, of August 21, 1904, a full page biographical sketch of Dr. Silas Comfort, in part by his son, Dr. George F. Comfort, and in part by Rev. Dr. George Leach. We herewith reproduce a brief portion, showing the heroic act of Dr. Silas Comfort, which led to the well merited division of the Methodist Church in 1844, and was a powerful factor in the abolition of slavery.

WOMAN ACCUSED CHURCH MEMBER AND A NEGRO WITNESS.

In 1835 Dr. Silas Comfort, upon the urgent request of Bishop Morris, accepted a transfer from the old Oneida New York Conference, to the pastorate of the First Methodist church in St. Louis, Mo. In 1839, a white lady, of excellent reputation, and a member of the church, brought charges against the white member referred to, a married man with a family, of pursuing her with improper advances by letters, preserved

among the documents of the trial. A mulatto and slave was the innocent messenger bearing the letters. In the following church trial Dr. Comfort ordered the testimony of this colored man to be introduced, it contributing materially to the conviction of the white member, who, taken by surprise, first admitted his fault, which by advice of his counsel he subsequently denied. At the church trial the accused white member opposed



Dr. Silas Comfort.

Mr. Comfort's ruling, holding that, since the Civil Law in Missouri did not permit a negro, free or slave, to testify in court against a white, ergo, the same law should prevail in church trials. After his conviction and expulsion from the church, the white member appealed the case to the Missouri annual conference, which sustained the appeal, charged Mr. Comfort with mal-administration and restored the convicted man to membership in the church.

NOTICE OF APPEAL—GREAT CONFUSION.

"Immediately on the vote of the conference to this effect being announced, Mr. Comfort arose and calmly declared his determination to appeal the case to the next General Conference, to be held in Baltimore, in May, 1840. The Missouri Conference was immediately in confusion. Cries of "No! No!" came from all sides. Prominent ministers, who had hitherto been warm friends of Mr. Comfort, came to him and begged him in the name of peace to let the matter rest. Bishop Morris left the chair, went to Mr. Comfort and begged him not to precipitate a conflagration in the church by hurling such fire brand into the General Conference. Dr. Comfort quietly, but firmly, replied: "My dear brethren: Before God, the church and my own conscience, I cannot do otherwise than carry this matter up to the General Conference, which must bear the responsibility of this issue. My appeal will be sent!"

DOCTOR COMFORT VINDICATED.

"The direful forebodings of Bishop Morris were fully realized in the General Conference. After a violent discussion, a motion, made by Dr. J. A. Few, of Georgia, to affirm the action of the Missouri Conference, was lost, thus justifying Mr. Comfort from the charge of mal-administration, and putting the church on record as favoring the admission of the

testimony of its negro members against white persons in church trials. The anti-slavery members were jubilant, and the pro-slavery members were furiously excited. In various forms the question was brought before the General Conference down to the last day of its session. Under the leadership of the same Dr. Ignatius A. Few, of Georgia, the following resolution was passed:

GENERAL CONFERENCE REVERSED ITSELF AMID GREAT EXCITEMENT.

"Resolved, That it is inexpedient and unjustifiable in any of our ministers to admit the testimony of colored persons against a white person in church trials in those States and Territories where such testimony is rejected in courts of law."

Thereupon the agitation broke out again with deeply renewed power, especially after a motion was made to repeal this resolution. In a speech Doctor Few said: "The rejecting of negro testimony is one of the necessary circumstances under which slave-holding can exist; indeed, it is impossible for it to exist without it. Therefore, it is not sinful to hold slaves in the condition and under the circumstances in which they are held in the South, inasmuch as they can be held under no other circumstances. If you believe that slave-holding is necessarily sinful, come out with the Abolitionists and honestly say so. If you believe slave-holding is necessarily sinful, you believe that we are necessarily sinners; and, if so, come out and honestly declare it, and let us leave you! We cannot be tampered with any longer! We are tired of your sickly sympathies. You are responsible for this state of things. You have made that resolution absolutely necessary to the quiet of the South. But now if you revoke that resolution you pass the Rubicon! Let me not be misunderstood. You array the whole South against you, and we must separate!"

"ABOLITIONISTS" EXCITED ALARM.

It may be here noted that at that day the epithet "Abolitionist" excited as much alarm and hatred throughout the slave-holding States and with many people in the free States as the epithet "anarchist" does to-day.

The Rev. W. Winans, of Mississippi, said: "Repeal that resolution and you pass the Rubicon. Dear as union is, there are interests at stake in this question that are dearer than union." The Rev. Mr. Collins, of Maryland, said: "The moment this conference rescinds that resolution they pass the Rubicon, and the fate of the connection is sealed!" The Rev. W. A. Smith, of Virginia, said: "Southerners are not prepared to commit their interests, much less their consciences, to Northern men. There are interests involved in this question dearer than union itself, however dear that might be."

BANGS, THE CHURCH HISTORIAN, DODGED.

The Rev. Nathan Bangs, of New York, did not propose to divide the church, but would sacrifice the colored population and Silas Comfort to keep it together. "We are on a snag," he said, and he "believed he could help us off." He perceived a way out of the difficulty, and proceeded to read three resolutions, one of which went to affirm the decision of the Missouri Conference in the Comfort case. The Rev. P. P. Sanford, of New York, gave Dr. Bangs a severe castigation, saying: "When the Missouri case was pending, Doctor Bangs retired without the bar and dodged the vote; when Doctor Few's resolution was before the conference, Doctor Bangs sat still. But now he comes forward with a series of resolutions entirely inconsistent with all the facts in the case, with the very benevolent intention of enlightening us. Why, he declares that this conference ought to affirm the decision of the Missouri Conference in the case of Silas Comfort! And what was that decision? Why that it is mal-administration to admit the testimony of a colored man in the trial of a white man! And Doctor Bangs, of New York, is the man who declares upon this floor that that decision ought to be affirmed by this conference! I am perfectly astounded!"

EXPLAINING THE UNEXPLAINABLE ACTION OF A CHURCH AS COWARDLY ON
THE SLAVERY QUESTION IN 1840 AS IT IS IN ITS VOTES ON
THE LIQUOR QUESTION IN 1908.

And thus the contest continued until, on the last day of the session, a series of resolutions, proposed by Bishop Soule, mildly explanatory of both these contradictory actions of the General Conference, were adopted. These resolutions had no effect towards soothing the tempest as to slavery in the conference and in the church at large, either in the North or the South, beyond preventing an immediate secession of the pro-slavery conferences. Such a secession took place at the following General Conference in New York, in 1844, resulting in forming the Methodist Episcopal Church South, at Memphis in 1846. Although slavery was abolished in 1863, time has not yet fully assuaged the acerbities which caused the division. Very important steps towards the reunion of the two great branches of American Methodism were taken by the General Conference held in Los Angeles, Cal., in 1904, as was also done last spring by the Northern and Southern Presbyterian Churches, which also were torn asunder by slavery.

COWARDICE PRODUCED TWO SECESSIONS.

Professor Comfort continues: "The agitation following the Baltimore General Conference intensified the anti-slavery feeling in the North-

ern Methodist churches to such a degree that a considerable number of members in different places seceded, organizing themselves in one body under the name of the Wesleyan Methodist Church. One of the earliest and strongest societies of this church erected its edifice here in Syracuse, at the junction of Onondaga and Jefferson Streets, in the same block as the First Methodist Episcopal church, from which its members seceded. The Wesleyan Methodist publishing house occupies the large building between these two church edifices. Thus we have here in Syracuse the largest visible monument of the anti-slavery controversy, which tore asunder Christian churches and contributed to causing the terrible Civil War of 1860-'65.

BACK TO ONEIDA CONFERENCE.

Professor Comfort continuing the narrative, wrote:

"Under the agitation which followed the action of the Baltimore General Conference of 1840, upon the negro testimony case, my father



Prof. Geo. F. Comfort.

found his situation in St. Louis so disagreeable that he accepted, in 1842, the invitation of his old conference (the Oneida, extending from St. Lawrence County, N. Y., through Central New York, to Wyoming Valley, Pa.), which had become indignant at his treatment by the Missouri Conference, and he returned to the region of his first labors in the ministry of the church of his choice. His first pastorate after his return from St. Louis was at Cazenovia (1842-'43), followed by three terms in the presiding eldership, extending over twelve years. His death occurred in 1868.

TRIBUTE TO MY MOTHER.

Dr. Comfort continues: "During his presiding eldership over the Wilkes-Barre, Pa., district, my father, Dr. Silas Comfort, made the acquaintanceship of Doctor Swallow's family. Though I was then but a boy of twelve years of age, I well remembered Doctor Swallow's parents. I especially recall Mrs. Swallow as a very interesting, little blonde woman, with large soulful eyes, a lovable melodious voice, very religious, and her heart deeply moved by the anti-slavery issues of the day. Doctor Swallow's parents took great interest in the founding of the Wyoming Sem-

inary, at Kingston, Pa., in the Wyoming Valley, which seminary has so distinguished a history (in which I became a student on its opening day, and later a teacher in its faculty). The first meetings in organizing this seminary were held in my father's residence, directly across the street from where now stand the buildings of the seminary, of the trustees of which my father was the first president. In this seminary Doctor Swallow, as a young man, received his academic education, studying and teaching in its halls simultaneously."

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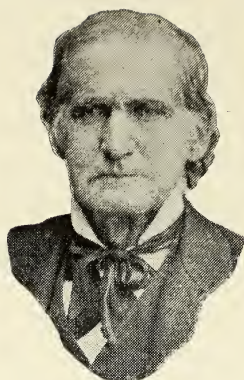
HENCE, THE NAME.

"Interesting proof of the double facts—that Doctor Swallow's parents were active sympathizers in the anti-slavery movement sixty years ago, and that the "Silas Comfort Negro Testimony Case" immediately attracted (in 1839, the year of Doctor Swallow's birth), the attention of the country at large, is found in the circumstances that the name "Silas Comfort" was given to the young child born in that year in Central Pennsylvania (who has become so famous in his chosen line of reform, and is now the Prohibition candidate for the Presidency of the United States), four years before Doctor Swallow's parents made the acquaintance of my father, who was then living in St. Louis, and before the great agitation caused by his appeal from condemnation by the Missouri Conference for mal-administration in admitting the testimony of a negro against a white man in a church trial so profoundly agitated in May, 1840, the Baltimore General Conference, the entire Methodist Church and the country at large."

ROLL CALL.

We are given to singing "When the roll is called up yonder," but should not the family roll be frequently called down here? The members may be scattered far and wide, and some of them translated to the great beyond, but they are still ours. And so I love in the morning, or in the evening twilight, to call the names of Father, Mother, Sister Fanny, brothers Willie and Carpie, distant but unchangeably happy, and then of Adelia, Charlie and Jimmy, still among the living in the land of the dying, and then to think of the years of fellowship in the long ago; the family altar, the home church, the school, the teachers, the class associates, the old neighborhood marriages, funerals and removals, the successes and failures of those we knew and loved; and then to sing, as they sang with us at the family altar a half century ago,—

"One family we dwell in Him,
One Church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death."



George Swallow.



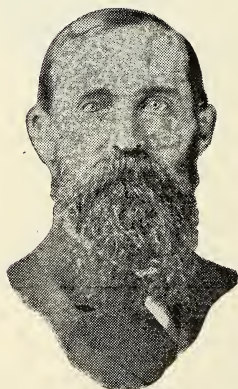
Sarah Swallow.



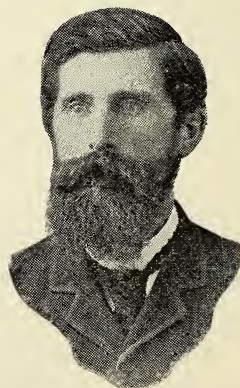
Mrs. Adelia (Swallow) Copeland.



Mrs. Fanny (Swallow) Alworth.



Charles Miner Swallow.



James Augustus Swallow

Or

"There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend,
Though sundered far, by faith they meet,
Around one common mercy seat."

I think God would have us cherish the departed as still living and smiling upon us as aforetime. Then the plaint of good Mary Clemmer would lose its force. She sang in the minor scale:

"Oh, what shall I do, dears,
In coming years, I wonder;
When our paths which lie so sweetly near,
Shall lie so far asunder?
Through all the sad to-morrows,
Oh, what shall I do, dears,
When the sunny smile has ceased to cheer
That smiles away my sorrows?"

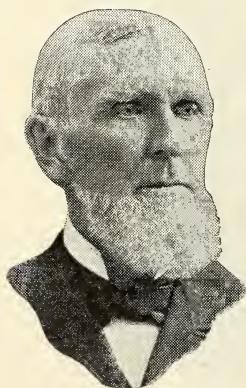
CHAPTER III.

A VICARIOUS OFFERING.

When a mere lad I was stricken with scarlet fever. My mother prayed at my bedside for my recovery "if it be God's will, and if any member of the family must be taken, that she might go, only Lord spare the unconverted till pardoned, justified, and happy in a Saviour's love." This made a profound impression on my mind, and at the age of twelve years while attending an old-fashioned camp-meeting on the mountain west of the village of Wyoming I was happily converted. Neglect of the means of grace and the little attention paid in those days to childhood converts, in a few months temporarily lost me to the church, and what was more important lost the church to me, and I remained a nominal but not a working Christian, till I reached the age of twenty years. Then while a student-teacher at Wyoming Seminary, at Kingston, Pa., Dr. Reuben Nelson, President, I was quickened into renewed spiritual life under the exhortations and through the labors of Professor Young C. Smith, D.D.

A LAWYER SPOILED.

Though I had then been reading law for several months, having in deference to my father's wishes entered my name in the law office of that astute counsellor Volney B. Maxwell, Esq., of Wilkes-Barre, I was at once on my renewal, impressed with the thought that it was God's plan that I should enter the gospel ministry; not for the reason that "it is easier to preach than to practice," but for the "woe is me if I obey not the call." A call common to men in every vocation if they are in their God-chosen sphere. This conviction deepened with the lapse of time and while teaching a village school at Drums, in Conyngham Valley, near Hazleton, Pa., I was prematurely licensed as a local preacher; and using the library of Rev. Gideon H. Day, with whom I continued in fast friendship to the time of Father Day's death, I made as proficient progress

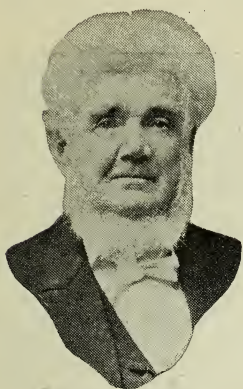


Rev. Young C. Smith, D.D.

in my theological studies as possible, frequently filling the appointments of the regular pastors and aiding as I could in revival work. It was in connection with another school taught by me that there occurred two incidents of some interest to me, which I may as well here relate.

AN ANIMATE POTATO PEELER.

I have frequently referred to my five years experience as teacher in winter, of country schools, as among the most interesting and helpful of my life in the study of human nature. Cautioned by the secretary of a school board to not go to Martin's humble home for a week's board, but come to the secretary's, I answered, "I am here to board round." My stay at Martin's necessitated my sleeping with the husband and father in the interests of economy in bed space, and the dear old Irishman was drunk every night and persisted in talking to himself; possibly for two reasons; first that he might thus talk to a sensible person, and secondly, that he might thus hear a sensible man talk. But the talk did not greatly minister to the edification of the teacher, especially that part of it that mixed Far-down wit with Corkonian profanity. At the Martin



Rev. Gideon H. Day.

table I learned the theory, and had a daily demonstration in practice of the most approved method of removing with celerity the jackets from boiled potatoes. The elder Martin forming a circle of the thumb and forefinger would place thereon the potato and with one dexterous stroke of the right hand would leave the neatly skinned potato on his child's plate, the skin remaining on his thumb and finger. He thus hastened service for Mrs. Martin and the little Martins with "alacrity and delight," while the teacher was left to the slower process incident to the use of the knife and fork.

I met with stoic look, and "all right" answer the broad grin of the Secretary, as each morning on his way to work, he asked me "How are you getting along at Martin's?" The happiness I gave my interesting little pupil Patsy Martin, resultant from treating him as well as I treated the boys of richer parents, more than compensated me for all the discomfort I endured.

MY "WATCHFUL" ESCAPE FROM A RED HEAD'S ANGER.

Threatened on a morning while opening the school room shutters, with a drubbing by a red headed parent whose boy I had whipped for repeated disobedience in throwing stones over the school-house, thus en-

dangering the lives of the other scholars, and having no relish for either giving or taking a licking, I snapped by hunter case watch, which, as I designed it, he mistook for a pistol and ran for home. He summoned the directors in order to get satisfaction. The president of the board used a wet sponge, which completely removed the black and blue stripes on the boy's legs, to the utter disgust of the red-headed father. So I learned that even dirt has its uses.

It has been a source of gratification to me that the punished boy in after years admitted the whipping to have changed the current of his life, from that of sullen disobedience to cheerful obedience. As a rule

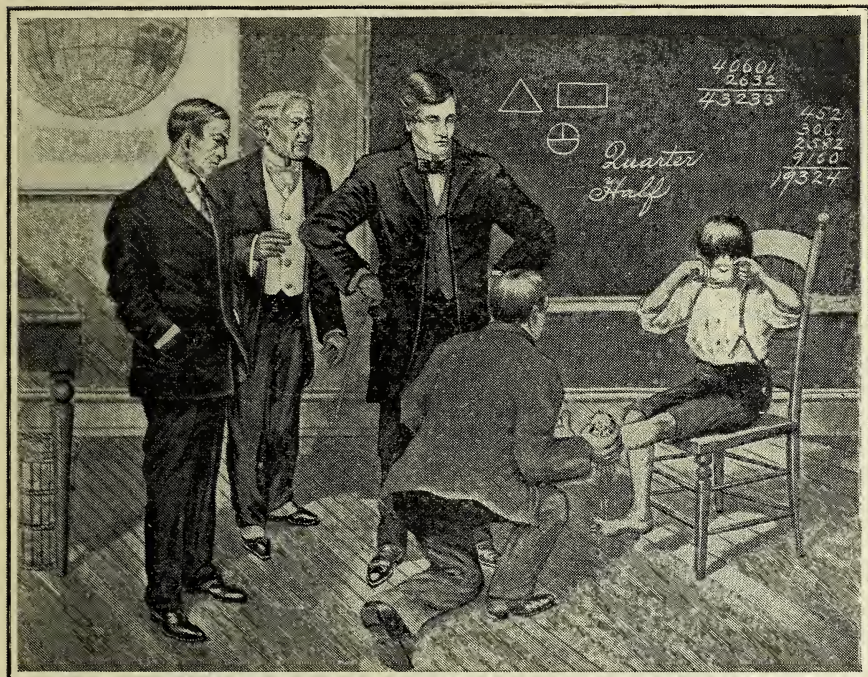


Animate Potato Peeler.

corporeal punishment is to be avoided, but there are exceptions to the rule. "Spare the rod and spoil the child" is not to be forgotten; but a sentence, a word, or even a look is a sufficient rod to some children, while the birch seems indispensable to some others. Never having had children of my own to raise, of course I know how to do it, on the same principle that the woman with the sober husband knows best how to manage a drunken one.

Horace Greeley was a Universalist, and used to say that the worst use you could put a man to was to hang him. As a rule the worst use you can put a boy to, is to whip him. Poor, dear old Horace, how I loved him and his *New York Tribune*. It was the Abolitionist's bible.

He concluded during the Civil War that there ought to be a hell in which to confine, if not burn, the rebels; but relented when bailing their leaders after the war, and then asked for their votes to elect him as Democratic candidate to the presidency. It is said that Whitelaw Reid assassinated Greeley when, after the campaign, as controller of the *Tribune*, he returned Greeley's manuscript, refusing to print it in the paper Greeley



Watchful Escape From a Red Head's Anger.

had created more than a quarter century before, and given it a higher standard than that now degenerate sheet has ever since attained to. There are some whips more cruel than that applied to a boy's back, and Reid's refusal was one of them. Beecher said, "The time to begin to train a boy is fifty years before he is born." Reid's early education was neglected.

DANIEL S. DICKINSON AND WM. H. SEWARD.

During the Presidential campaign of 1860, I was a student at Susquehanna Seminary, at Binghamton, N. Y., and what a delightful city, people, school, faculty; and what a genius in good fellowship was Dr. Walker, the President, since then the superintendent of New York City schools.

It was my privilege while there to become acquainted with Daniel S. Dickinson, who had been a candidate for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency at the Charleston Convention, where John C. Breckenridge was chosen, the Northern branch of the Democracy having, if memory serves me right, nominated Stephen A. Douglas, at the Baltimore Convention. Mr. Dickinson, long a resident of Binghamton, was for Breckenridge in the triangular fight resulting in the election of Abraham Lincoln. And to the latter Mr. Seward contributed his most devoted influence and service. I listened with pleasure to a speech by this man, who afterward became a member of Mr. Lincoln's cabinet, and came near sharing with him the doubtful glory of an assassination. The frequent use of his snuff box while speaking and the consequent necessity for brandishing a silk bandanna, and his merciless arraignment of the system of slavery, as the "sum of all villainies," against which he pitted the "irrepressible conflict" now on, made an impression on my boyish mind about equally divided between the grotesque and the grave. The latter, however, gained the ascendancy, as the orator's logic against the crime of human slavery and the "irrepressibleness of the conflict" reached white heat in his argument for the election of the "Rail Splitter" of Illinois.

Mr. Dickinson's Franklinesque appearance as he ran like a boy up the steps of the rostrum at a Democratic meeting, his long white hair reaching nearly to his shoulders and his laughing eyes betokening irrepressible humor in the background, was less logical, but more entertaining than Mr. Seward, clinching his arguments with stories *a la* Lincoln. He said, "Had it been known that when a boy I for a full half day was engaged in splitting rails, doubtless I would have captured the nomination at Charleston," was one thrust at the Republicans. And the following was launched at the Douglas Democrats: "A babbling tailor, the ninth of a man, came to Dean Swift with a foolish question in theology. Dean Swift said, 'I will propound one to you in line with your business, and when we meet again both shall answer, if we can. We read in the Scriptures that "the angel shall stand with one foot on land and one on the sea and proclaim that time shall be no more." I want to know how much cloth it would require to make him a pair of breeches?' Moral: How much cloth is required for a pair of breeches for Douglas while straddling the slavery question on the Missouri Compromise?" When the war was fully on, no Democrat did more valiant service for an undivided country than did Daniel S. Dickinson.

DISAPPOINTED AND APPOINTED.

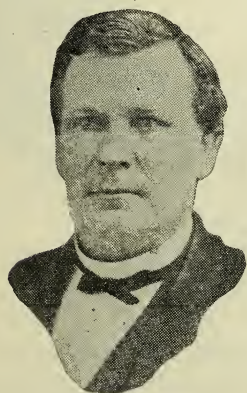
Through the urgency of my presiding elder, Rev. Thomas M. Reese, I applied for entrance into the East Baltimore Conference at its session in the spring of 1862, but owing to the uncertainties incident to the great

Civil War, then distressing the whole country, no young men were this year admitted on trial and the young preacher, like many another similarly disappointed, felt keenly the temporary shattering of my plans for my life work.

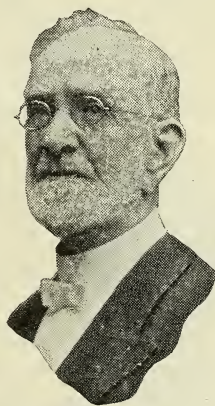
In the course of a month or two however a letter from Presiding Elder Reese informed me that I was wanted as the boy preacher on the Sunbury Circuit, with Rev. Abraham M. Creighton as senior, and Rev. Benjamin F. Stevens, now of Harrisburg, and honored with having a church named after him, as junior. Thus three preachers were to do the work at sixteen preaching places, viz.: Sunbury, Shamokin, Trevorton, Boyles Run, Plum Run, Limestone, Lower Augusta, Irish Valley, Upper Augusta, Kelley's School House, Snyderstown, Oak Grove, Kleines Grove, Mt. Pleasant, Metlars and Liberty.

"HOME IN HEAVEN. WASHING AT MOTHER SAVIDGE'S.

The first quarterly conference was held at Trevorton, and the boy preacher was allowed, as was the custom of the period, one hundred dollars salary. He questioned his ability to keep a horse, pay his board and buy clothes and work for one hundred dollars, and closed with: "Where am I to have my home and library and do my studying?" Presiding



Rev. A. M. Creighton.



Rev. Benjamin F. Stevens.

Elder Reese's lynx eyes pierced me cold as they shot through, and then over and under his bifogel lenses, which was followed with, "Young man, I reckon you are not familiar with the itinerancy in these parts?" Ignorance of which was admitted. "Well, sir, you will have your home in heaven, and you will get your washing done at Sister Savidges'." And it was so, for Uncle Sam Savidge's house, from which had gone out their son Coleman to preach the gospel in the Baltimore Conference, two daughters subsequently becoming the itinerant wives of the two McClosky

brothers, became a haven with close kinship to an earthly heaven to the boy of the circuit. His circuit experience reminded him of his school teaching days, and the joys of "boarding round." Uncle Sam and his precious family, through their ready and quick sympathy, helped many a young preacher over a hard place.

"THE OUTSIDE OF A HORSE GOOD FOR THE INSIDE OF A MAN."

To preach three times a Sunday and frequently during the week, and carry on revival services nearly every evening for six months of the year, the work involving long rides midst storms and snow drifts varied with mud and swollen streams, with frequent change of beds and much climatic exposure, looked like a formidable undertaking to me, a youthful theologian, who but a few months before had been told by my physician that my pulmonary condition, would probably limit my work to a year or at most two years. I answered this unpleasant news with, "Then I will spend that year preaching the gospel and riding on horseback." I even then evidently believed in the theory of Lord Palmerston, that "the outsides of a horse is good for the insides of a man," mingled with that of the eminent Dr. James Jackson, that "the best way to keep your lungs is to give them away."

A LIEUTENANT.

It was in September of this year that the sanguinary battle of Antietam occurred, and Governor Andrew G. Curtin called for State Defenders. Accompanied by my father, then paying me a brief visit, I drove into Sunbury to bid adieu to a large number of young men parishioners, who were responding to the call. In answer to a challenge from my father I joined the company with him, leaving my horse hitched to a post near the depot with a note sent to a friend to turn him out to pasture. At Harrisburg I was elected First Lieutenant of Company E. of the 18th Regiment, Pa. Militia Emergency Volunteers, Col. Ralph L. McClay. That successful barrister, Simon P. Wolverton, of Sunbury, was the Captain of our Company. He has since been State Senator and Congressman. Securing the transfer to our company of Charles Miner, a younger brother who had been left by the father plowing on the farm near Scranton, but had enlisted after the father had left home, this large fragment of the family climbed into cattle cars with the company and began their journey to Hagerstown. A few weeks of semi-military service during which President Lincoln issued his provisional emancipation proclamation, it



Rev. Thomas M. Reese.

being made my duty to address my comrades, some words of approval at the camp's ratification meeting which followed, and the state guard was disbanded. With the close of the war I quit fighting for the emancipation of the Africo-American slaves, and began the battle anew for the emancipation of the liquor license slaves. I never had a taste for pitching my tent in the graveyard of dead issues.

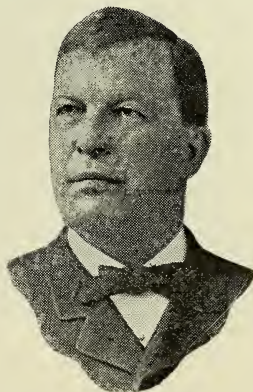


John Z. Lloyd.

Dragging our slow length along through a long night's ride in cattle cars towards Harrisburg, a voice from the farther end of my dark car, broke the stillness of the wee small hours, and punctured the snoring of my laid-out comrades with singing a verse of the hymn, "Yes! Oh yes! in that land that happy land." It was Uncle John Lloyd, a conference comrade. He had been a member of another regiment. Neither knew the presence of the other. I waited till he finished the stanza and then reproduced it as nearly as I could in pitch, Yorkshire brogue, pronunciation, inflection and intonations. When I had finished, he exclaimed, "Well sir, that is a pretty good echo. Who are you, sir?" I climbed over the prone forms of my sleeping comrades to his side and the balance of the night was all too short to tell each other what "we thought, believed and guessed." Thus was inaugurated a friendship that ran unbroken through more than forty years.

To know John Lloyd was to know a well-read, original, quaint, great-hearted man who could speak or hear, and knew not only how but when.

The following year there was another call. during the battle of Gettysburg. This time I got as far as Harrisburg, when the call was revoked. Entering the United States Hotel, I saw an interested group listening to a broad-shouldered man of immense cranial development and club feet. He was saying, "I wish I had married at 20 and raised a son every year." Why that wish? was asked. He replied "to help lick the infernal rebels who burned my iron works near Gettysburg yesterday. It was none other than the great Pennsylvania Commoner, the Hon. Thaddeus Stevens, the bachelor father of the Pennsylvania school system, the dauntless abolitionist, the life-long friend of the negro.



Congressman Simon P. Wolverton.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CIVIL WAR AND REVIVALS.

The Civil War was a period of revival effort and achievement, and Sunbury circuit did its full share of reaping during that memorable 1862. Nearly every one of the sixteen preaching places was blessed with conversions not a few, and with churches revived and reconsecrated to better work.

The conference of 1863 was held in York. The war storm was at its height. Members of the conference with southern proclivities were looked upon with suspicion and in turn were resistful. The Rev. John H. Dashiell had been arrested during the year on the charge of tearing down a union flag, placed by some over-zealous unionist on his Baltimore parsonage, and briefly imprisoned in Fort McHenry, of which Rev. Dr. Acquilla Reese was chaplain. The two men verbally sparred on the conference floor, Dr. Dashiell quoting "I was an hungered and ye gave me no meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink; I was sick and imprisoned and you visited me not," and Dr. Reese responded "all my time and strength were required by the necessities of loyal men." The Motter House was the York conference home assigned me, and hailing, as I did, from a region in Pennsylvania where the descendants of eastern states Yankees predominated, I was full of surprise at the amount of sauer kraut and lager beer consumed by the former guests of this Dutchman's hotel.

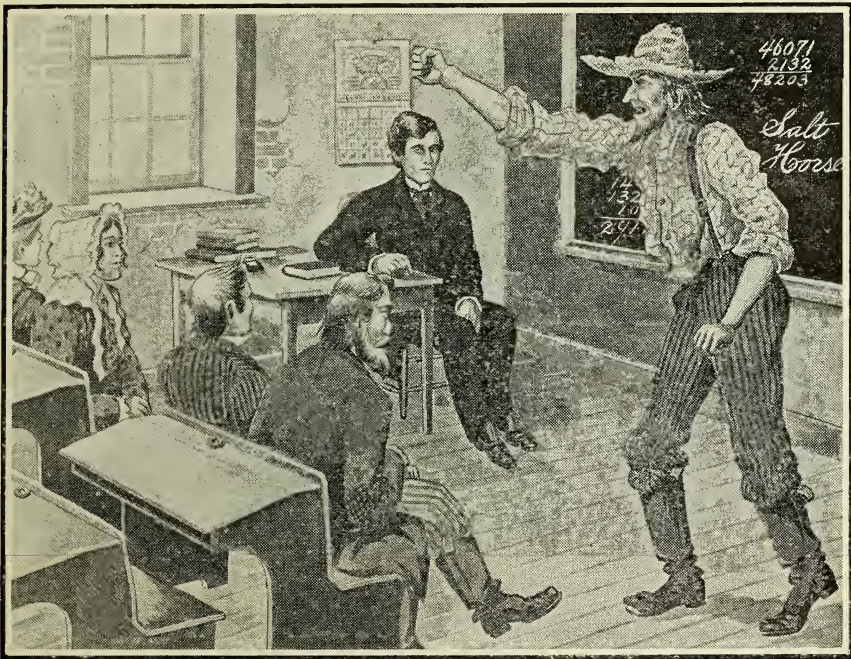
MILTON CIRCUIT.

The reading of the appointments placed me on the Milton circuit, playfully called by my Presiding Elder, Bro. Reese, "the land of song," as junior preacher, with Rev. Franklin Gearhart preacher in charge. The parsonage was at McEwinsville, and my home was fixed at Mt. Zion appointment with the family of a good farmer, Bro. McKlees. We had twelve preaching places, viz: Elimsport, nine miles from Williamsport; Mt. Zion, Montgomery, White Deer Mills, New Columbia, Dewart, Watsontown, McEwinsville, Sodom, Mexico, Limestone and Moorsburg, eight miles from Danville. Blessed seasons of "refreshing from the presence of the Lord" were had at most of the appointments during the winter months, and the cry of the penitent and the shout

of the new born were familiar sounds to our ears. Here we found, as ever and everywhere since, many whose memories are and ever will be "as ointment poured forth," and here and there one in whose ointment there seemed to be a whole swarm of dead flies. My salary was one hundred and fifty dollars, a fifty per cent. increase on the year before. Not enough, however, to swell either my purse or my head. On this circuit on a stormy night in mid-winter I preached the most effective sermon of my lifetime. The whole congregation was converted. It consisted of one man, but I preached with as much vigor as though there had been a thousand.

"VY, HE CALLED MY DAUGHTER SAL. A SOW".

An episode early in the year broke the monotony of itinerant work. My junior predecessor had taken up a school-house preaching place not



"Vy" He Called My Daughter Sal. a Sow.

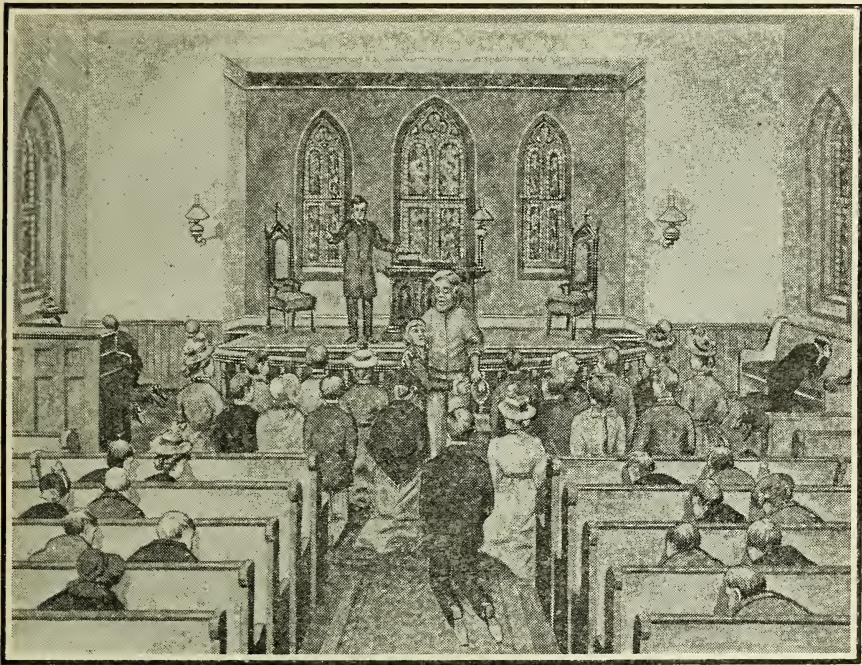
on the regular plan, but had a few professions of conversion from another communion to ours, and organized a little class. I rode five miles out of my way and preached for them shortly after my arrival on the circuit, and in the after meeting the little handful filled my ears with criminations and recriminations. It was a large-sized quarrel

between about the only two families that were members of the church. I told them "they must harmonize their differences; there will be no church trial, for there is not enough of you to survive a church trial. If on my return in two weeks you have adjusted your differences I will preach for you regularly. If not, I must decline to come back, since other fields where I can accomplish more good are open to me." On my return I preached as effectively as I knew how on "harmony," from "How good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." I then retained the membership and expressed my belief that henceforth peace would abound. But Brother K. would not have it so. Opening like a barlow knife till he had attained his full stature of seemingly six feet two, with an avoirdupois of possibly one hundred twenty-five, robed in brogans, pants of faded jean short at both ends, a check shirt open at the collar for the escape of his surplus choler; one suspender buttoned with an eight-penny nail, and a straw hat surmounting a tangled mass of hair on end, he began with, "Me forgive Brother L., de class leader? Not much! Vy he called my daughter Sal. a sow; yes, sir, a sow; yust dink of dat, he called her a sow, und he ish de class leader; he is Sal's class leader, und mine class leater, und he called her a sow. Now, Mr. Breacher, ef my daughter Sal am a sow den vat am I? Vat am I? Dot is de question vat am I? Vat am I?" Mentally, I at once guessed this conundrum in heredity, but remembering that "silence is sometimes golden," I did not pronounce the monosyllable descriptive of his sui-generis, but instead, I pronounced the benediction and rode that night back to civilization, not to return, believing that life is too short to "cast pearls before swine."

The farmer who makes his money on the farm and spends it in town, and the agriculturist who makes his money in town and spends it on the farm, now agree that good crops depend largely on their adaptation to the chemical elements found in the soil in which they are planted, and so they discuss the humus, ammonia, nitrogen and phosphate questions with greater interest than did their fathers the phazes of the moon and her influence on cereal, tuber and fruit. Christianity is adapted to all conditions of the human family, but as filtered through different denominations it takes on varied hues, forms and flavors, suited to different individuals, families, communities. There are communities where Methodism, or Presbyterianism, or Lutheranism, or no ism, is indigenous to the soil, and others where it seems a waste of energy to attempt to either plant, or sow, or reap. Some other denominations might there flourish and abound. Methodism would die of dry-rot in a community composed largely of "Sal," her father, and such a class leader.

A MEETING INTERRUPTED.

Episodes do not ordinarily travel alone. They travel in pairs and sometimes in droves. And so it was, that at the Mt. Zion appointment there lived a family that had recently come from Philadelphia. They were more than ordinarily intelligent, the wife and mother having traveled extensively abroad. She was a woman of deep piety, of broad views, and a Presbyterian, but worshipped with us in the absence of a church of her own faith. She was mighty in prayer, and sometimes it would culminate in a neat little well-regulated Presbyterian shout. Our protracted meeting was in full swing. The altar was filled



A Meeting Interrupted.

with penitents; souls were groaning for deliverance from the bondage of sin; others were shouting their triumph over the enemy, and their prospect of immortality. I called on the Presbyterian sister to pray, which she did with an unction that would have set on fire the controversial soul of John Calvin, and made Jonathan Edwards jump over the altar rail in an ecstasy of present and prospective glory. All at once above the delightful tumult, the inharmonious harmony, was heard the tramp of heavy cow-hides, coming up the aisle to the altar. It was the rugged form of the Presbyterian husband swinging his hat

by his side and making strides that meant business. Coming to his wife, he gently shook her arm, saying "Come home, Mary! come home; you are excited; come home quick!" Still kneeling, she grasped both her arms around his legs and held him in an affectionate grip, meanwhile alternating prayers and shouts, while I motioned members in circles four deep to close around the interesting couple, and he, seeing that escape was impossible, and the fire having melted the ice, he gently surrendered and knelt beside his wife. It was, however, a sullen, soulless surrender, to be followed by an escape at the earliest possible moment. That dear old bird was never again caught in that sort of a self-made trap. Husband and wife have long since surrendered to the invisible King and gone to their reward, while not a few of the converts of that meeting have also joined "the innumerable caravan, moving to the pale realms of shade."

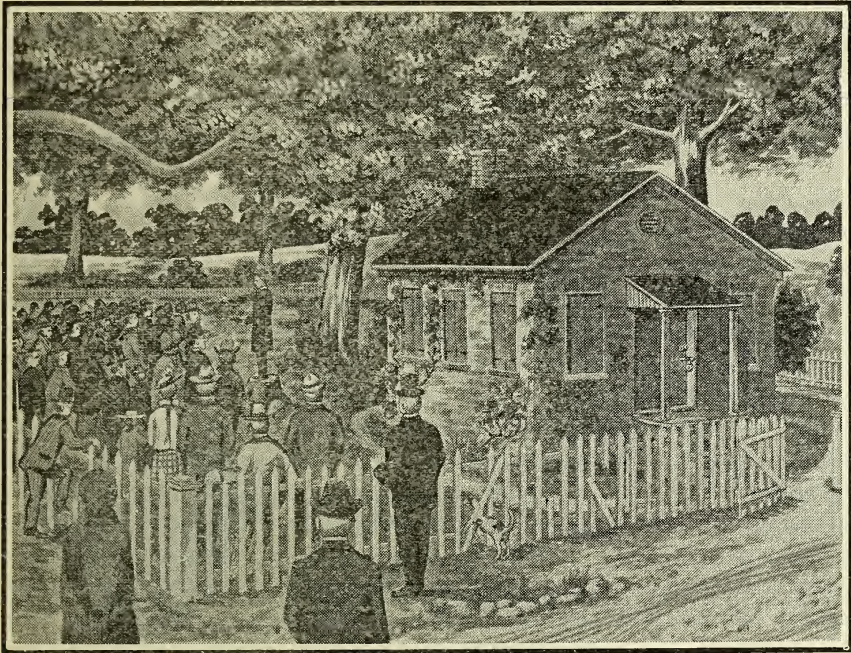
THE YOUNG PREACHER LOCKED OUT.

This year of our Lord 1863 was an exceptionally trying one, not only to the soldiers in the field, but to civilians on the border. Southern Pennsylvania was a veritable battlefield between those who stood for the preservation of the union at whatever sacrifice of men and money, and those who from party affiliation or political training were opposed to the war and to the freeing of the four millions of slaves. Brother Franklin Gearhart, my senior preacher, and to whose godly judgment I generally deferred, advised me to say nothing about the union, the government, the president or the war, even in my prayers, at a certain appointment on the charge, for, said he, "nearly all of the little handful of members at that school-house appointment are opposed to the war, and any reference to it will precipitate trouble and do no good. I complied with the advice till on my pastoral rounds I was attacked so fiercely, not for sentiments expressed, but for views they supposed that I entertained because of my silence, when they violently presented their views, that I told my senior that I had decided to preach that people one sermon on loyalty to government at my next visit, and accept the consequences. Accordingly, I carefully prepared a sermon on the text, "Render therefore unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's and unto God the things that are God's." It required an hour for delivery. It elicited the closest attention from all except two or three who stamped their way out of the house in the midst of the sermon. There was not in it a word of partisan politics, nor of denunciation of traitors or their sympathizers, but a calm presentation of the duty of Christian men to sustain their government in so far as it harmonized with God's laws.

I endeavored in that sermon to exemplify Lowell's classic and forceful verse:

"Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of truth with falsehood for the good or evil side;
Some great cause God's new Messiah, offering each the bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand and the sheep upon the right;
And the choice goes by forever 'twixt that darkness and that light."

At its close, as I walked down the aisle, offering my hand right and left to be taken by some but spurned by others, I realized the meaning of "gnashing of teeth." The circuit plan brought me to this preaching place again in four weeks. A huge padlock on the school-house was the only sign of welcome. The hour of meeting had arrived and but two persons were present. Mounting a stump in the little grove behind



A Young Preacher Locked Out.

the school-house, I sang lustily "A charge to keep I have," not knowing whether it was a charge to *keep* or one to be taken from me by force. By the time the services preliminary to the sermon were ended, I had an immense standing congregation, mostly of enemies that had come from their hidings in nearby woods and from behind farm buildings where they had secreted themselves to see what the locked out parson would *do*, and their curiosity getting the better of their discretion they came nearer in order to hear what the parson would *say*. On this occasion

I took Ruth's decision, "Thy people shall be my people, and thy God shall be my God." I made no reference to governmental affairs, or to the padlock, but preached them a straight sermon on the importance of decision. And, shaking hands with all who would, I mounted my gig and left them to their own miserable disappointment at my failure to antagonize them, when most they expected it. I learned afterwards that their previous irritability was owing to the fact that a large number of them wearing copper head badges, had been attacked in Milton by soldiers, home from the army on furlough, and the badges torn from them. For the information of young readers we should state that opponents of the war in the north were stigmatized by pugnacious advocates of the war as "copper heads," after a venomous serpent bearing that name, and many wore the copper head badge in a spirit of defiance to those who thus stigmatized them. Well, those were perilous times, "May we never see their likes again." The year wound up with gracious revivals at many points on the circuit, where loyalty to the government prevailed, and an invitation for me to return for another year.

A SLAVERY ADVOCATE BOUNCED.

However, the powers that be ordered otherwise. This year, 1864, our conference (East Baltimore) met at Altoona, Bishop Ames presiding. It lasted but four days, the appointments being read on Saturday night, that the Bishop might hurry to another conference. As an illustration of growth, let it be remembered that the conference then covered nearly all the territory now embraced in the Central Pennsylvania Conference, exclusive of Harrisburg, and in addition thereto much of Maryland and eleven appointments in Baltimore City, and yet the Missionary Collection, as reported that year, was little more than fourteen thousand dollars, as compared with seventy-six thousand dollars, including the Women's Societies, raised in 1907 in the Central Pennsylvania Conference. And the largest contribution from any appointment outside of Baltimore was three hundred and eighty-three dollars, from Warrior's Mark circuit, in Huntingdon County. It was at this conference that charges were brought against Rev. Samuel Kepler, for thirty-six years a minister, for "Non-acceptability and teaching doctrine contrary to the Methodist Episcopal discipline." The accused was permitted to withdraw from the conference and the church, and one passage in his letter of withdrawal indicated the cause of "non-acceptability," viz: "my views and my convictions respecting the relation of master and servant as contained in the Bible, are utterly and irreconcilably opposed to those which now govern the great body of the M. E. Church."

What havoc slavery wrought, and none greater than with individual conscience.

BISHOP AMES'S "NO, SIR."

It was at this conference too that Bishop Ames said to his cabinet concerning another unacceptable, this time a young man from Baltimore, a Bro. P. whose father-in-law was port collector under President Buchanan's administration. "Put him down for Sinnemahoning circuit and tell him that so far as I am concerned he will not come up."

Buttonholed by the non-acceptable in the church vestibule the following colloquy occurred: "Bishop, do you think a man of my education should be taken out of Baltimore and sent away up to Sinnemahoning?" "No, sir!" "Do you think it is for the glory of God?" "No, sir!" "Do you think it is for the good of the church?" "No, sir!" "On what principle, then, do you do it?" "Oh, answered the Bishop, in his well-known drawl, "I think you can do as little harm there as anywhere." He, too, went to the Church South.

QUIT TOBACCO USING.

Bishop Ames appointed me junior preacher on the Berwick circuit, with Mortimore P. Crosthwaite preacher in charge. As I drove in my sulky from Milton circuit to Berwick circuit, with its seven preaching places, viz: Berwick, Foundryville, Fowlers, Lime Ridge, Mifflinville, Beach Haven and Salem, I made some good resolutions, one was to overcome the natural timidity that had hitherto prevented me from systematic pastoral work, for I would rather preach a sermon than go into a strange family, announce my name and mission and propose family prayer. And the second resolution was to get rid of the tobacco habit. For I had been an inveterate chewer and smoker of the weed for many a long year, having commenced when ten years of age and persevered in spite of nausea, lectures, father's birth, mother's prayers, and the upbraidings of conscience. For



Rev. M. P. Crosthwaite.

did not all men "chew" or smoke, and was not I intent on being a man? Strange that we mistake mere "squirts" for men, and forget that

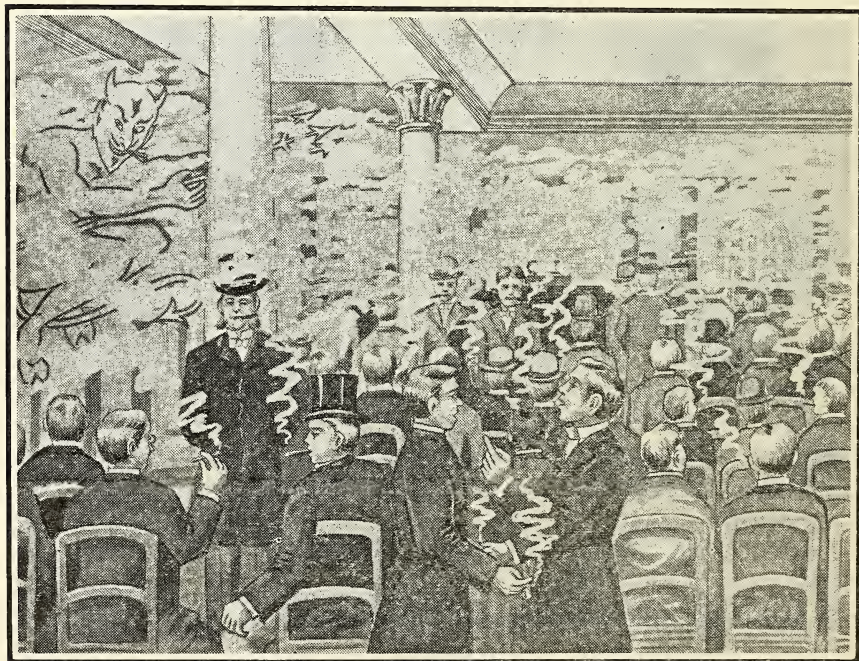
"Worth makes the man, the want of it the fellow,"
The rest is all but leather, or prunella."

But it was war times, tobacco was costly, money was not plenty, the poison was undermining my health. It was inconvenient to throw out my quid when entering a lady's parlor, and insulting to her stove or

spittoon to deposit in either the filthy expectoration. And, beside, I was setting a most pernicious example to the boys and young men to whom I was supposed to be an example. On the first day of April, 1864, I threw my tobacco box over the house where I was stopping in Berwick, and then went to my knees in a covenant that tobacco should never again enter my lips, unless to save my life, and then only on the written prescription of two full-fledged physicians. I made it *two*, fearing that I might if hard pressed by appetite find one to cater to my wish, but believing that two competing physicians would not agree unless it were a case of dire necessity. I then made a record of my covenant in my diary and went about my work. It goes without saying that for a month I had a terrific struggle, but fought it out on my knees. For several years I would occasionally dream of smoking or chewing, and lament my back-sliding only to awake in the joy that it was all a dream.

A CONFERENCE OF CHRISTIAN SMOKERS.

My greatest temptation was at the conference sessions, where the church lecture room was the preacher's lobby, the atmosphere of which was kept blue from early morning till midnight by the smoking of preach-



A Conference of Christian (?) Smokers.

ers and laymen, fully two-thirds of whom were slaves to the habit. The General Conference action catechizing every ministerial candidate for admission as to whether he will "wholly abstain from the use of tobacco?" has changed all this, and now a smoking Methodist parson is a notorious exception to the rule. And a smoking parson of any denomination should go begging for a parish. Now, a smoker in a Methodist sanctuary would be unceremoniously consigned in public estimation to the smoking pit, where brimstone fumes may or may not be mingled with the fumes of tobacco. Had I continued this use of tobacco to the present, it would have cost me in these forty-five years of abstinence more than two thousand dollars principal, and twice that amount in interest. The tobacco using superannuate without a home, an object of charity, his little conference allowance haggled over every year by the conference, afterwards must have some torments of memory and conscience that "heaven cannot heal." "Know ye not that your bodies are the temples of the Holy Ghost?" Ah! He is too pure and too ethereal to be confined in a smoke house.

A SMOKER WHO WENT ON TO PERFECTION.

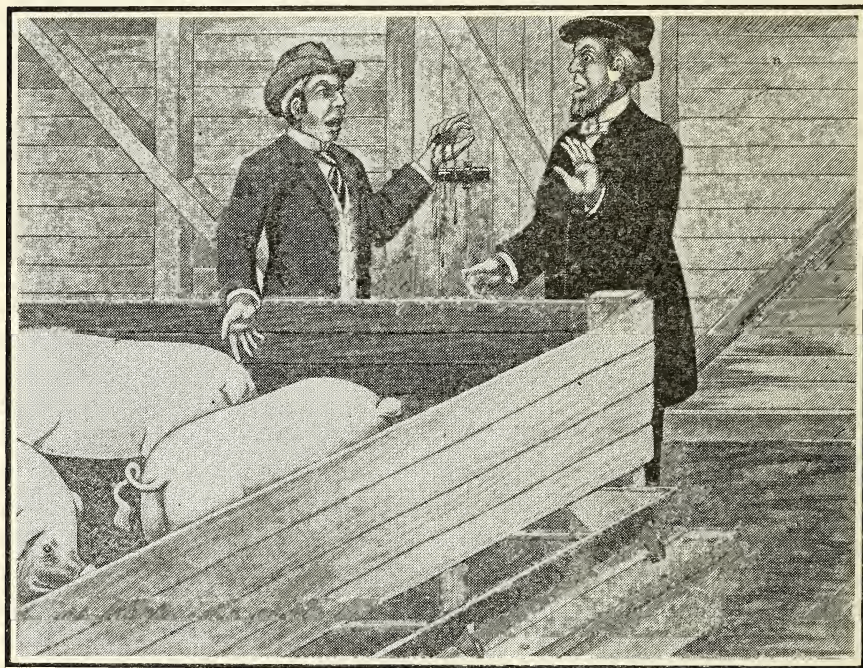
The use of tobacco has blasted many a young preacher's life. One who by silence promised the conference to "wholly abstain," was seen a few hours after, sucking a cigar. Admonished by a brother, he answered, "I am going on to perfection," thus ridiculing another sacred promise in the ministerial covenant. He succeeded by political manipulation in getting a good appointment in our conference, from which he was transferred to a western conference, and then to another, where he entertained the conference session. The young layman he set up to welcome the conference eulogized the preacher as a capital-good-fellow who should go as a delegate to the General Conference, "Find your way to his library, brethren, where you will be welcomed and help yourselves to the splendid fragrant Havannas in a box on the shelf." The preachers figured that he must have entered the itinerancy after the rule on tobacco was in force, and hence be a "vow breaker," and instead of being elected to General Conference, as he fondly figured, he got a scant vote, and soon thereafter we have been told was relegated from station to circuit where he may have more room to smoke and spit.

I do not wonder at the prayer of the anonymous poet who wrote:

"May never lady press his lips, with proffer'd love returning
Who makes a furnace of his mouth, and keeps his chimney burning.
May each true woman shun his sight, for fear his fumes should choke her,
And none but those who smoke themselves have kisses for a smoker."

OWING AN APOLOGY TO THE HOGS.

General Patton, of Curwensville, self-made, wealthy, generous, a banker, congressman, and withall a devout Methodist soul, was not so very wrong when on one occasion he was showing a tobacco chewing divinity guest, a good friend of mine, through his pen of beautiful Chester Whites. And reaching to move a bolt just as the divinity doctor expectorated, caught the contents of the filthy mouth in his hand. Looking at the doctor and then at his hand, then back at the crest-fallen doctor, he exclaimed, "Confound you! you owe an apology



Owing an Apology to these Hogs.

to these hogs!" Then both laughed till red in the face, and never forgot to twit each other of his part in the pig pen episode. Who did not love the genial and hospitable Patton, the self-made American nobleman, and what a lovely character also was the then venerable Dr. W. L. S.

SIXTEEN HUNDRED CALLS A YEAR.

Some one may ask: "Did you keep your resolution to do better pastoral work?" Sure! for on my arrival at Berwick I made a copy of the names of all the members on the circuit, and within three months had seen them all, in their homes. Pastoral visiting thenceforward became to

me the most interesting, delightful, and helpful part of my itinerant duties. Like advertising one's business, it frequently does not seem to amount to much because of absentee members of the family, if you do it; but it amounts to a whole lot on the wrong side of the itinerant ledger if you don't do it. Sixteen hundred calls a year in a membership of eight hundred became the high water mark of my pastoral achievement in one of our largest and most laborious stations. This work lays the foundation for better sermons and for that personal work so absolutely indispensable to modern revival success.

Berwick was the boyhood home of the now venerable Bishop Thomas Bowman, and stories were still rife forty-five years ago of the boy's prowess in running the length of the second story floor of his father's mill, jumping out the door and grabbing the swinging rope used for hauling up bags, and swinging there until its vibrations brought him back to the mill. A charming character is Bishop Bowman, and what a career of interested usefulness with seemingly little effort he is rounding out. He is the Schuyler Colfax type of man, whose winning smile fights life's battles before the battle begins.

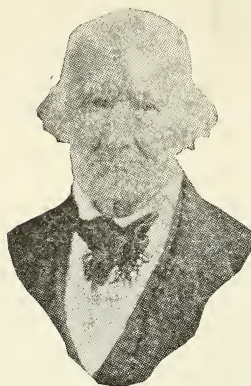
I early organized in Berwick a week-night Bible Class, numbering nearly one hundred, and among them the studious mother and sisters of Rev. Dr. Jesse Bowman Young, and the young people of the Jacksons, Woodins, Thompsons, Seiberts, Mendenhalls, Jacobys, Creasys and many others. It was a source of pleasure as well as of mental and devotional profit.

THE QUAIN'T UNCLE HUGHEY.

Berwick was the home of that dear old quaint Irish father in Methodism known as "Uncle Hughey Thompson." His opposition to the hoop skirt epidemic of his day was once voiced in a church prayer. "Lord thou has warned us against the pride and vanity of the world, but thou seest that hoops do abound, Hoops, Lord, Hoops! Hoops! Help us to get rid of the hoops." An aversion to instrumental music in church led him to cry out from the amen corner, to the gallery choir where, because of the absence of the organist the tune had been pitched too high and the choir broke down in the middle of a stanza, "start up your buzz wheel and then ye can sing."

On another occasion he took a seat with the gallery choir and when remonstrated with, for having by his discord stalled the choir, he answered, "sure and I love to praise God and the choir seems to have a monopoly of it and I wanted to help." In answer to our question in his last sickness, "How are you Uncle Hughey?" he sat up in bed, his bleached hand rubbed his bald white scalp and he answered repeating the twenty-third psalm to the end, "The Lord is my shepherd," etc., and

then the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah to the end, "For who hath believed our report," etc., and when I enquired "when, Uncle Hughey, did you learn these chapters?" he answered, "Oh, about seventy-five years ago."



Hughey Thompson.

He mellowed toward instrumental music with age, and would call upon his music-loving grandchildren, George, Sue, Dora, Mattie, Bess and the rest, to play on the piano and violin "The fisher's hornpipe," "The devil's dream," "The Irish washerwoman," and the like. A dear sweet old saint was Uncle Hughey. Shall we ever see his like again?

"EATEN IN ZE METHODIST TROUGH."

Clem R. Woodin, now of New York, then though a lad, yet an important factor in the Jackson — Woodin, Manufacturing Company, accompanied me to my first Sunday afternoon appointments and offered between appointments to refresh me with a drink of water furnished by what he termed one of my leading Methodist families to whom he begged the privilege of introducing me. The joke was apparent on entering the humble and unkempt home, where we were seated amid a jumble of cats, dogs, pots, kettles and a variety of unmentionables suggestive of bugs, fleas and cock roaches. "How long," was asked of the easy wife and mother, "have you been a member of the church?" "For mor'n ten years I've eat outen ze Mefodist trough, but Joe there, my old man, has been eaten out ze Mefodist and United Brethren and Albright troughs. He goes a nozen around from one trough to another, but I jes eat outen the Mefodist trough all de time." We thought the trough figure singularly appropriate, and yet out of just such unprepossessing and unpromising families have come some of the brightest minds and most fruitful lives that have ever blessed the world. It is not safe "to despise the day of small things."

Brother Crosthwaite, my senior, was a man of large heart, genial disposition and most pleasing address. He came into the ministry late in life from the county prothonotary's office, and brought with him much of the business methods there acquired. While not a great preacher, as measured by the schools, he was a mighty exhorter, was known as "the sweet singer," and was great in revival meetings. Faithful in life he was crowned in death. We had revivals at most of the appointments and many accepted Christ as a personal Saviour, among them a large proportion of my Bible Class, and they proved to be the future

pillars of the church, with whom it has been a delight to meet and mingle through the intervening years.

CUPID AND MY ROBIN.

It was my first year on the Berwick circuit that cupid got in on me some of his sharp shafts. Called to be best man at the marriage of my friend Rev. Emory T. Swartz to Miss Beckie Yocum, of Eleysburg, three of whose sisters had already joined their futures with itinerants, I met as bridesmaid Miss Rebecca Louise Robins, daughter of Dr. Joseph C. and Leah Shindle Robins, and after sixteen months of sundry billing and cooing with three months' intervals, the birds mated on January 30th, 1866. The newspapers had their own fun in prose and poetry, in conundrum and charade, in inuendo and rejoinder concerning the nesting of the Swallow and the Robin, and at the end of forty-two years are still at it, and we "let em." And while it has been demonstrated that the two species can live in peace and deathless joy, and that the blending does not necessarily result in propagation, they have been able nevertheless to agree on, and adopt three other birds as inmates of the home nest, from the world's surplus. Here is a sample of the miserable newspaper gaff hurled at our defenceless heads:

"Oh, Birdies when you leave us,
What shall we ever do,
To find another pair of birds
One half so sweet as you?
But you are birds of passage,
You'll leave us with the rest;
But both we think may plume yourselves
You've feathered well our nest."

That poet should have been turned over immediately to the society of the preventing of cruelty to birds. I think they call it the Audubon Society. May Mr. Audubon's theories concerning woman's life as related to birds' death, never grow less, and may the woman's hats never grow more. We are now in the midst of the "Merry Widow's" hat mania.

BUILT HIS OWN NEST.

The unwritten Methodist law half of a century ago in the older conferences, rendered it obligatory on the young itinerant to preach as a member of the conference four years before taking a partner in the business. This I came near doing, and when, like an obedient son in the gospel, I sought permission from my presiding elder, the venerable John Guyer, Prince of Exegetes, three of whose brothers were itinerants, he looked at me hard and said, "We are now crowded with married men." I then showed him a letter from the officary of Catawissa Church,

stating, "we are forming a new station and want a newly married couple to fill it, the signs being somewhat favorable that you are about to qualify, we want your consent to serve us." The elder's hard look broke into a winsome smile as he said, "go ahead brother, you have made your own nest, and ought to fill it."

I, A PREACHER, IN A THEATRE.

I must here plead guilty to having attended one full-fledged, double-dyed theatre. It was when on our wedding tour. Six were in the party, it being a double affair, and our Philadelphia chaperone had provided for us in advance tickets to "She Stoops to Conquer," John S. Clark, just then in the ascendant as a great comedian, being the "bright particular star." In vain did I plead my church vows as a sufficient reason for declining, my friends urging that even if in the future I was going to preach against theatres, I should go this once, so as to know what I was talking about. In vain did I answer that I also preached against hell but did not want to go there myself in order to speak from the standpoint of experience. I finally agreed to go to the theatre provided that if anything occurred that would be considered out of place either ethically or esthetically in a Christian mother's family in the presence of her children, that we would all at once leave our seats and walk out of the theatre. All agreed. Mr. Clark had not proceeded far when he ejaculated, "I'll de d—d." I looked down the line as much as to say "Would that be out of place." Then came another and stronger profanity, and I fished out my hat from under the seat and started, the party following in Indian file. I think it was an object lesson to all of us. The number of actors must be large, who

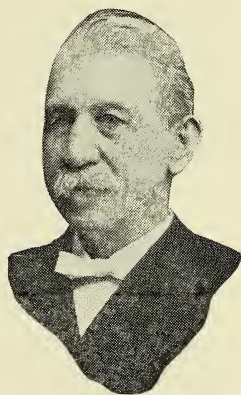
"Would drown the stage with tears,
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech;
Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze, indeed,
The very faculties of eyes and ears."

If my conjecture be true, then is also true Churchill's estimate when he calls "The strolling tribe a despicable race." And yet among them are bright jewels in mind and morals. But they are the exception that proves the rule.

CHAPTER V.

PLANTING FOR OTHERS.

Appointed to Catawissa Station in March, 1866, we were royally welcomed by a royal people intent on building up Christ's kingdom, even at the cost of personal sacrifice. My salary jumped from three hundred the year before to six hundred this year. I had climbed as an unmarried man in four years from one hundred dollars to three hundred dollars, and now as an evidence of my wife's superiority she brings to our exchequer an additional three hundred dollars at the very beginning of her itinerancy, and a chapter might be written of her industry, frugality and a liberality that brings back the full measured competency for sickness and age. On our large parsonage lot we planted an early garden that gave us half our living. We set out a large strawberry bed from which the very first year we gathered an unexpected crop, and the second year it yielded more than a bushel and half of luscious fruit. We put out grape vines and built a grape arbor, and planted many fruit trees with no expectation of eating the fruit thereof, but others have eaten it, as they have from many other parsonage gardens planted by us, and it is well. A great revival in the autumn and winter brought large accessions to the membership. Rev. Dr. D. C. John, learned, eloquent, fervid, was living in his native town for a year to recuperate shattered health, and was a perpetual source of sympathy and help, as were his brothers and other relatives. Since then he has been pastor, presiding elder repeatedly, college president and now rests in his declining years in the city of Omaha, or rather he gives unrest to the liquor dealers of Nebraska by a relentless crusade. I also recall from memory as sympathetic hearers, the Hartmans, Creasys, Sharpless, Reifsnidders, Monroes, Ritters, Klines and the historian and poet, Dr. John Robins and his family, and many others.



Rev. D. C. John, D. D.

A FIGHT TO SAVE THE YOUNG MASONS.

Having joined the Masons in 1862 and taken all the degrees then in the ancient York Rite, and my chapter being located here I early availed myself of the privileges of attending its sessions, but was horrified to find them held over a liquor store, with the liquor sellers as Chief Moguls, and with brandy and lager in the ante room of the lodge with which to debauch the young men. I objected and was invited politely to mind my own business, which I did most industriously at the next meeting and at each subsequent one till our relations became so strained as to insure a break. This came in the form of charges trumped up against me, and being sustained I was expelled. I appealed to the Grand Chapter in Philadelphia, put my cause in the hands of J. Alexander Simpson, Esq., the father of the present learned barrister bearing the same name, and a high Mason, and in fifteen minutes I was reinstated and my honorable demit ordered. This was followed soon after, I was informed, by a cancellation of the Chapter's charter by the Grand Chapter, and a hanging of heads of the liquor oligarchy. Most of the participants in that crusade against me came to poverty, one a merchant then, but afterward a common laborer, helping to wheel dirt out of the cellar of the Methodist Church, and some of them to rags, thus proving that "wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."

Some may ask, "why did you join the Masons?" My answer is: It was represented to me that as a young minister I would thus come in contact with and be able to influence for good a large number of men who seldom went to church. I found the reverse to be true, these men arguing that Masonry must be as good as the church else so many ministers would not be Masons, and to be a good Mason is to be a good Christian. And as Horace Greeley said during the Anti-Mason Crusade in New York State, "Masonry has become the devil's substitute for the church."

When a few years after Mr. Greeley became silent on the question, and was asked the reason he said, "If grown men wish to bind swords on their thighs, put raw heads and bloody bones on their watch guards and feathers in their hats, and then strut around imagining themselves knights of antiquity, it is, I presume, amusement for the boys and I am going to let them strut." A woman who applied for divorce on the ground that her husband was "a jiner," "joining everything that comes along except his own family," had a pretty good reason for her suit.

Knowing ones affirm that there are in the United States over three hundred society organizations, most of them secret. Prominent among

them are the Masons, Odd Fellows, Elks, Heptasophs, Golden Eagles, Maccabees, Maltas, Pythians, Red Men, Arcanumites, Sons of America, Mechanics, Hibernians, Woodmen and so on to the end. And the societies multiply. It is so easy when some member feels that he or she is not getting a fair share of the offices, or honors, or money to join hands with two or three other dissatisfied ones and organize a new chapter or camp or even a new order, and thus march at the very head of the new procession. Multitudes have little spare time for the family or the church because of a superior loyalty to the lodge or the club. They are "passing the chair" and hence in the contrary sense "pass" the family altar, the prayer-meeting, the preaching service and even the communion table. There seems to be a rare fascination approximating an hallucination in receiving some easily manufactured secrets of a new organization distinguishing its recipient from the members of the other 399 orders. The attitude of each toward the other is that of the little boy who rubs his taffy covered hands with glee and shouts at his rival, "ha! ha! I guess I know something that you don't, and I aint a goin' to tell, either."

The Dutchman's account of the origin of secret societies is interesting if not historically accurate: "Vonce der vas von pig garten, unt an apple tree, unt a snake, unt a man, unt a voman, unt de snake sait to der woman you uste eat dis apple, unt den you knows sumpting. Unt she did knows sumpting. Unt she sait to der man, Atam you ust take a bite und you knows sumpting. Unt he dit knows sumpting, unt den dey dit make aperns of fig leaves, unt hided demselves in der bushes, unt dat vas der regalia. Unt de owner of dat garden cumb in and hollert: 'Atam vare ye vas?' Unt Eve sait 'Hush, Atam, don't tell.' Unt Atam didn't tell, unt dat vas der first secret society." It had been well for the race if it had been the last.

The beneficiary feature of most of these organizations is a reflection on the ability of the average American to manage his own affairs. He must needs pay a big premium to the wiser officials of some society, or insurance company for acting as his guardian; taking his hard earnings in weekly or monthly dribs like the child's metal bank into which he drops his pennies, to be doled out to him, minus the enormous expense of caring for these earnings, frequently the lion's share, when unable to work, or when is needed the shroud or coffin and the grave.

After all, if the average American male or female attends well to the duties of the home, of the church, of citizenship, of his daily labor, profession, or business, it will so exhaust the physical, mental and moral resources as to leave neither time, nor strength, nor money for goat riding, regalia displays, lodge loafing, or for guarding the oath-bound secrets borrowed from some misty and musty mythology, or invented by some modern Agni or Asura.

TEMPTERS OF CONVERTS.

Hicksite Quakerism had gone to seed in Catawissa, and as is frequently the case, where any ism becomes senile, even Methodism, while its active advocates maintain their integrity and are among the best of people, its nominal advocates frequently become sceptics if not infidels. It was the delight of some of these, among them the F. F. V.'s of the town to invite Methodist converts to the social gatherings, and when in an unguarded hour they had been induced to drink wine, play cards or dance, to grill them with sneers for having broken their church vows, and thus discourage and destroy them. Thus were not a few of our converts treated. We decided on an aggressive warfare against the granting of license to any of the applicants at the spring term of court, 1867. The liquor dealers secured more signatures to their petitions in that little town of four churches, and eight liquor holes than we could secure to our remonstrances, and this necessitated taking witnesses to prove to the court that liquor had been sold to minors, to drunkards, and on Sunday. We had a committee of fifty to stand the shock of battle when the fight began, but all except three became paralyzed at the prospect of losing the custom of the liquor sellers and their friends, involving sales of coal, dry goods, lumber, quinine, dog collars, milk, cabbage heads, onions, peanuts, taffy, lawyer's advice, epicac, sauer kraut, livery service, mustard, hosiery, doll babies, mosquito bars, tobacco, common labor, et cetera. The preacher having nothing but himself to paralyze, was one of the three, Brothers Isaiah John and Jacob Creasey, with much more to jeopordize, completed this trio.

WITNESS AGAINST A CONGRESSMAN.

One of our winter converts, Brother Fields, formerly a drinking man, but faithful to this day, was one of our witnesses against Henry James C—, proprietor of the Susquehanna Hotel, and the following were some of the questions answered:

"Mr. Fields, did you see Mr. C— sell liquor on Sunday?" "Yes, sir."

"Who bought it?" "That little bald-headed fellow sitting over there," pointing to Congressman Bob —, attorney for the liquor men.

"What was he doing in Catawissa on Sunday?" "He had been out to Roaring Creek electioneering on Saturday night, and was on his way to his home here in Bloomsburg and stopped off, and 'set it up' for the boys."

"Who was he electioneering for?" "I object! I object!" cried Bob. "Don't answer that question," flushed in the judge, but Fields blurted it out, "He was electioneering for the judge." Oh, my countrymen, there

was then a sensation. However, no blood was shed, but I, the prompter of our attorney's questions, was glared at most threateningly, and was the recipient of various anonymous letters, telling the sad fate that was sure to befall me if I did not immediately move from Catawissa, which I straightway proceeded *not* to do. Two only of the eight were refused license by the candidate judge, the other six getting a license and a lecture to not do as they had been doing or they would on another complaint be sent to jail. This caused us to smile and wonder whether in such an event the judge would have sufficient presence of mind to sentence himself to jail as a *partis criminis*.

EUCHRE DECKS GALORE.

On the following morning many greasy eucher packs were found scattered over our front porch and through the yard as a notice to early passers that the gamblers "had it in" for the parson, but being ourselves early risers we gathered the cards and kept them for a long time on exhibition as a souvenir trophy of the cruel war. My usually heroic little wife was loth for a time to let me go out "o' nights," but knowing the cowardice of the liquor gang, if "stood up to," I went accompanied only by my faithful cudgle cane, right into the bar-rooms, examined the office registers, and asked business questions about the arrival or departure of imaginary guests. It just occurs to me now at the end of more than forty years that for some unexplained reason these questions have never been answered. Alas! they will never be answered in this world, for most of those then questioned have gone to their graves by the slow poison route established for them by the staggering feet of their neighbors.

Preparatory to this crusade we had four or five lectures from the Rev. Thos. P. Hunt, with whom as a neighbor my boyhood and early manhood were intimately associated, and whose quaint, forceful and remarkably interesting character and history deserves more space than can here be given. I gathered from his own life or from those who were eye witnesses of Mr. Hunt's exploits many interesting incidents, which I have embodied in a lecture, entitled "Hunt, the Mighty Hunter," often delivered, and which I hope some time to elaborate into a volume.

CHAPTER VI.

A SUICIDE.

Our East Baltimore Conference met in the spring of 1868 in Exeter Street Church, Baltimore. My conference home was with Jackson Randolph, of precious memory, on East Pratt Street. Sitting in my room late at night reading Dr. J. G. Holland's *Kathrina*, supposed to be in part a history of his own struggle with a hereditary tendency to suicide transmitted by his father, I was reading:

"From frailest filaments of evidence;
From dark allusions faintly overheard,
From hint and look and sudden change of theme
When I approached, from widely scattered words
Remembered well, and gathered all at length
Into consistent terms, I know not how
I wrought the full conclusion, nor how young.
I only know that when a little child
I learned, though no one told, that he who gave
My life to me, in madness took his own—
Took it from fear of want, though he possessed
The finest fortune in the rich old town."

When, suddenly, as I read, a pistol shot rang out upon the night air, followed by the rapid movement of feet. Raising the blind, and window, I learned that a prominent Baltimore man of means, owner and occupant of the house just across the street had committed suicide. Was it not a strange coincidence of book and event? It certainly made a profound impression on my mind and lent to that wonderful book "*Kathrina*" a most weird interest through all the years. By the way, Holland's books should be read by our young people. They offer didactically what Dickens strove to impress by fiction. Holland's was the short cut.

"THE KINGDOM DIDN'T COME, DID IT?"

I was asked to preach in Broadway Church on Sunday night of conference, but felt when through, as I think Billy Barnes, generally a great preacher but sometimes a slump, must have felt after preaching on "Thy Kingdom Come" at a camp-meeting. After his own lonely amen! he turned to the bench full of preachers behind him and said in his rich Scotch-Irish brogue, "Well brethren, the kingdom didn't come, did it?"

I was always shy of preaching to a strange congregation, needing the stimulus of friendly looks, and dreading the cold, critical stare of the curious stranger.

I was assigned at this 1868 Conference to Williamsport, Seventh Ward, known as Newberry, a part of my task being to manage the finishing of a parsonage, and the enlarging and rebuilding of the church. I here learned much of practical value, for I donned overalls and buck skins and the brazen beggar face, and made myself generally useful, not infrequently offensively so, since King John's rich man says "There is no vice but beggary."

MY FIRST EXPERIENCE WITH A CHURCH BOSS.

One of my official members had been so long the church boss, also a ward liquor party boss and candidate, that when I failed to jump at the crack of his lordship's whip, he gave me my first experience in invisible sapping and mining. Time seemed however to heal the hurt and a glorious revival in the winter seemed to cover the scar. "Seemed," I say, for I was met at the conference following with a remonstrance to my return for a second year, signed by my would-be boss and defeated select councilman, and three others. Two days after there came a petition for my return signed by nearly three hundred. The good Bishop

Scott called me to him in conference and said in his sweetest way, "Whoever is appointed to Newberry will have trouble, but as you will have less trouble than any other we might send, I shall re-appoint you." To all of which I said "Amen." The anger of the boss knew no bounds, for he had for years dictated the appointment, and carried the appointee in his pocket and the dose was now too bitter to swallow without a grimace. This came in the form of a charge, which a committee disposed of in a few minutes with a verdict of "not guilty." Then he and his little handful of political sympathizers withdrew and we had peace. The mistake is found in the planting and cultivating of such bad boss weeds, and not in pulling them up by the roots.



Rev. Francis Hodgson, D. D.

NOT SURPRISED INTO LIBERALITY.

Our church rededication was officered by that godly and every way elegant and frequently eloquent Christian gentleman of the old school, Rev. Francis Hodgson, D.D., then pastor at Danville. My nervousness on Saturday over the money to be raised on the morrow, brought from

him a characteristic remark that proved a prophesy, and has come back to me again and again in the intervening years, viz.: "If you have sent for me in the expectation that I can *surprise* your people into liberality, you, I fear, have mistaken your man." All preachers know the unique significance of that phrase, "getting into the brush." The generally eloquent Doctor "got there" on that Sunday morning. Perhaps the pastor's name and the text our visiting brother selected had something to do with the congregational smile that followed its announcement and with his seeming embarrassment. Here is the text, "Yea, the sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King and my God." The smile of the congregation more than the announcement of the text gave a change of color to the cheek of the female Swallow, and brought an Amen! from the male Swallow, not so much in the spirit of "so mote it be," as to help tide the preacher and people over a hard piece of Jordan's road. Suffice it to say that while the sermon was most chaste and beautiful in thought, in rhetoric, and in finish, yet it did not "surprise our people into liberality." Dr. Hodgson was a great preacher on great occasions, and sometimes surprised and electrified all hearers on ordinary occasions.

RIDDLE, THE LIGHTNING TALKER.

Finley B. Riddle, the radical but not æsthetic, the terse but never tame, the profound thinker, the "lightning talker," the fearless, matchless, scholarly, Scripture-full, logical, laconic, and with all loving Finley B. preached at night. We have forgotten his text, his subject, his sermon, but can never forget how he electrified his audience with such a commingling of law and gospel, prophecy and precept, commendation and condemnation, heaven and hell, as to inspire all with a disposition to do something quick, and they did it, to the delight of all, including good Dr. Hodgson, who rounded up the day with a rousing exhortation, entirely redeeming himself from the morning's disappointment.

A blessed revival during the winter of 1869, and another in 1870, rounded out the three years pastorate at Newberry, which was also a financial success, the pastor's salary having gone from eight hundred dollars the first year, to nine hundred dollars the second, and one thousand dollars the third. The benevolences kept pace with the pastor's salary. That it was not an ephemeral boom was apparent in the twelve hundred dollars salary of the pastor following.



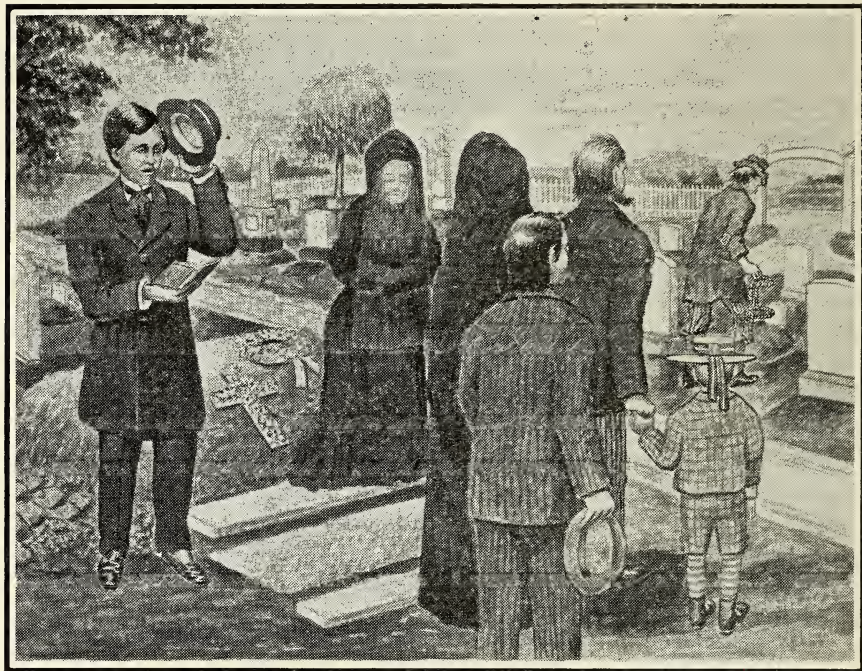
Rev. F. B. Riddle.

"I WANT MY HALTER," OR A WIFE'S FUNERAL UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

As an illustration of heathenism amid Christian churches, and the hallowing influences of Christian homes, I make record of the following incident, which suggests the wisdom of more missionary work at home, though we must not do less abroad. Almost under the very shadow of our churches are men and families whose sense of right and wrong is either so uncultivated or so blunted as to demand the earnest labors of the missionary for spiritual healing, coupled possibly with the co-operation of the teacher, and possibly of the surgeon's knife for the correction of cranial defects. It was this way:

On the day preceding Thanksgiving, in 1868, a strange man entered the kitchen door of the parsonage, and addressing my wife inquired, "Where is the old man?" To which she responded, "Do you mean my husband?" Answering in the affirmative, she showed him into the library. It proved to be Mr. B., a small farmer and rough carpenter, living two or three miles distant in the country. His lop-eared cap, mousey-nesty hair, tobacco stained mouth, beard and lapels, and generally unkempt make-up, suggesting as my old friend Thomas M. Reese would put it, "a character with characteristics." He began with, "Well, she's gone." "Who?" we ventured. "The old woman. I allers told her I'd put her away, and she allers said she'd put me in the hole. But she's dead, and I want you to come over and say a few words." To my inquiry, "When and where?" he answered, "Two o'clock to-morrow, a mile and a half over the hill." I assented and volunteered to walk and thus settle my Thanksgiving dinner, which was to be eaten with Father Ramsey, a quaint but well read man of the philosopher type, though moving in the common walks of life. Walking what I thought was a mile and a half brought no signs of a house. Another mile, and there it was at the foot of the hill; a story and a half unpainted bungalow, with out-buildings and orchard near, sundry farm teams hitched to the worm fence and Mr. B. pacing impatiently at the preacher's tardiness, up and down the road. "Yer late!" he yelled, when within ear shot. I replied, "Yes, and if I had stopped at a mile and a half I would never have arrived." The undertaker told him that the coffin of the dropsical corpse was bursting, and the generous husband hurried to the barn and brought a rope halter used for tying a calf. The service was held in the kitchen to save the carpet in a better room. As I arose to begin, my head among the rafters, he came rapidly forward, as though to whisper in my ear, but with a shout loud enough to disturb the sleeper, he exclaimed, "Make it short!" which I was glad to do. When the coffin was partially lowered into the Newberry grave, he cried out: "Hold on! Hold on! I want my halter." It was taken off and handed him, and with a look of contentment he

strolled out of the old grave yard, dangling the valuable calf rope in his hand. He afterward lamented that the old woman had to die just when the apples had to be gathered. He sought to repair the loss by an offer of marriage to a young girl, just two weeks after my "few words" were spoken over his dead wife, but was refused. Surely one half of the world does not know how the other half lives, or marries, or buries, much less how it dies; nor does it know the residence of all the heathen in the world.



"I Want My Halter."

HOW A PENCIL SKETCH BEAT THE BOSS.

The 1871 Conference met in the old church at Carlisle, Bishop Jaynes presiding. Third Street, Williamsport, was asking for my appointment; two miles would be a short move. I was willing, but not anxious. A representative of the defunct Newberry boss opposed my appointment to Third Street, with the statement that they were adjacent charges in the same city, and my friends at Newberry would transfer their membership with my transfer, and thus weaken and possibly destroy the Newberry church organization. A hastily drawn map of the city by a Third Street official, showing Grace, Pine Street, and Mulberry Street

churches, lying between Newberry and Third Street, determined the Bishop to make the appointment; not only because of its fitness, but as a rebuke to the "adjacent" story tellers. A presiding elder sought to cool the ardor of the Third Street petitioners for my appointment, by telling them that "Mr. Swallow is a very stubborn man, you certainly do not want him." To which they responded, "That is the very kind of a man we must have to build us a new parsonage, most of the money for which must be collected outside the church."

MOVED TWO MILES.

And so it came to pass that I was sent to Third Street. Then the struggle began for the new parsonage, or rather the transforming of an old house, recently bought, into a new one. We had begged the lumbermen, hardware dealers, brick makers, merchants, and many others, from the upper end to the lower end of the city for the Newberry church, and now must needs begin at the lower end and beg from the same men to the upper end of the city. A load of pine boards, worth then from ten to twenty dollars, was the average donation of the average lumberman, and they gave with a generosity never witnessed by me elsewhere. That load of boards, depending upon the quality, would now be worth from fifty to one hundred dollars. The struggle ended in a new parsonage paid for.

CHAPTER VII.

UNCLE BILLY, THE GIN SLINGER.

This year the local option campaign was on. I stood at the polls in the newly fallen snow all day. The voting in my precinct was at the window of a liquor selling hotel. Ever and anon the landlord would come out stand for a moment to hear my argument with some hopeful, give me a passing shot, and then dodge back. In one of his visits I was saying, "Liquor selling always leaves a scar. Like cancer, consumption, or insanity, it may leap over one generation, but the curse is sure to follow sometime, somewhere." He replied, "That is not so; my father made and sold liquor; he kept a barrel of whiskey in our cellar, and a tin cup hanging on the spigot, and none of his children are drunkards." I answered, "Listen! The curse sometimes overleaps a generation. I know a man whose early surroundings were identical with your description. He claims to be a sober liquor seller, as was his father; but only last week two of his sons were carried, dead drunk, at midnight, out of a sled into their liquor selling father's tavern. Do you know anything about it?" He changed color, turned on his heel, and as he retreated to the bar-room, exclaimed, "My God, I guess I do!" They were his sons.

LOCAL OPTION SOLD OUT.

We carried local option in over forty counties of the State, notwithstanding a mint of money paid legislators by liquor sellers to prevent it. They paid them another mint of money to repeal it in a few months. The lawmakers of that period, like some of those of more recent date, and like the "Yankee's rat trap," caught them a-comin' and a-gwain'."

THE PARSON'S BARN BURNED.

The side light to the whiskey business of that campaign, was the burning, by a half wit liquor seller's incendiary tool, of our barn on the rear end of the parsonage lot. We had a revival in progress, and hearing the cry of fire, and looking out through the shutters, I saw that nothing could save the building, and rallying our people around the altar, we beat the devil by having a splendid meeting, accompanied with conversions, in spite of the fire. It was time enough to look at the foundation and plan for a new barn the next morning.

A SELF-CONVICTED PENITENT.

Other occurrences characterized that revival. Brother Frank Martin, one of my stewards, accompanied me on a stormy day in my pastoral

work where the supreme object was "fishing for souls." In the afternoon he took me in his buggy to see a family named G——, living a mile away in the country, none of whom were Christians. The wife and mother drubbed most unmercifully the hypocrites in the church. I admitted the impeachment with, "Yes, but even in Christ's College of Apostles, one in twelve was a traitor." She replied, "At least one half are now hypocrites." I proposed prayer, and proceeded without expressed consent to kneel and pray while the family sat and looked at us. After prayer we invited them to church, and with a somewhat forced handshake bade them good-bye. The next night Mrs. G—— occupied a back seat in the church, and each night thereafter moved toward the altar in easy stages of three or four seats, till about the fourth night, when she fairly ran to the altar on the first invitation and began to cry in a loud voice, "Lord forgive me for what I said! Lord forgive me for what I said!" Her own bitterness on the occasion of the pastoral visit had come back to buffet her soul till that soul found rest in Jesus Christ.

HOW BOBBY CONVERTED HIS FATHER.

I frequently visited Mr. C——, a careless sinner, whose wife had long prayed for him, and whose twelve year old Bobby had been converted during the meeting. I also wrote and sent him tracts, but to no avail. Two weeks after the meeting closed, Mr. C—— and his wife came to the parsonage, but neither were talkative. They answered my inquiries in monosyllables, till finally both broke down and cried most bitterly. Self control came to the wife first, she said, "My husband has for three weeks been troubled night and day about his sins. Will you pray for him?" I prayed, and then my wife; then we sang "Rock of ages cleft for me," and Mrs. C——, the wife, prayed. He was converted a week later in the pastor's class in this same parsonage sitting room. Quite willing to have the credit of being instrumental in his conversion, I asked him what led to it. He answered, "You know Bobbie was converted during the meeting. He had been disobedient, played truant, and had given us much trouble. He now was transformed from the worst to the best child of the family. I noticed that always after dinner he went into the parlor and shut the door. One day I watched him through the keyhole. He put the old Bible open on a chair, went down before it on his knees, read a passage and then prayed for each member of the family by name, and for me especially; that God would answer mamma's prayers and convert papa. It broke my heart. I walked down to the mill with tears in my eyes, saying to myself, 'What a mean man you are, to let your wife pray for you for years, when you could answer her prayers in a minute, and now are standing out against Bobbie, when you should have led him to the Saviour.' Then I could neither eat nor sleep, and you know the

rest." So it was not the pastor's sermon, letters, exhortations, or tracts, but the indirect influence of the holy life of a twelve year old boy that brought the proud man to his knees, and melted to tenderness the flinty heart of the engineer.

A HORSE JOCKEY REPEATER AT THE ALTAR.

It was at the meeting before referred to that Doc. S——, a greasy, grimy, profane, dishonest horse murdering, mourners'-bench repeating, local expressman, called Doc because always doping old horses, came to the altar. His advent was signalled with a groan and a tearless bel-lowing prayer for a blessing. Kneeling before him I said, "If you are yelling for the good of the meeting I want you to quit immediately, for it is doing the meeting no good. Were you not at this altar and made profession two and four and five years ago, only to disgrace them by your backsliding?" "Yes, sir!" "If we tolerate and pray for you, will you go and pay as fast as you can, Mr. McDowell for that sixteen dollar wagon you bought of him on the strength of a former profession, telling him a year later that it was an old debt, and it was all you could do to pay new debts?" "Yes, sir!" "Will you stop buying old crippled horses, only to work and starve them to death?" "Yes, sir!" "Will you stop swearing, and cheating, and Sabbath breaking, and lying to your creditors, and whiskey drinking, and will you wash your hands and face three times a day, and wash your whole body with soap and water at least once a week?" "Oh, yes! yes! yes! If you live around here Mr. Swallow for fifty years you will see that I do right." And while I lived around there he did do right, but I am not advised as to the orthodoxy of his behavior during the subsequently intervening thirty-seven years. I have no doubt that "Jesus is married to the backslider," but am of the opinion that He must get greatly disgusted with the frequent applications for divorce coming from some irreligious repeaters.

"TIN HOURS OR NO SAW DUST."

It was during this year that the great strike for a shorter day occurred among the lumber workers of Williamsport and vicinity. Processions, with banners and music, by day and by night, with the oft-repeated shout in Emerald Isle brogue of "Tin hours or no saw dust" were striking features of these striking Hibernians, who in fact were being overworked in the twelve hour day. The State militia came; but as most of its privates would have been strikers under similar conditions, they were powerless or rather will-less to disperse the rioting mobs. Then (colored) Captain White's Williamsport (colored) company of Civil War veterans was called out. He double quicked them along the Pine Street curb, crowded with a blood-thirsty mob, ordered loading

"with ball cartridge," "fix bayonets," "right face!" "charge bayonets!" "double quick!" and as they rushed across the street the scatteration of whiskey-made brave men was beautiful to behold. Repeating the process from curb to curb, the whole length of the crowded two squares, and "presto, change," where was the mob? Not one could be seen. However the imprecations heaped upon "the — Nagers" by these natural enemies of the colored race, made the atmosphere sulphur blue, in sharp contrast, too, with "the wearing of the green."

FATHER STACK AND BISHOP O'HARA.

Our good friend Father Stack was then priest of one of the Catholic churches, and he was a character to be reckoned with by the practical joker. The Ecumenical Council at Rome had just pronounced the Pope infallible. Stack delivered a lecture denying infallibility in temporal matters, but admitting it in spiritual concerns. Bishop O'Hara removed him to another parish in the same city. Stack appealed to a jury of his peers under a provision of the canon law of Romanism in the old world. The Bishop showed the court that the law did not apply to mission territory. All of the United States at that time being such, except a portion of Louisiana. The contention went from Rome to court, to a higher court, to a master in Chancery, and to the highest court, till Stack, worn out with the seven years conflict, found relief in death in a Catholic monastery. He had asked me to write an article for our church papers defending his contention, which I did, though convinced that his secret views of much in Romanism rendered his position illogical, and if probed to the bottom untenable. A genial genius was Father Stack.

A CUT AND COVER BETWEEN STACK AND EDWARDS.

While making a social call at the room of Rev. D. H. Carroll, pastor of Grace M. E. Church, at Park Hotel, where both had apartments, Stack was called to his own room, but quickly returning, said, "It was a poor fellow wanting to confess. I told him to come to-morrow. It's a great burden that ye Protestants are well rid of, this confessional. O the stuff that's poured into the priest's ear is sickening!" It was reported to me by an eye witness, that Mr. Edwards, pastor of Mulberry Street Methodist church, also Stack, and a dozen other chummy preachers, doctors and lawyers, were on one occasion listening in the Academy of Music to a lecture on Oxygen, by Benj. Silliman, Jr., of Yale College. Between experiments the lights were out, and chatting was *ad libitum*. Stack called to Edwards three or four seats away, "Father Edwards, we have a little space now come and confess to me." Edwards replied, "Stack, I never confessed to the devil, and I won't begin with one of his imps." Stack made no reply, but bided his time. They next met with similar

personal surroundings in the opera house. Elizabeth Cady Stanton was lecturing on "Universal Suffrage the Great Educator." "Hiram Revels," she said, "a colored man from the southland has been elected to the United States Senate, and who is he? A negro, and till recently a poor Methodist preacher." "Do you hear that, Edwards?" cried Stack in an undertone, but loud enough to be heard by many, "Nothing but a poor Methodist preacher, 'twas bad enough to be a Nager."

"GOOSE CURES GOOSE."

Coming out of the post-office the day after Christmas, Stack met the towering form of the deep-chested, orotund-voiced, long-whiskered, political orator and homeopathic physician, Dr. Doan. "How are ye Dr. Doan?" "O, splendid! I had a big dose of roast goose yesterday, and feel fine to-day." "Well," retorted Stack, "that's according to your homeopathic formula, '*Similia, Similibus Curanter*,' or 'like cures like.'" Stack sought to abridge the power of Catholic Bishops in the matter of the transfer of priests, and yet every Methodist Bishop has as much power under our church law, subject of course, if that power is arbitrarily or erringly exercised, to being reviewed by his creator, the General Conference.

APPOINTED TO MILTON.

On the fifth of March, 1873, my thirty-fourth birthday, our conference met in Chambersburg, Bishop Merrill in the chair. It fell to my lot, as it often did at conference, to preach on Sunday night to a Presbyterian congregation. This time the kingdom seemed to come. Near the close of the conference a reunion was held between the Central Pennsylvania Conference and the Mother Baltimore Conference. This time I was appointed to Milton Station, where I labored as best I could, and with encouraging success, as I had done ten years before on the Circuit bearing the same name, but not including the town. We held a series of temperance and prohibition meetings, Father Hunt, of Wilkes-Barre, again coming to our aid. Large numbers signed the pledge.

A VISIT TO THE LIQUOR SELLERS.

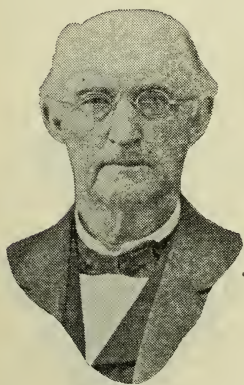
This was followed by a visit to the liquor sellers, accompanied by that prince among men, S. W. Murray, Esq., who still lives to bless the church and the world. Here we bought samples of liquors, and sending them to a chemist had them analyzed, and published the analysis, showing a large percentage of poisonous matter, beside the alcohol poison. This created a great sensation and led people to take sides.

The autumn and winter witnessed a great revival running through

nearly two months, and resulting in over one hundred conversions, and over eighty accessions to the church on probation, among them a young Mr. B., a school teacher, a victim of alcoholism. He was a man of fine physique, classical features and pleasing address. A college graduate, the nephew of a Bishop, and the son of godly parents. His over-Sunday debauch would sometimes disqualify him for the Monday session. Joe was popular in our meetings, frequently addressing large audiences with ever-growing interest and profit. He felt called to the ministry, and before his probation ended was preaching to a chapel congregation as a supply in a Pennsylvania city. Coming back to Milton to be received into full connection in the church the old temptation overcame him, and he arrived in an intoxicated condition. I insisted that instead of being received from probation, he go immediately back, make a clean breast of it to the church officary, and make a new start, which he did. Feeling, however, the ever-present danger of bringing a reproach through yielding to his "easily besetting sin," he abandoned the idea of becoming a minister, studied law, married a beautiful and accomplished lady, was elected to Congress from a neighboring State, and so far as I know, has maintained his moral integrity as one of the five drunkards out of a hundred that as a rule are permanently rescued from the drink habit. Ninety-five per cent. of those who sign the pledge or profess conversion, soon or late, return to their cups and go to a drunkard's grave. No disease compares with it in fatality, for it destroys the soul as well as the body.

TEMPER UNDER CONTROL.

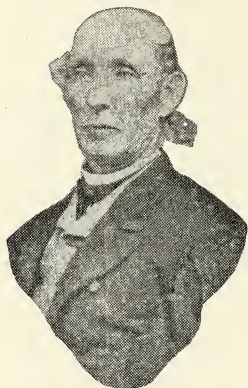
Two or three antipodal characters belonged here to our church officary. Brother Chamberlin, a lumberman, was of the calm, philosophical, phlegmatic, cautious, calculating, prudent type of men, who, foreseeing the evil, avoided it. Brother Porter, an able lawyer of the old school, was of the nervous-sanguinous temperament, generous, self-sacrificing, and ardent in his likes and dislikes and flushing to the very roots of his hair under the slightest provocation, though as forgiving and tender as a child. On one occasion Brother Chamberlin remonstrating with Bro. Porter after a flash, said, "Brother Porter you should control your temper." To which Brother Porter responded, "Confound you Chamberlin, I control more temper in an hour than you do in a lifetime." And it was true. Some men deserve little credit for being good. They have not sufficient energy to be bad if they wanted to.



Moses Chamberlin.

ALLOWANCE FOR TWO.

The genial Brother Will Mervine, then editor of the *Miltonian*, would now and then seek to break the monotony of an official meeting by shying a figurative brick toward Brother Porter's corner. I said to him in his office, after a breezy official meeting, "Brother Mervine, you should avoid stirring up friction. You should make allowance for Bro. P's peculiarities. To this he replied, "I want allowance made for my peculiarity, too." "And what is your peculiarity?" "My fondness," he answered, "for sticking pins into sensitive people." They were all most excellent brethren, and all long since immigrated to their home above.



John Porter, Esq.

The religio-social atmosphere of old Milton, antedating the destructive fire of May, 1880, which set many families at variance through the subsequent distribution of supplies, was delightfully fraternal. The different denominations mingled in union services as a common family.

Everybody knew everybody, and seemed to rival each the other in making others happy.

"LET US ALL DIE THE SAME DAY."

Permit a digression here. As a delegate to our General Conference, my wife and our dear little seven year old ward, Addison Marr Robins, who died of diphtheria less than a year afterward, spent the month of May, 1880, in Cincinnati. Shortly after receiving news of the awfully destructive conflagration above referred to, Marr, as we called him, ventured the first departure from the formal evening prayer, in the direction of extemporary petition. It ran like this, "And O Lord, don't let any of us burn up in the night, nor any of us die, and then when we must die, let us all die on the same day, so we won't have to cry for each other."



William Mervine, Esq.

MY PROFOUND RESPECT FOR JOB.

That seven weeks' meeting at Milton, already referred to, that brought such a multitude into happy conditions, was not all bliss to the

pastor. Some of it was bliss, and some of it was as expressed by the man unhappily married "blister." Dating from that meeting I have always had a profounder respect for the man of Uz. And it resulted from my personal experience with carbuncles. I would not intimate that the sabeans carried away my oxen, for I had none, nor my asses, though I had one or two in my church that I could have spared and been the happier for the loss. The fire did not burn either servants or sheep, for I had none. For the same reason the Chaldeans carried away no camels, nor did a falling house kill any sons. It is true I had an Eliphaz, a Bildad, an Elihu, and several Gophars, "miserable comforters all," found in all congregations.

WIFE NOT PROFANE.

But unlike Job's curse advising companion, my wife never once encouraged me to swear, for she was always opposed to such wickedness, though I do now remember some little expletives, such as, "Oh, my!" "Oh, pshaw!" and the like indulged in by her on moving into an old parsonage, where she sometimes, but not often, thanks to the vigilance of preachers' wives and their helpers, found the beds preempted by little vagrants whose use for beds is not apparent, since they never seem to sleep, nor if possible allow other occupants of beds to sleep. In fact they seem utterly opposed to rest. What a mean fling at our mothers, wives, sisters and sweethearts was that of the wretched woman-hater who said, "God made man and rested, and then made woman, and rested again, since which neither God nor man have had any rest." The fact is that but for woman the race would long ere this have by processes of transmigration been crawling in the dust; red, pink, purple and pugnaceous, with only a hazy recollection of the snow white linen, and bugless beds, that blessed the world when women ruled everywhere.

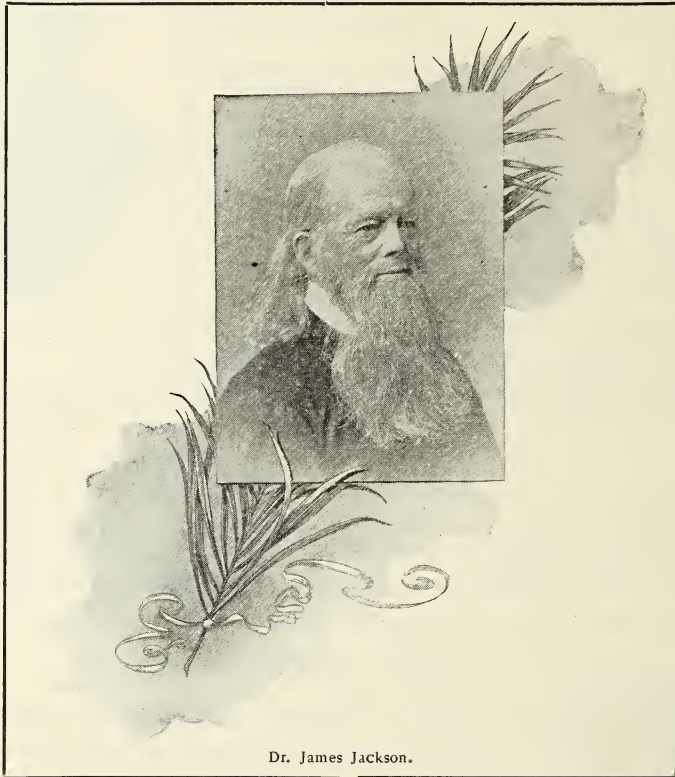
JOB NOT CARBUNCLED BUT ONLY BOILED.

No, my wife, so far from provoking my Job-like affliction, sought to assuage it. Job had boils, but there is no record that he had carbuncles, and that they arrayed themselves in militant platoons, armed cap-apie with sword and spear, with dagger, bludgeon and pruning-knife, right in the small of his back. No record that he was a Methodist even to the extent of backsliding, and to be considered orthodox must needs kneel a hundred times in one evening and get up as often, or that sticky salves and lotions and plasters found strong attachment to his nether garments from above, and stronger to his inflamed cuticle beneath, and there disputed for "the survival of the fitters," while he strove for a revival of the sitters. I have always been glad that a man of my patience and not a man like Job, had, for a full month, to bear that carbunculous incubus,

lest the book of Job had been marred by the record that "Job took his wife's advice." I have no recollection, during all that month, by day or by night, in my outgoing or incoming, in my down-kneeling or uprising, to once even have done what Job's wife advised.

RELIEVED MY MIND.

Of course there were times when I had to relieve my mind and doubtless I sometimes yelled Amen! or Glory! at points in my laymen's prayers, where such expressions seemed out of place, as they so fre-

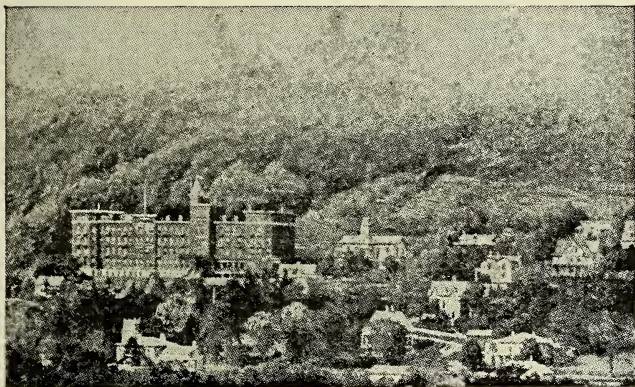


quently are. Amen! means "so mote it be." If one had prayed, as I heard of a layman who once did pray, "Lord keep our pastor humble and we will keep him poor," how out of place it would have been for the pastor to exclaim Amen! In this respect the Protestant Episcopalians have an advantage over the Methodist Episcopalians, for it is all "writ" down and comes just at the right place, especially where they read on a Sunday morning after a Saturday night progressive euchre, or a full-dress un-dress hugging match, or a wine supper after a theatre party, "We have erred and strayed away from thy ways like lost sheep. We

have followed too much the devices and desires of our own hearts. We have offended against thy holy laws. We have left undone those things which we ought to have done; And we have done those things which we ought not to have done; And there is no health in us, But thou, O Lord, have mercy upon us, miserable offenders." Under such conditions the Amen! that follows is both appropriate and inappropriate. Since the Methodist Bishop's backsliding on amusements, the foregoing prayer should find a place in their ritual.

"SHIRT OUTSIDE HIS BREECHES."

That old lady who "liked the Episcopalians because she had a chance to jaw back," must have been akin to the one in the country school house in Vermont. A rector had taken his robes and a liberal supply of prayer



Dr. Jackson's Sanatorium.

books to his vacation retreat, to give the country people their first taste of ritualistic service. When several responded in the language of the prayer book, she interrupted, saying, "Give the stranger a chance, don't contradict him till he gets through." At the close she showed her appreciation of his effort by shaking his hand warmly a la pump handle variety, and saying, "Mister, you done very good, even if you did wear your shirt outside your breeches."

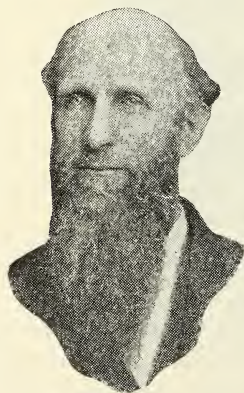
CARBUNCLES VS. REMEDIES.

But those carbuncles! I thought I had forgotten them through the mysteries of the prayer book, but who that ever had a carbuncle to say nothing of a half score at once, can ever forget the experience. What is fun now, was no fun then. Comedy is frequently the present tense of tragedy.

Oh, yes, I took physics, and anodynes, and antiseptics, and soporifics, and sedatives, and nervines, and blood purifiers that worked like pure fires in the blood. The remedies were confined to no one school of practice. I traveled in all the paths then known to science. I took a little allopathy, homeopathy, grannyopathy, and when the meeting closed and I was a shadow, I tried hydropathy.

DR. JACKSON'S SANITARIUM.

Dansville, Livingston County, New York State, was the town, and Dr. James Jackson's home on the hillside the resort to which wife and self took our wandering way for a month's vacation. A fine elevation, ample grounds, a splendid outlook up and down that beautiful valley, an abundance of pure water for purposes of ablution inside and out; no drugs, no meats, but nutritious cereals, fruits and nuts; food unsalted, unsweetened, unpeppered, unspiced and unvinegared, and unspoiled by other acetous or alcoholic fermentations, but each having its own native and peculiar flavor, ununiformed by chemical condiments. These foods administered in generous proportions at eight A. M. and four P. M., and



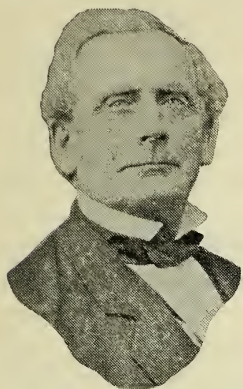
Rev. Seth A. Creveling.

"no piecing between meals," were some of the compulsory health conditions prescribed, where health was really sought in preference to a tickled palate. An eloquent lecture daily by the venerable Dr. Jackson, on the laws of health, family prayers for all of the several hundred guests who chose to attend; regular hours for rest, for sun baths, sits-baths, plunge baths, pack baths, or electric baths, as conditions demanded, were some other conditions. It would be "distressingly healthy" as the doctors and druggors characterize it if the people lived lawfully instead of lawlessly. The associations here were delightful. Some invalids? Yes; but they were not allowed unnecessarily to parade their ailments, or boast of

their weaknesses. Brother Seth A. Creveling of my own conference, Rev. Brother Sykes, of New Jersey, and Rev. Dr. George W. Woodruff, long a Secretary of our General Conference, were among those beaten by me at croquet when I was not beaten by them. The stock phrase, which Dr. Woodruff applied as a molient to his wounded feelings when beaten was, "Well, I can beat you a preaching any how." In which statement we always acquiesced in the interests of peace and of truth as well. He was just back from Europe, where an eminent physician had told him to "go back home and forget that you have diabetes. It is all a devil of the

imagination any how." He had already demonstrated the correctness of the diagnosis.

On our return to Milton I decided to try the English physician's prescription on my wife's father, Dr. Joseph C. Robins, who thought himself dying from diabetes, a disease which he said he had failed to cure in his many patients coming under his care during fifty years as a practicing physician. I invited him and his wife, the most motherly mother-in-law and Christ-like Christian whose life ever helped to crucify the false theories of the world concerning this much abused relative of the race, the mother-in-law, to spend a few weeks at the parsonage, and without revealing my purpose to the aged physician, I daily gave him a ride into the country, keeping his mind diverted by animated conversations on the endless variety ever unfolding in God's great volume of nature. I had faith in God, in the theory of Dr. Woodruff's English physician, and in the sentiment of William Cullen Bryant's "Thanatopsis," where he sings:

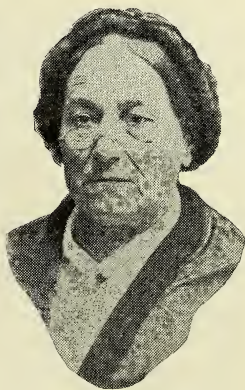


Dr. Joseph C. Robins.

"To him who in the love of nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware."

And "ere he was aware" the aged and good-natured doctor, who, as the newspapers said, had cured more sick people with his fun than with his physic, was well, and lived to the ripe age of 87 years.

Christian Science has contributed not a little to the general happiness of the world, by stimulating thoughts of health instead of disease, and where disease actually exists, adopting the practice of faith cure which honors the skill of the Great Physician, but has dishonored itself and truth and Christ by denying the existence of the entities. It must be a poor system of education, of philosophy, of ethics, or of religion out of which some good may not be extracted.



Mrs. Leah Robins.

ALTOONA, 1875,—A GREAT REVIVAL.

The conference of 1875 was held in Huntingdon, Bishop Ames presiding. I was assigned to Eighth Avenue, Altoona. During both years God graciously revived his work, giving us, as reported in the Conference Minutes, two hundred and twenty-six probationers. During the winter of 1875-1876, the crowds that flocked to our revival services were so great, that on several Sunday evenings services were held at the same hour in both the audience room and in the Sunday-school room, and both altars had many penitents, and not a few conversions. Revival work went forward during the summer months. Four stalwart men presented themselves for prayer and probation on one Sunday morning, two of them, viz., Stephen Bewley, a graduate of Girard College, and the Altoona Adams Express representative, and Wilson Craine, a dry goods merchant, have since gone to their reward. I had given the former my pocket Testament after many a heart searching talk, and pledged him to call his family together and read a portion of the Word which I had marked. As I learned afterward this he essayed to do, if memory serves me correctly, on a Sunday morning, and breaking down in tears, his godly wife helped him in the struggle.

A NOISY PRESBYTERIAN.

After frequent talks with Mr. Craine I had written him a letter on a Sunday afternoon, in which I appealed to the arbitrament of *eternity* to decide that I had done my duty by him. That word eternity rang in his heart in convicting power till the next morning when he too came for prayer and probation, having previously stipulated that he could do nothing if there was noise and confusion at the altar, since he had been reared in the quietude of Presbyterianism. I called on Mayor Thomas W. Hurd, a man mighty in prayer as in holy living to pray, and as the prayer grew into a life and death struggle, bathed with copious tears, for the immediate release of these captive souls, Mr. Craine's body began to tremble and amid sobs and groans and pleadings that might have been heard outside the church, the chains were broken, and he was a free man in Christ, and a pervert from a noiseless religion at the same moment.

"MAN PROPOSES, GOD DISPOSES."

Thirty years have elapsed since then, and in the matter of noise, judging from the noisy Presbyterian revival campaign carried on recently in Philadelphia, and the dignified attitude of most Methodist churches, Presbyterians and Methodists must have swapped methods, and the Methodists got cheated in the swap.

STRAIGHTENING CHURCH ACCOUNTS.

The Eighth Avenue Church had been recently built, and all accounts were in a tangle. Few bills had been rendered or preserved. We advertised in the daily papers for claimants to put in their bills by a given date or "forever after hold their peace," and we got them in abundance, the aggregate being over eight thousand dollars. Then we began to pay as we could collect, and in two years had cancelled a third. We secured a supply pastor for Twenty-fourth Street chapel, built some time before, now Simpson Church, and guaranteed his salary. Held cottage prayer-meetings in Logantown, then a suburb, and in East Altoona, which started the foundations for the two Methodist churches afterward built in these localities.



Stephen Bewley.

EXPULSION FOR REFUSAL TO PAY.

Fully one-fifth of the members were paying nothing to any department of church or connectional benevolence support. We got the stewards and trustees to issue a joint circular to every member on the roll that read something like the following:

"Dear Brother: We find it necessary to ask you for \$. . . . monthly, for church support. If this is less than you can afford increase the amount. If more, decrease to conform to your ability."

Still most of the one-fifth was a minus quantity, and some of them were in revolt against what they called a tax-assessment. A Mr. K., a young man earning wages, led in the revolt and declared he would not pay a cent and defied the official board. We asked him if he could do no more, to pay a penny a month. He refused. We caused charges to be preferred against him for a violation of his church vows, "To pay for the support of the church and its various benevolences as the Lord should prosper him." The court of trial found him "guilty." We gave him an opportunity to recant. He refused and we expelled him. He gave notice of an appeal, but he failed to carry it up. The result of this judicial action was to necessitate larger envelope boxes to accommodate the flood of well-filled envelopes that came pouring into the Lord's treasury on the Sabbath that followed. It was said, too, that the finances of the other churches of the city, and even of other denominations were greatly stimulated by this little piece of church discipline. We sought but in vain to bring him by moral suasion and much prayer to his right mind after his expulsion, but he was obdurate as before. The young man afterward moved west, and we are informed became a useful and a wiser member of the church.

CHAPTER VIII.

TEARS OVER THE PRESIDING ELDERSHIP.

The Conference of 1876 was presided over in Pine Street Church, Williamsport, by Bishop Thomas Bowman. We congratulated him at Dr. Crawford's dinner table one day, on having been so long away from the scenes of his boyhood and early ministry, as to come back to us having "no foes to punish and no friends to reward." He replied with a twinkle "Better wait until you get your appointment." I felt so secure for a third year in Altoona, which was then the limit, in which to cultivate the new converts and finish as far as possible paying the church debt, that I rejoined "Don't forget that I am immune this year from the Episcopal lightning stroke." But such was not the sequel. He read me out four days later as Presiding Elder of Altoona District. It was the only appointment over which wife and I shed tears of regret. Neither of us were strong physically. It implied my absence from home, sleeping in spare beds; as generally maintained in winter, a dangerous nuisance from which we have ever prayed to be spared. It also implied loneliness and increased burdens for her. However, we accepted the situation philosophically, and went to our new task, after learning that the "tear up" was for the accommodation of an ex-presiding elder who must be taken care of at all hazards. It implied also four years of incessant toil. We permitted as far as possible the stronger charges on the district, which embraced parts of five counties, to care for themselves, while we gave special attention to the weaker charges and to planting new ones. The country's financial slump begun in 1873 was now ended, and church debt creditors were saying with emphasis "pay up."

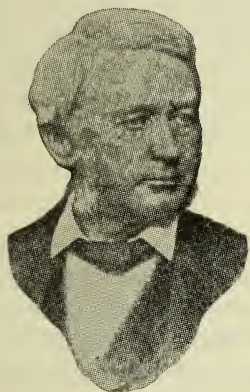
CHURCH DEBT CRUSADE, SHORT AND SHARP.

Chestnut Avenue Church, Altoona, with the scholarly and devout Thomas Sherlock as pastor required my immediate attention, for here was a debt with interest of more than nine thousand dollars. Shoulder to shoulder pastor and presiding elder tramped the streets ten hours a day, and sometimes reaching far into the night. We first got the consent of claimants, some of whom were members, to scale down their claims to the lowest possible amount, if paid in ninety days.

Then took subscriptions of anything from five cents to five hundred dollars. My good old German Reformed personal friend John Levan, foreman of the shops, gave the latter figure on sight and with a smile.

AN ABORTIVE APPEAL AND HAPPY SEQUEL.

When all except fifteen hundred dollars was secured, I wrote a personal letter to Col. Thomas A. Scott, then president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and of whom it was said "that when he strode through the state the breeze created by his swaying coat tails, was not only felt from New York to Chicago, but caused the doors of legislative halls to move uneasily on their hinges. This letter I committed for transmission to a former employee of Scott's, on the Pan-Handle Division, then one of the editors of an Altoona paper and since then a homeopathic physician, and now for several years consul to a German port by virtue of his railroad millionaire Brother's influence in Pennsylvania politics.



Col. Thomas A. Scott.

How did that brother just referred to become a millionaire on a moderate salary? Just as thousands of other railroad and other corporation men have come from wage earner to danger-

breeding wealth, in the last forty years, viz: at the expense of the public and especially of the stockholders and patrons. They organize among the corporate officials numerous companies within the great company. They run fast freight lines over the road at rates to them, for the use of the road and rolling stock very generous to themselves but not to the stockholders. They operate, anonymously, coal mines along their roads and are the only ones that can get cars, and individual operators go into bankruptcy for lack of cars. They organize construction companies for building new lines or for straightening the old ones and pay themselves marvelous prices. They have furniture—one bed-room suit—worth \$1,200—made in the railroad shops for themselves, for a nominal amount. They have their private cars costing thousands stocked with delicacies, including liquors for the drinking of which their employees would be discharged. And they have their expensive servants all at the expense of the watered stockholders, the employees, the traveling public and the general public. Of course all this polite thievery is covered over by excessive freight and passenger rates put upon the dear people, and bankruptcy is averted by heavy loans to bridge emergencies. And so on *adlibitum*, *ad nauseam*. These are only a few of the princes of "predatory wealth." And yet great is America, "the land of the brave

and the home of the free." If these conditions continue, it will not require a very wise seer to see what will be the future of our much-loved and much abused country.

As I afterward learned, Mr. Scott looked at the bearer of my letter as something of a curiosity, as much as to say: "Mr. P., haven't I done enough for you that you come begging again?" Then the bearer suddenly remembered an old feud which Scott had never forgotten, and wrote me of his failure. I waited two or three weeks and wrote another letter and sent it to Mr. Scott by mail, recalling the fact that several members of this church were associated with him when he was a beginner at the Y switches between Altoona and Hollidaysburg, and now not only their church but their homes were in jeopardy. His reply was "when you have all in bank except fifteen hundred dollars, draw on me for that amount and I will honor your draft." And we did. And he did.

GRIT, VS. GRACE.

It is remarkable how many new churches are the product of grit more than of grace; which is also true of denominations. Chestnut Avenue Church was the result of a difference over instrumental music in "old First Church." In the midst of it, Rev. Finley B. Riddle became its pastor, and the opponents of the organ came with their complaint. He answered, "If the organ had been out when I came, it would stay out as long as I stayed in, but as it was in when I came it will stay in at least till I go out." "Then give me my certificate." "There it is, sir." "And give me mine," said another. And he did so a little quicker than the first. "Do you want one?" he asked of a third. "Not now," was the reply. Ah! he was too willing. No fun in having walking papers thrust into one's face. But a "bunch" got them afterward, when the new church was organized and located within three squares of the old one. The last I heard of this non-instrumental-music-church, it had an organ, a piano, a horn, and a fiddle. Alas! how are the mighty fallen.

Doubtless if Uncle Dan Hartman, the first pastor, was alive under such conditions, and was called on to conduct a service in that church, he would imitate another by announcing "Let us fiddle and sing the first hymn," and reading the one:

"Oh may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound,"

would paraphrase thus:

"Oh may my heart go diddel, diddel,
Like Uncle David's sacred fiddle."

or, he might in his pious vexation quote from Moore's Fudge Family:

"This must be the music of the spears,
For I'm quite sure each note runs through one."

"A CHILD OF THE CIRCUIT."

It was during my presiding eldership that a gubernatorial campaign was on, when the son of a Methodist preacher who was also the brother of another Methodist preacher was a candidate. The preacher brother was hot for his election, though as State Senator he had catered to the worst moral elements of his party and of the state, and probably done more to debauch the public conscience by the wholesale use of railroad passes secured in exchange for senatorial votes for vicious corporation legislation, than has any other politician of equal opportunity in any state. Great advertising sheets containing the candidate's picture surrounded by laurels and bays intertwined among which was the sentence, "A child of the circuit," adorned the bill boards and dead walls everywhere. This was a device planned by the preacher brother. But all this, together with repeated appeals to the preachers and moralists failed to elect, and it was said that this hastened the defeated one's death.

THE MOTHER OF ZEBEDEE'S CHILDREN.

The preacher brother had a career that should be a warning through all time to parents especially; also to young men and to churches that harbor unprincipled men because of their money. He, as also his two brothers, were children of as refined, self-sacrificing, devoted, and consecrated parents as you will find in the ministry of any church. The only criticism we ever heard was, that the mother had an ambitious longing for her boys akin to that which prompted the request of "the mother of Zebedee's children," viz: "that one might sit upon the right hand and the other on the left." The preacher brother had become well educated, a professor in a seminary, suitor for the hand of a beautiful, accomplished and wealthy girl student, whom he forsook for a more wealthy one. A banker by the grace of his father-in-law. A commanding factor among railroad officials by grace of his pass-manipulating senatorial brother. He could flag a train and climb on almost anywhere, and chaperoned President Harrison and his party on their visit to the Alleghenys, but failed to pay some of the bills thus incurred.

MONEY INFLUENCE WITH BISHOPS.

He had almost unlimited influence with many of our Bishops, several of whom carried and exhibited his silver dollar souvenirs, when in war times only script was ever seen by the common herd. He claimed potential influence at the New York Book Concern, and that he could make and unmake pastors, presiding elders, general conference delegates and even Bishops. He subscribed with a number of others one hundred dollars to Drew Seminary after the failure of Daniel Drew, a small

fraction of which he paid by the use of a railroad pass for the president, who, when he became Bishop protected him from the complaints of his colleagues in his refusal to pay the eighty-five dollars still much overdue. His several banks were the loan depositories of large aggregate sums of preachers' hard earnings and savings.

A PREACHER'S DISASTROUS FAILURE.

But the professor-banker-preacher-bishop manipulator failed, was held under twenty-six indictments in the federal courts; went to jail, his affectionate and altogether lovely Christian wife volunteered to go along and share his cell. He escaped the penitentiary "by the skin of his teeth," was shown to have been long a drinker, a gambler, a rake, and an embezzler and defaulter; his boon companion, a Romish priest. His failure caused the untimely and sudden death of an ex-presiding elder, most of whose savings he had lost, and hastened the death of the wife also. Having squandered the ten thousand dollars entrusted to his keeping by his senator brother's widow, she was compelled to become a boarding-house keeper, and when she appealed to him for help, he answered "Let her go to work like other poor people." His wife forsook him except to give him a room without board or access to the family, in her father's Philadelphia home.

PREACHER AND SPITTOON CLEANER.

He became a spittoon cleaner in a railroad office, a beggar from preachers and others for a pittance, or for a suit of clothes, one of which he is known to have pawned after wearing it an hour. He proclaimed himself a Catholic, an agnostic, and an anarchist, and died in his penury and wretchedness. Was his fall a sudden one? By no means. The moral pathologists would say: "Heredity was more potential than environment, and a mother's pre-natal longing for a place at the right hand of power gave trend to a life that might otherwise have sought to be "greatest of all because the servant of all." Only eternity can reveal the small measure of responsibility resting upon those "children whose teeth have been set on edge," as the result of "the parents having eaten sour grapes." And yet "whosoever will do his will shall know of the doctrine." Obedience is the organ of spiritual knowledge, and free-will constitutes a free and responsible moral agent, the Harry Thaw jury to the contrary notwithstanding.

ECCLESIASTICAL CIVIL SERVICE.

It was during this quadrennium that there came an awakening on the subject of civil service as applied to ecclesiastical polity. The old regime of "once a presiding elder always a presiding elder," which in the early

history of the church kept men like Peter Cartwright in the office almost continually for fifty years, came to be regarded by many as hurtful to the best interests of the cause, and for the following among other reasons:

A BISHOP STUFFED BALLOT BOX.

The presiding elder is in a sense the creature of the Bishops. His appointment to that office being less the result of cabinet influence or lay manipulation than are the appointments of the pastors. In an annual conference over which Bishop —— presided, several names were mentioned for a certain district, but the Bishop wanted to appoint one unnamed by the presiding elders, but in every way worthy, and hence proposed that a ballot be taken, each member of the cabinet, including the Bishop, writing the name of his favorite on a piece of paper. These the Bishop gathered and read and then crushed in his hand without showing them, and throwing them into the blazing fire on the open hearth, announced "Brother G—— is appointed." After the Bishop had left the seat of conference, it being only a four days' session, the members of his cabinet on comparing notes discovered that the Bishop was the only one who had voted for the successful candidate; and that another had four out of the seven votes. It goes without saying that in the estimation of fair-minded men that Bishop as well as the easily humbugged presiding elders had been in office too long.

METHODIST LAW A CREATION OF THE BISHOPS.

Presiding elders have opportunities for getting votes enough to send them to the General Conference, the only law-making body of the church, not possessed by pastors, and they are not given to living beneath their privileges, since a large percentage of every General Conference is made up of these appointees of the Bishops, generally a majority, and then the laws enacted are in a measure creatures of the Episcopal Board. Peter Cartwright was, as before stated, by appointment of the Bishops fifty years a presiding elder, and was a member of thirteen General Conferences, covering a period of fifty-two years. That he could not have continued thus to represent his conference for so long a time without the presiding eldership or some general conference office as a helpmeet goes without saying. And if the power had come up from the pastors or the people, as in a democracy, instead of down from one man as in a monarchy, it also goes without saying that Peter Cartwright would not have remained so long the ecclesiastical dictator of the great State of Illinois.

OTHER REASONS FOR ROTATION.

Long continuation in the eldership disqualifies the incumbent for pastoral work. Makes of him an ecclesiastical boss. Tends to create

caste in the annual conference and class legislation reflecting the views of the Episcopal Board by the General Conference. It also tends to disbar equally worthy men in the pastorate, a position most nearly allied to the work of the Master, from an equal opportunity for service and promotion. But quite as important as any of the foregoing reasons for rapid rotation of the office of the presiding elder is the fact that one who excels as a pastor will, as a rule, do better work during his first term in the eldership than in subsequent terms. His work long continued becomes that of a perfunctory deep-rut cultivator of favorites among the preachers and laymen of the stronger pastoral charges, rather than a real pioneer intent on planting new churches, cultivating appointments, and instructing by precept and object lesson inexperienced pastors.

‘COMMERCE IN PRESIDING ELDERS’ DISTRICTS.

During the sixties and seventies, two, and possibly three members of the Central Pennsylvania Conference, were for ten or twelve years nearly continuously on districts; and to the uninitiated they seemed to trade districts with all the facility that characterizes the experienced horse jockey, and that too when a score or more of pastors could have done the work as well for a term, if the opportunity had been given them.

BACKSLIDING REFORMERS.

As stated before I was appointed to a district in 1877, as I was told by a layman, to make room for an outgoing presiding elder, though possibly my qualification for the work may have been considered by the presiding elders long in office; and the clamor among pastors and laymen for “new blood in the eldership” may have been a factor. Two other new men were soon appointed, one to be hereafter known in these pages as Brother Bosserman, and at his instance, seconded by me, a movement was inaugurated to secure thereafter rotation in the eldership and in General Conference membership. I agreed to the building up of the new machine to be used in smashing the old machine, provided the makers of the new would at once thereafter smash the new machine by refusing unless under compulsion to do district work till all available material in the conference had been utilized.

THE NEW MACHINE PERPETUATED.

This vow I kept, by refusing to consider an offer of the Williamsport District in 1891. Barring the fact that “comparisons are odious,” especially in praise of self, and in condemnation of others, I might here state, that the one most zealous in smashing the old machine in 1880 was first to confess to the Bishops, what he called his error in opposing the one-man power in Methodism, and in criticising some of the older confer-

ences which excelled in manipulating General Conference offices but were always derelict in benevolent collections and General Conference assessments. This penitence for opposition to the old, and advocacy of better things, continued from 1880 to 1907, twenty-seven years; during which time our reform pervert was a candidate for everything in the gift of the General Conference or of the Bishops from an agency to a bishopric. He however reaped nothing of his wide sowing save nearly twenty years in the presiding eldership, during which he has swapped districts with an agility that would have put to blush the dear old fathers whose machines we smashed nearly three decades ago. Our good brother reformer of that period was evidently not a disciple of Dr. Johnson, whose philosophy led him to write:

"When desperate ills demand a speedy cure,
Distrust is cowardice, and prudence is folly."

Nor did he rival Hamlet who in a strait declared "I'll speak to it though hell itself should gape, And bid me hold my peace." Nor was he a disciple of King John who commanded:

"Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threatener, and outface the brow
Of bragging horror; so shall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviors from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution."

Oh, no! Brother Bosserman is a lovely and loveable character. He would never let a quarrel about such a trifling thing as "genealogies," or "blasphemy," or "stoning preachers," come to a stage where he would call people "stiffnecked" or "uncircumcised in their hearts and ears," resulting in his getting stoned by the mob, he meantime helplessly looking up toward the stars and "calling on God." No! no! The first half brick coming his way would be met by this lover of peace and harmony with "Hold on gentlemen, let's fix 'er up." He would never call anybody "generation of vipers" nor tell them that while clean enough outside, they had dirty inwards." He would be the last man to make a whip of knotted ropes and drive the brokers out of the church and overturn their tables,—nothing in him so unseemly as that. He would wink the other eye from the outside and politely invite the brokers out with a proposition to build for them an annex in which to conduct their business. No one would ever think of nailing such a kind old soul as is Brother Bosserman to a tree, and thus ending his ministry before it fairly began. Nor would they feed him sour and bitter things but sweet doughnuts the rather. And when he dies it is unthinkable that the obsequists will be confined to a few weeping women though they will be there too.

But also the scribes or lawyers and the gentlemen who wear broad phylacteries, and the chief priests also. He rest in a borrowed grave? Never! He too believes in the "*political*" priesthood of the people, and in morals by majorities locally applied. He stands in with big things "Like the G. O. P. or the Great Donkee," but will vote with "the day of small things" when it gets longer and wider and has a larger stretch of sunshine.

TURNED REFORMER AGAIN.

And now, presto, change! In the year of grace 1907 our brother sees again the old light of past decades, and we are permitted to welcome him once more to the seried ranks of the reformers, where men do not:

"Crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
That thrift may follow fawning."

Though in the seer and yellow leaf, with all ambition burned to cinder, except the presiding elder boss ambition, and at a period when, as Capel Lofft puts it, "Manhood verging into age grows thoughtful," he unsheaths again the rusty old broad sword and thrusts right and left at Conferences and men, and clicks and rings, and gangs, that profit but do not pay; that boss but do not serve, that bind burdens on others, which they would not loan a finger to remove. Welcome! thrice welcome! weather beaten soldier who "ran away but lives to fight another day." We love you because so lovely. But don't do it again

CHAPTER IX.

THE GENERAL CONFERENCE OF 1880.

It met in Cincinnati and embraced an unusual number of young men, because the bishops had been appointing more of that class than usual to the presiding eldership. This was for the purpose of allaying the growing opposition to the office of presiding elder throughout the church, resultant from the appointment of men incompetent, or aged, or both. The agitation of the elective presiding eldership in the annual conference also had something to do with the change of policy. But these young men, because they were in demand in the best stations, were independent of episcopal favoritism, and carried their independence into General Conference law-making. They were a hard lot to manage, and the General Conference must needs be managed, and to accomplish this older men not in demand in the stations and hence dependent on episcopal favoritism must largely compose subsequent sessions. Hence we say there was in the 1880 Conference an unusual number of young men. It was made up as are all our General Conferences of brainy, thoughtful, loyal, faithful ministers and laymen, less enamored with the growing ecclesiasticism that then threatened, and has since succeeded in fossilizing the church, than some other sessions, and whenever they would take the bit too eagerly they had to be reminded from the platform, that the Board of Bishops were in favor of this or that.

ECCLESIASTICAL PIE HUNTERS.

The over-cautious who in a year or two must needs receive their appointments at the hands of these same Bishops were thus intimidated, and the policy of appointing older and more dependent men to the eldership, and by virtue thereof to the General Conference has since been maintained. True, young men have been appointed but in every cabinet nearly is the old wheel horse repeater elder, possibly two or three of them, on whom the Bishop depends to manage the colts. And in not a few annual conferences the old system has been fully restored of continuous service in the eldership, and a commerce in presiding elders' districts has again obtained that would fill with envy the pie hunters of the old political parties.

"THE COHESIVE POWER OF PUBLIC PLUNDER" DOMINATING THE CHURCH.

Elected to this General Conference of 1880 possibly by virtue of being a presiding elder, my wife, our little adopted Marr and self, found ourselves snugly hostelryed in a Cincinnati hotel for the month of May. We were early impressed with the truth of a statement made by an editor of the *Christian Advocate*, which was in substance, that it would be impossible to keep the General Conference together for a month, or any considerable part of a month, but for the offices to be there quadrennially distributed. And let it be remembered that in our humble judgment, so long as the law-making body of the church is also the dispenser of its fattest preacher patronage, will mammon influence legislation, and solemn consecration be irreverently mixed with politico-ecclesiastical huckstering that would put to blush the methods of the gang on the hustings."

Candidates for the episcopacy, for secretaryships, for agencies, for editorial chairs, some of them on the sliding scale eager for the highest but failing in that, and in the intermediates willing to take the lowest if they must, were as thick as flies in August. It reminds one, in view of the editor's statement, of what Horace Greely once called "the cohesive power of public plunder." There seemed to be a mania for getting away from the pastorate, as though it was the position most to be dreaded among Methodist ministers, instead of being the highest and most Christlike position on earth. The subordinate General Conference offices were looked upon as stepping stones to the episcopacy, permitting the incumbents to travel at large at the expense of the church and thus form the acquaintance of future delegates to the body that must elect future Bishops. In only one case did we hear it urged that a candidate was a highly successful pastor and therefore should be elected a Bishop. And be it said to the credit of the body and of Rev. Henry White Warren, pastor of Spring Garden Church, Philadelphia, he was elected by two hundred and sixty votes out of three hundred and ninety, the whole number cast.

BISHOPS SENT TO HADES.

One badly defeated candidate, who might appropriately have sung, "this is the way I long have sought, and mourned because I found it not," was heard to denounce the Bishops in a hotel lobby, either for not keeping their pledge to help him, or for clandestinely opposing him. He declared, "those Bishops deserve to go to —." However, he was elected to a secretaryship, and at a subsequent General Conference reached the *ultima thule* of his ambition, whether to adorn or to disgrace it, has been a subject of considerable discussion, till death closed his eyes, when there was a rivalry among his eulogists in describing him as "one of the

greatest men of modern times." And yet, it is true that for years he mixed with his greatness a burning zeal as the promoter of a drunk-cure, money-making factory, and at the same time manifested an icy indifference to the use of means to prevent the manufacture of the drunkard, which rendered the drunk cure factory necessary. We have in Harrisburg a man who keeps the most popular and profitable drunkery in the city and four squares away owns the building of a "Keely Institute." He, too, "catches 'em a comin' and a goin'."

A CANDIDATE WITH A GOOD MEMORY.

To one of the candidates who approached me for my support at General Conference, I said: "Doctor, our delegation feels that you are too important to the school of which you are president to give you the subordinate position of an episcopos." He replied: "My importance there is ended and I want a change." We voted for him because there was no better in sight. When he learned that our whole delegation voted for him, he came to our seats and thanked us, with the further information that "I have a good memory and never forget my friends." I replied "we simply did our duty without expectation of reward." He answered, "Nevertheless I have a good memory."

A BISHOP WITH A GOOD FORGETTERY.

He afterward presided at our conference, where twenty-six pastors of a vacant district, all the laymen present, and four of the presiding elders of the conference, petitioned him to appoint as presiding elder Rev. Finley B. Riddle, who had been a successful pastor in some of our best stations, was twice elected without this solicitation to the General Conference, and had helped to make him a Bishop. But the one rich man whose guest the Bishop was, and another ex-presiding elder had more influence than they all, and another was appointed. We discovered that the Bishop had "a good forgettery" of everything except Greek and Latin roots, musty old books and archeological relics.

In his second matrimonial venture he even forgot the injunction to "Be not unequally yoked together with unbelievers," and the yoke slipped and turned, and one headed for frivolous Paris and the other for an early death and a glorious heaven. He had the sympathy of a multitude of friends, among them the writer, who can love men, whom he nevertheless does *not* admire. Sad, indeed, was it that a man so talented should have died under a cloud created by the reflected glamor of sordid and wedded gold. We make the record as a caution to young men, for it is still true that "the love of money," even as a means to an educational end, "is the root of all evil,"

“AS DEAD AS SHE WILL EVER BE.”

It should also be remembered that a second marriage where the husband has most of the brains, and the wife all of the money, is a business venture that the preacher needs to “beware of.”

Good old Bishop M—— was remonstrated with by a colleague for contemplating marriage so soon after his first wife's death, but answered “I guess she's as dead as she'll ever be.” It is hardly a sufficient reason for a Bishop's second marriage, that he is sure his first wife is dead; though there are annually in the United States over ten thousand men, either on their own motion or that of their wives, put into position by divorce, to be legally eligible but morally disbarred from again desiring marriage, knowing not that their wives are “as dead as ever they will be,” but that they are distressingly alive and healthy. It is high time that “somethin' was a doin,” in America to correct the divorce crime.

Aged Dr. L——, a Presbyterian divine, had a better reason for marrying his fifth wife, viz: “As long as the Lord takes, I'll take.” When the daughter was asked “who is to perform the ceremony for your father?” she replied, “Rev. Dr. J—— generally marries father, but I don't know who is to do it this time.”

It was during the last winter of my presiding eldership that I exercised my episcopal authority as Bishop of the Altoona District, to take that genial brother and sweet singer, Rev. A. R. Cronic from the position of junior preached on a circuit and place him in charge of what is now Simpson Church, Altoona, where he did splendid work in sermons, song, and pastoral service. He since passed to his heavenly home when at the very zenith of his useful career. It fell to my lot in transferring him from circuit to station to relieve him, for a satisfactory consideration, of his faithful circuit horse “Jim,” a fine Kentucky sorrel. And, by the way, how much in the circuit system the service of our faithful Lord depended on the service of a faithful horse. It is no sacrilege to put them in juxtaposition. And this reminds me of what I wish to put into the next chapter, and lest I forget it again, here goes to tell in

CHAPTER X

ABOUT SOME HORSES I HAVE KNOWN.—A CHAPTER FOR BOYS ONLY.

It has been a privilege I esteemed, and may speak of, I mean the acquaintance of some horses. Albeit some I wish I had never known, which is not less true of some men. But why not memorialize the good horse? Has he not figured conspicuously in all civilizations worthy the name? If man has been a creature of evolution, has not the horse also? As shown by the series of his ancestors as found in fossil form in geological periods, and especially the tertiary period, Europe, Asia, Africa and both Americas have all contributed specimens showing the *genus equus* to have contributed his full share to the world's progress wherever man was found. When the horse had toes as have most other mammals, and walked on the flat of his foot instead of on the toe as now, corresponding to the middle finger on a man's hand, he could not have been so useful as now. Nature, by usage, adapts itself to the law of necessity. If the giraffe gets his long neck by reaching through many generations to crop the tops of the trees for food, why not the horse get his solid hoof as an elevated pedestal by the same law of necessity and natural selection.

OLD TRACH.

"My kingdom for a horse" exclaimed King Richard the third, Yet I have seen horses which if mine to rid me of, I'd give king and kingdom were they mine to give.

Not old Trach, however, on whose back my father carried the mail from Wilkes-Barre to Tunkhannock. What a large camel-like swing he had, a side-wheeler. Did he not earn the money that paid the taxes on the farm which the river flat boys said was so poor that the killdeer birds had to carry knapsacks of rations when flying over it? It was before the bone mill had learned to grind up for fertilizer the lifeless skeletons, but not before the tanner and cobbler knew the art of transforming horsehides into shoes for Sunday wear only. We buried in honor the peeled form of old Trach, named from a former owner, where the oak tree sheltered his grave from the northern winds, where the golden

rod and daisy lent their perpetual bloom and fragrance, without the florist's art.

DOLLY.

I think of old Dolly, blind, ringboned and, therefore, sweenied. The world had then progressed so far as to divide the wheat in the bag she carried to the mill, instead putting all in one end, and to balance it, a stone in the other. Though mirrors were not plenty I yet can see myself at eight years, as white haired, though different hued from the white of seventy, blue drilling pants rolled to the knees, carried by one suspender, a freckled nose unprotected because of a rimless hat, and shoeless feet, more than one stumped toe of which was specially favored with rag and string, resulting from an irresistible kick coming in contact with an immovable stone. Three miles to mill, and then three miles back with flour converted from that wheat, less the generous miller's toll. And then the short cakes for supper from that same flour. Were any ever better? Ah! the appetite and the mother make good cooks. Without a saddle, Dolly's backbone was very distinguished. It was long and sharp, and ambitious. I used to wonder when riding from pasture whether it could occur that a riding boy might split longitudinally and thus make two boys. I like back bone in man and horse, but object to its being forever on exhibition. I have still great respect for Dolly, but am thankful there was but one in my experience.

I recall Colonel: gray, spavined, halting and in due time helpless. And Nelly: round, sleek, vivacious, with horizontal head and neck, and mouth always ready to taste you if the signal of the leaned-back ears was not heeded. And Tom, the single footer, trotter, and looper all at once.

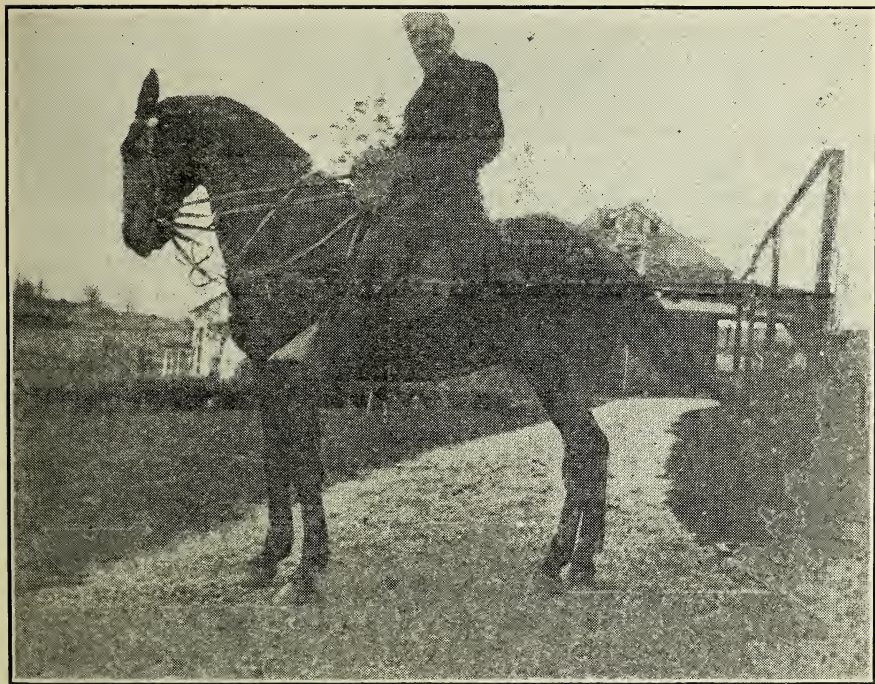
A SURGICAL OPERATION.

I think of Bay Betty, whose misfortune it was to roll on a stub. The "innards" protruded. Father away from home, something must be done. I, a boy of fifteen, turned veterinary surgeon. Brother Charlie, now a lawyer in Danville, Ill., and Jimmie, a successfull all-round business man in Shenandoah, Iowa, both younger than myself, were my valuable and indeed indispensable assistants. Betty was cross-hobbled, a rope attached to one foot and run as a slip to the other and a pull-all together and she was prone on the grass. An awl, a darning needle and thread were the surgeon's instruments and with four stitches the operation was successful, "*but,*" unlike so many of the present-day the patient *didn't die.*" And now may I inquire where is the pastor of considerable experience, who does not know the importance of some knowledge, either theoretical or experimental of veterinary surgery. Not always of course to mend a self-inflicted wound in some high-stepping or low-rolling mem-

ber's corpus, or vanity ; but sometimes to vivisect a long ear in better adjustment to the mischief-making long tongues, or vice versa. Was Beecher far wrong in the good-natured suggestion that D. D. might appropriately mean in some cases Donkey Driver, and might with cause be a part of every theological matriculation? However, even donkeys are more successfully managed with candy stick and sugar lump than with whip and spur. And every pastor soon or late will find it necessary to manage one or more.

DICK! AH, DICK!!

We pass by a half dozen horses of varying excellence, all having some defect, in our eagerness to get to "Dick," the short for Richard, the King



Dick and His Rider.

who offered his kingdom for a horse, when deprived of the one he had ridden in the conflict with Richmond's soldiers, and our Dick is a kingly horse. Ah, Dick! Dick! was there ever a better horse? And he has been all my own for full two years. I rescued him from the lash and spurs of the common, thoughtless, unloving horde that patronize the livery. I braved the guffaw of my friends who jeered me when first I appeared astride his bones. The Caw! caw! caw! thrown after me by Smith meant

"the crows will get you." The sneer that came from Jones, with the reproach "I thought you was a judge of a horse," like the "caw" of Smith, only intensified my love and admiration as I whispered in Dick's shapely ear, "good courage Dick, we'll show the scoffing dullards what love and brush and oats can do!"

And now the scoffers say "You surely knew a good horse when looking at the hide and 'twixt the ribs and joints of a very poor one." "The love of what is mine may blind me," but as I see it, Shakespeare's description of the horse rode by Adonis when wooed by Venus, covers Dick most admirably:

"Round hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eyes, small head and nostrils wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs, and passing strong.
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide,
Look! what a horse should have, he did not lack;"
Even the "proud rider on so proud a back."

Single or double, in plow, cart, carriage or gig, Dick is at home and makes the driver feel at home. How proudly he walks, as though it were a delight to live and make others happy. How jauntily and easily he trots, taking none of the other fellow's dust, save when he or driver wills. And after a slight pretence of being frightened at some passing object, real or imaginary, how he tosses and waves his arched neck and comely head ne'er curbed with rein, but free to move as is the flying bird.

MUSIC IN HIS HEELS.

But what shall I say of "Dick" when saddled. Ah! here he takes first prize. A motion of the rein and a fast-rolling walk gives joy to the invalid rider. A tap at the flank and an easy lope rewards your skill. Another on the shoulder and he becomes a single-footing streak of rhythmic motion, playing such a tune as Handel, Hayden or Beethoven might have captured as the initial of an immortal symphony. Sometimes it sounds like "prohibition prohibits, prohibition prohibits, prohibition prohibits." And others, "A world redeemed- a world redeemed, a world redeemed, a world redeemed."

I am a thorough believer in evolution. Many men I have known, gradually descended from high manhood and became mere dogs, hogs, asses, and what observer but knows at least one man who has "made a monkey of himself." The theory that man has developed from the monkey is less tenable, as is also the theory that monkeys have a language capable of being translated into that of the *genus homo*. I could more readily believe that my Dick has not only "horse sense" bordering on that possessed by men, a sense lying midway between instinct and

reason, and that he at times exerts himself to the utmost to speak his wants than believe in a monkey dialect understandable by any except monkeys, quadruped or biped.

It is true he talks through his nose, a habit he may have acquired by association with former owners, or from those smokers who drove him while a livery horse, their mouths being used meanwhile to suck an old pipe, or a vicious cigar, or a coffin-nail cigarette, while the nose formed an upward draft for smoke and a downward draft for the nasal grunts misnamed words. Or, Dick may be the offspring either from the maternal or fraternal side of one or both chronically afflicted with hay-fever with no bank account suitable to the White Mountains. Whatever the cause, he talks through his nose. A slight treble whinney broken into four quarter notes means "I want a drink." A falsetto-five-syllabled-"honk" means "I want oats and hay." His high regard for association with human and especially humane friends, is in evidence when he takes a bite of food from his manger and then turning clear around comes to the open door of the ample box stall and, with head close to that of his owner, stands and thoroughly masticates that bite, and then returns for another, and so on to the close of the dinner. That this act is an implied invitation to share his menu may or may not be inferred. That he would have learned to make after dinner speeches, had he early in his colthood associated with the Hon. Chauncey Depew, or the Hon. Joseph Schoat goes without saying. That under no conditions would he ever have been a patron or Bishop Potter's subway tavern bar is easily proved from his well-known temperate habits, and his general character for preferring good company or none at all. In the matter of menu Dick has the advantage of the biped talkers. Since they would not relish his every-day diet of oats, corn and hay, while he, on the other hand, smacks his lips over all kinds of cereals, fruits, meats and vegetables, cooked or raw. He enjoys a tongue sandwich, bread and butter, pie, cake and sugar. But his specialty is candy. He is entirely immune from the chewing gum vice, and has an antipathy to the hitching strap. He regards it a reflection on his horsely honor, and picks a slip-knot tucked through as easily as is done by the most experienced divorce court. He is then quite content to stand untied at the post where hitched, the halter strap dangling on the ground. He always honors your confidence if left untied, especially if you give him, on leaving, a piece of candy and a reasonable hope for another on your return.

A HORSE HEAVEN.

But I must not forget that "A horse is a vain thing for safety," and especially so for a man of "seventy and sedentary." However, like the

Buckeye legislator who, when discussing the hog law said, "let a man talk who was raised among 'em," so one who has from boy-hood been fond of the horse cannot suddenly crucify his life-long loves. When the Israelites were disposed to place too implicit confidence in the assistance of cavalry, the prophet Isaiah thus remonstrated, "The Egyptians are men not God, and their horses are flesh not spirit." We leave it to the theological expert to reconcile this statement with "the chariot of fire and horses of fire that parted Elijah and Elisha." As also with the apocoliptic vision which saw heaven opened and a "white horse" ridden by "Faithful and True" and "the armies which were in heaven following him on white horses." Not a few have believed that horses would have a place in heaven; among them, if we remember correctly, no less an author than Dr. Adam Clark in theology, and George Eliot among authors. If the theory is true, Dick will have a high place. With my present mind I am willing to bid farewell to all quadrupeds: "When death gives me more than was in Eden lost."

CHAPTER XI.

LITTLE MARR—OUR PRECIOUS DEAD.

The transition from the pet horse to the pet boy who petted the pet horse Jin is by no means a violent one. The annual conference of 1881 convened at York, Bishop Andrews presiding. My term in the presiding eldership was ended. Diphtheria had seized upon our dear little Addison Marr, and after as rapid an adjustment of my district as possible I hastened back to our Tyrone District Superintendent home to join my wife in ministering to the little sufferer. It was all of no avail except to cement more closely the bond that binds us to him forever. He spent but eight happy years on earth, two and a half in his widowed mother's home, and five and a half in ours; and after twenty-seven years in heaven he must have grown to a splendid manhood, where "death never enters,"



Addison Marr Robins.

where "all tears are wiped from off all faces," and where the decrepitude of age never hangs its whitening and withered wreaths on the bloom of love's perennial youth. Two of his little prayers were never answered. The first, as already related, viz: "O Lord, don't let any of us die to-night, and then let us all die at the same time, so we don't need to cry for each other." The other when near death was delivered to us "Bury me where you can come often to see me." Alas the itinerant life leads us away from kindred dust and our precious dead, to press to the lips of the living dead, the cup of salvation. Moore, the Dublin poet, sang not for Ireland alone, but for all the world when he penned the lines:

Weep not for those whom the veil of the tomb
In life's happy morning hath hid from our eyes,
Ere sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young bloom,
Or earth had profaned what was born for the skies.
Death chilled the fair fountain ere sorrow had stained it,
'Twas frozen in all the pure light of its course,
And but sleeps till the sunshine of heaven has unchained it,
To water that Eden where first was its source."

But notwithstanding the poets "weep not," and the miserable comforter's taunt "of course Marr was not to you as though he had been

your own," the tears will come till God shall in the tearless land "wipe them all away."

Bessie (Marr's sister) soon after his death came to our home, was in a few years married to Mr. Charles Bailey Bingaman, and at his death about Nov. 1st, 1898, brought her son Harold Swallow Bingaman, both of whom are still with us as our own.



Mrs. Bessie Robins Bingaman.



Harold Swallow Bingaman

CHAPTER XII.

CAMPMEETINGS.—THE BATTLE FOR SABBATH OBSERVANCE IN CONNECTION WITH THEM.

Early Methodism in America was compelled to adapt its methods to the lack of houses of worship, and to the sparsely settled country, and the camp-meeting was improvised to meet these existing conditions. God's blessing was wonderfully manifest in these gatherings so long as they were conducted with "*Salvation*" as the keynote. But though continuing to bear the old-time name, they long ago became summer resorts, generally mere social resorts. The inducements held out for persons to attend were the material comforts provided for campers, the social enjoyment of attendants, and the entertainments, physical, literary and musical provided for those who could be induced to come. We argued that either the name or the nature of these resorts should be changed. It grated harshly on the feelings of those who had been familiar with the real camp-meeting, especially if converted there, to hear the present day mongrel gatherings called by that name. And especially so since they induced thousands to spend much of the Sabbath on the railroad and compelled an army of railroad employees to work on the Sabbath. We believed that Methodism would be held largely responsible for the wholesale Sabbath desecration sure to follow, and so it has happened. We accordingly wrote and had published at the New York Methodist Book Concern during our presiding eldership of the Altona District, an unpretentious little volume, entitled

CAMP-MEETINGS AND THE SABBATH.

The book had a limited circulation but aroused much discussion which resulted in the closing of the gates of many encampments over the Sabbath, giving thus a great worshipful day to those on the ground and a day of rest to the overworked railroad men. Those who led in the agitation suffered much unpopularity, since three-fourths of the preachers and people could see no harm to come from Sunday camp-meetings with open gates.

We herewith present an extract from the book before referred to.

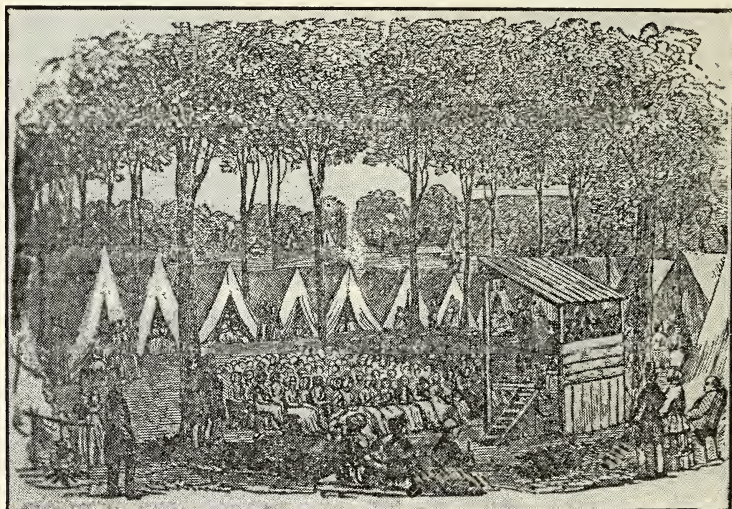
CAMP-MEETINGS AND SABBATH DESECRATION.

To prayer! for the day that God has blest
Comes tranquilly on, with its welcome rest.

It speaks of creation's early bloom;
It speaks of the Prince who burst the tomb,
Then summon the spirit's exalted powers,
And devote to heaven the hallowed hours.—WARE.

Perhaps the most flagrant abuses connected with the irresponsible mismanagement of many modern encampments are the incentives to, and the occasion furnished for, Sabbath desecration.

We state a fact patent to all when we say that there has been in this country during the twenty years last past a lamentable lowering of the



public estimate of the sanctity of the Christian Sabbath. This, in part at least, has grown out of the immense accessions to our population from the debauched classes of the old world. Many of them "left their country for their country's good" and are the legitimate product of a statecraft that knows no Sabbath.

It is, too, the result of the indirect bribery practiced by great corporations in whose arithmetic the God-force is not a factor, as well as of the Sabbath marching, fortress building, and fighting, incident to the most gigantic war of modern times.

True, we have won some decisive victories over the moral Vandals who seek to pervert liberty into license, but more frequently we have yielded without a struggle, or been intoxicated with ephemeral success. Like Hannibal, who, at the head of the Carthaginians defeated the Romans, and then engaged in drunkenness and rioting till defeated in turn by the valiant Scipio, so we have huzzaed so lustily over the Sabbath

closing of an exhibition in Philadelphia, occurring but once in a hundred years, and lasting even then but for six months, that we have failed to recover sufficient breath to more than feebly remonstrate against opening the same gates to a gaping, godless crowd through all the Sabbaths of the year, and, if God forbear, through the uncounted years of the oncoming future.

Our Sabbath laws are practically a dead letter: first, because of the general indifference to their existence, violation and execution; and, secondly, because of the loose interpretation placed upon them by our courts. Corporations—by threats of no work and no bread—compel large forces of men to engage on the Sabbath day on works of construction or repairs, because thus time is economized, and time is money. Stock trains must run through on Sunday, because to unload and rest the stock would make it cost the speculator a half cent more per pound, and cents make dollars, and dollars dominate. Coal trains started on Saturday evening must run all day on Sunday to reach their destination in the evening, or on Monday morning, because trade is dull, there are competing roads, and dividends must not be passed. Oil trains must be moved for the same reason. Mails must be carried and postoffices opened because business and pleasure combine to demand it, and *“there are millions in it.”* Passenger trains, three a day, both ways, fast and slow, must go whistling, rattling and thundering over our land, disturbing the peace and quiet of large communities, insulting the memories of the heroic spirits who founded our empire, and educating American youth to regard the Sabbath as other days. Corporations forget that a conscience compulsively educated to defy Divine law, will voluntarily defy human codes enacted for the protection of persons and property.

GOVERNMENTAL HYPOCRISY.

Government stamps its coin, “In God we trust,” and then insults him by carrying its mails, opening its post-offices, dress-parading its armies, and doing much department and office business on that day which he has commanded to be kept holy. It thus compels the violation of civil and moral law, and then, for some minor offense, shoots the men whose consciences it has debauched. Gin mills, beer saloons, tobacco shops, drug stores, and in many places bazaars of all kinds, solicit and receive large Sabbath patronage.

Iron furnaces, that can at any time without serious damage be blank-charged for twenty-four hours for repairs, or to settle disputes between labor and capital, must run every Sabbath lest they *“chill,”* and ruin the proprietors.

Mine and motive power repairs must be made on the Sabbath, that mining and moving may proceed regularly on Monday, and no money

be lost. The farmer garners his grain, the woodman floats his lumber, and the publisher prints his paper filled with secular thought, which finds its way into religious families to take the place of God's word; and it is all done because human reason has become more potent in the question of profit and loss than is God's law.

Ministers of Puritan antecedents ride on regular railroad trains between their appointments, and others, of highest office and standing in the church, make long journeys on the Sabbath, thus helping soulless corporations to an apology for contempt of law, and at the same time encouraging the moral dissipation of their business-loving and pleasure-seeking fellow-travelers. Others are found among excursionists on the street cars, against the running of which they preached and remonstrated but ten years ago.

For five years, now 1879, however, God has been teaching us to rest, if there can be rest amid stagnation, decay, and bankruptcy. Mills, looms, mines, and railroads have stood still. God has said, "Thus far, Avarice, but no farther." It seems a poetic as well as retributive justice that makes the law's penalty so sad a reminder of the law's violation. We write thus, not as a pessimist, nor yet to censure or upbraid, but to bring forward cumulative evidence of the decadence of the popular estimate of the holy day.

A HOLIDAY.

Alarming, however, as is the picture just painted, a still more dangerous tendency of the times is everywhere apparent. We refer to the disposition to make the Christian Sabbath a holiday—to bring it down to the level of the Sabbath of Continental Europe, where rural excursions are indulged in by Protestant and Romanist alike; where tea and beer gardens, theaters, horse-races, boat-races and dances claim and secure the attention of the people; where intemperance, gaming, and wasting profligacy prevail to an extent found only among the devotees of the revised edition of the "*Book of Sports*."

This peril of the Christian Sabbath is greater than that from mere secularization—first, because more subtle; and, secondly, because human laws, venerable with age, are at hand to assist reform when right reason and revelation assert their authority in again defining works of necessity and charity. Moral suasion will be but little aided by legal prohibition in its endeavor to checkmate the ingenious devices of depraved nature for mere physical recreation (so-called) and amusement, no matter how damaging to the mental, moral and material interests of our people. Useful labor is less enervating than bacchanalian sports—a Sabbath work-day less injurious than a Sabbath play-day; because the latter squanders hard-earned wages that the former would increase,

and begets mischief incident to idleness. The protest of Christianity and wise statesmanship against the one, should be emphasized against the other.

Already have we made dangerous strides in the direction of the Sabbath holiday. Prior to the present business depression, railroad centers—villages, towns, and cities—under the unnatural *stimulus* of war, attracted unwieldy populations from other countries, and from the rural portions of our own. Misdirected philanthropy said that these overcrowded, toiling multitudes must have one day in seven in the country, and that day must be the Sabbath. This implied railroad trains, steamboats and stages, picnic grounds, sea-side resorts, beer gardens, and open parks. The Christian Church, after feeble remonstrance, yielded to what appeared to be inevitable, and now grieves over the success of infidels rationalists, Jews, Socialists, and religious formalists, in so far destroying the public conscience on so vital an issue. The logic of events, as directed by our kind Father, demonstrates that these over-crowded myriads need seven days each week in the country, and thousands are forced to accept the priceless boon; but Sunday excursions have a tenacious hold on the habits of many of our people, and they indulge in them, notwithstanding God's providence, judgments, and law.

Now, what has all this to do with campmeetings? We answer, Much, very much; or, rather, camp-meetings as conducted by us in the older States—with few rare exceptions—during the last twenty years, have had much to do with all this.

Under the cover of religion—in the livery of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and with the purpose of advancing her interests—so-called camp-meeting associations have in many places been organized. These, by systematic advertising of the natural and artistic advantages of their grounds as places of resort, retirement, or amusement—by coalitions with railroad, steamboat, and livery companies—by frequent and long-continued announcement of the presence on the Sabbath of celebrated preachers—and, in truth, by all the devices known to a religio-secular policy—have induced vast crowds of people to go great distances on the Lord's day morning only to return in the evening.

In many localities, other denominations that pattern after us, with less tact and experience and fewer facilities for commanding respect and preserving order, have sometimes formed a partnership with gamesters, and even rum-sellers. Thus the camp-meeting term has been continued through much of the warm season, the Sabbaths of which have been by large numbers devoted to car, carriage, or steamboat riding, and promenading, all in the name of religion. The logic that encourages our own people to go on one Sabbath to our own camp-meeting, permits them to

spend five Sabbaths in going to other camp-meetings, or lays us open to the charge of being narrow bigots.

SOME DISASTEROUS EFFECTS.

These Sabbath camp-visitors are astir at an early hour. The streets resound with the rumble of their vehicles, or the rapid tread of their hurrying feet, as they hasten to the depot or the landing. Children taught to "remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy" are familiarized with the hurry and excitement inseparable from the preparation and journey for a day in the woods. Home congregations are much depleted, often destroyed. The preacher, sometimes glad of a day of rest, or anxious to hear a great sermon, or convinced by past experience that his congregation will be but a fragment, "takes time by the forelock," and spends the Sabbath at the encampment, thus leaving, frequently, the most reliable part of his membership without their regular services.

Many Sabbath-schools are left with few officers or teachers, and the lesson for the day is ignored. A few scholars go to the camp-meeting, but most of them, as sheep without shepherd or fold, roam the streets, or, in imitation of their teachers, seek enjoyment in leafy groves or beside purling streams, and there, perhaps, take their first lesson in Sabbath-breaking. A few Sabbaths thus spent, and we are confronted with the inquiry, "What becomes of our probationers?" or that other one, "How shall we retain our older scholars in the Sabbath-school?"

The pastor of one of our largest stations in a city near which are located several campgrounds, writes as follows: "We have had seven Sundays of camp-meeting nonsense and—— within ten miles of the city this year. I hope that the God of all mercy and grace will, by his infinite wisdom and omnipotence, prevent another such campaign, so far, at least, as the evil is concerned." This testimony, thus tersely put, accords with a large amount received by the writer from all parts of our connection. The picture may be as uninviting to the reader as to the author; but if the study of our history, institutions, and economy is simply for self-glorification rather than self-improvement, our movements will be backward and downward rather than forward and upward.

In a preceding paragraph we traced the Sabbath camp-visitor to the station or landing. The public conveyance, crowded so full as frequently to endanger the lives and limbs of the swaying multitude found in its seats, standing in its aisles, or clinging to its guards, rushes on, stopping only to increase its mingled burden of virtuous and vicious humanity; or, as during the month of August of this year, to disgorge some of its pleasure-seeking excursionists, who have taken advantage of the special train and cheap rates to visit the beer gardens of a large city through which the train passed.

In the meantime engineers, firemen, brakemen, conductors, baggage-masters, ticket-agents, and telegraph operators are forced to follow their usual vocation on the Lord's day; thus disobeying his command, violating civil law, and becoming disqualified, by physical exhaustion, for careful service on the days that follow.

Horses are over-driven and their care-takers overworked, as are cooks, clerks, and servants at the encampment; and the quiet of vast communities—so conducive to a devotional spirit—is disturbed, if not destroyed. The passengers from the most distant points sometimes spend three or four hours on the road, in contact with questionable influences, and arrive at the meeting with poor preparation to listen to the sermon about to be delivered, or, as is frequently the case, already half finished.

The railroad authorities congratulate themselves on having done a pious thing in thus carrying, at reduced rates, so many persons to religious service, among whom are numbers of their own employes. In their own estimation they have really done a work of supererogation, and on the following Sabbath carry an equal number to the sea-side or the mountain top. Reminded of their wrong-doing, they justify themselves and publish their own inconsistency by declaring that "the real object of the camp visitors was identical with that of those going to the sea-side, though ostensibly different. And, hence, if right to run the train in one case it was in the other." The Church member thus riding to the camp will find less of conscience with which to protest against the sea-side excursion. Though there is much sophistry in the railroad apologists' reasoning, there is sufficient truth to cause the Church to call a halt, and, in order to meet squarely and successfully the most important question in American ethics, "to heal herself," "by abstaining from the very appearance of evil.

That the train run to the encampment is a regular one, and hence would have gone if no camp-meeting had been held, only increases the responsibility of camp authorities; since, by making their grounds accessible to those arriving on such trains, they furnish the railroad authorities an excuse, which for similar reasons may be applied to other sections of their road, and every Sabbath of the year.

But what of those going by private conveyance? We answer, that in proportion as they journey unnecessarily to reach public worship, (of which fact their Bible-educated consciences must judge,) and in so doing subject themselves to dissipating influences, and exact unnecessary labor from the brutes that furnish the motive power, do they displease God, injure their own souls, and by example damage public morals. Nay, more: the camp-meeting association furnishing the occasion for, and inducement to, such wrong-doing must share largely in its penalty. Well has one said, "Sabbath worship is a local matter, and persons should stay on the Lord's day where they are; going only, as a rule, to the nearest place of

prayer. Christ tarried over Sabbath at Bethany on his way to Jerusalem, and that, too, in passover week." If this rule, to which there are exceptions, would prevent people from traveling several miles in country or city, and passing as many weak Churches of their own faith in order to reach a strong one, and thus escape burdens, and find a flock wearing the same quality of wool as themselves, then amen! and amen!!

If the Sabbath-day's journey (less than a mile) of the old Jewish Rabbins were made the limit of our Sabbath traveling, though it might savor of the ceremonial law that ended in Christ, or be a potent reminder of the forged Blue Laws of Connecticut, it might, nevertheless, be promotive of man's happiness and God's glory. "Remember the Sabbath (not seventh) day to keep it holy," belongs to the moral code, which Christ came "not to destroy, but to fulfill." In harmony with this saying was his declaration that "the Sabbath was made for man." Not simply to the Jew, but to mankind in all ages and countries, does it extend its beneficent provisions for rest and worship.

CARNAL PLEASURES.

At the encampment, people of both sexes, of all ages, sizes, and complexions, of all religions and of none, by hundreds, frequently by thousands, sometimes by tens of thousands, with appetites for the "bread that perisheth" whetted to keenness by an early breakfast and a long ride, listen to a sermon, or a piece of one, or, as is often true in such cases, to none. They have come with mixed motives, and quickly become the victims of an aimless reverie, or the active participants in a shameless revelry. They crowd the grounds, throng the aisles, elbow the tents and their occupants, and, by an aggregated vastness, paralyze all attempts of the police to maintain a quiet in harmony with the objects of the day, and render all aggressive effort for Christ difficult, if not impossible. The sermon ended, they march and countermarch in single, double, and parallel columns. They file right and left by ones and twos, by platoons, companies, and even regiments, till the moist earth becomes mud, and the dry earth dust. Armed with partners, and accoutered with hampers, whips, canes, and canteens, they are more terrible to those seeking spiritual results than would be "an army with banners." The wood surrounding the encampment is filled at an early hour with those who came to "sit down to eat and drink, and then rise up to play." Here, in groups varying from couples to dozens, they spread their dinners, accompanied often with intoxicating drinks. This is followed by smoking, jesting, merrymaking, and sometimes gaming, reminding the passer-by of a French cafe or a German beer garden. At the boarding tent door are vast throngs, ready to crowd and be crowded in order to secure their rights, the pasteboard pledge of which has been bought and paid for on this Sabbath day, per-

haps during divine service. Often the crowding is continued to a second third, and fourth table, extending into the hour of afternoon worship, so large is the number of hungry and impatient visitors. Then, too, the restaurant, supplied with the luxuries of the season as well as with the necessities of the hour, finds constant patronage, often no regard being paid to the hour of service. This is so, first, because of the large number of persons who have been induced to come on the Sabbath day, and who, unfortunately for the cause of Christ, could not leave their appetites at home, nor yet be fed with the ease and order that characterized the feeding of the five thousand; and secondly, because the boarding house and restaurants are leased to men at so high a rate as to compel the renter to take every advantage or lose money.

SABBATH DISSIPATION.

Tent holders and cottage owners complain that the Sabbath, so far from being a day of rest and worship, becomes a day for social entertainment, bodily fatigue, and spiritual wasting. Those longing for the conversion of souls, the strengthening of believers, and a reflex influence on the Churches of the district, have learned to sadly forebode the Sabbath. They are frequently compelled to see the fire, blown to a blaze on the preceding days, suddenly extinguished: the Master wounded in the house of his friends, and the enemy in possession of a decisive victory. The few hear or remember the sermons: the many, not coming for that purpose, hear but little and remember less. They have talked on every subject but Christ, and his cause. They reach their homes at a late hour; if members of the church, with upbrading consciences; if not with at least degraded notions of the Sabbath and its defenders. It may be urged that God's people, though but a handful, with God on their side, should be able to captivate these teeming multitudes by means of the Gospel charm; but let it be remembered that many of them are members of some Church, not a few of our own, yet most of them, sad to say, are satisfied with present attainments in grace, and have seized upon the occasion afforded by a great Church for a Sabbath of animal content: the occasion forming, also, the excuse. The balance of them, having no vows to pay, congratulate themselves on being as good as these basket-bearing, Sabbath-journeying, merry-making Christians; and, asking only for stones, scorpions, and serpents, because they look like bread, eggs, and fish, of course get what they ask, but not what they need. Such a camp-meeting is not attractive to those of most vigorous faith, nor do they as tent-holders attend in great numbers. The few earnest workers present meet these Sabbath-coming throngs with a painful consciousness of the weakness of their own faith; weak, because the conditions of faith had not been met, either in the motives that prompted the conception of the enterprise or in its sub-

sequent management. Hence, instead of overawning and overpowering these unsaved multitudes, they, for the time being, are readily absorbed by and assimilated to them.

The encampment may be the embodiment of secular respectability and good order, and yet the religious impressions be few and fleeting, and the spiritual result be very inadequate to the outlay of effort and means.

A CLATTERING MILL BUT NO GRIST.

The writer will never forget the sorrowful, yet ludicrous discomfiture of the praying ones at an evening service, the closing one of a day such as he has described. The sermon was one of seeming power, by one of the most vigorous and thoughtful of our young men. The responsive ejaculations were earnest and apparently unctuous. The fifty ministers present seemed ready to respond to the ardent appeals made by the leader at the close of the sermon, for personal effort in the congregation. The invitation was given to sinners to come to the altar, but most of them turned their backs upon it, and joined their comrades in the outskirts in talking, promenading, smoking, flirting, or hurrying homeward. At the end of an hour, during which grave doctors of divinity had paced the aisle, and staid presiding elders had rubbed their hands in pious desire, and there had been much singing, exhortation, and prayer, we looked for results, and found at the altar one little girl—only one—a member of the Church, who had backslidden, perhaps at the camp-meeting, and wanted renewing, an experience into which she could have been easily led by pastor, leader, or teacher, in the home, the class, or the Sabbath-school.

True, we may count effort as well as achievement; and bread cast upon the waters may be gathered *many* days hence; and a bow drawn at a venture may send an arrow somewhere; and a little Sunday-school girl is not to be despised; but do not revelation and reason conspire to affirm that so small an apparent harvest, after so much apparent sowing, predicates a fault somewhere? That fault is not in the seed, nor yet wholly in the soil, but in the sowing. If those who are responsible for the management of the meeting do by open gate encourage Sunday trains, Sunday throngs, and Sunday holidays; if they offer the occasion for a Sunday gathering of unwieldy proportions, most of the individuals of which have come, as to a county fair, to see and be seen; they need not wonder at their own inability to exercise the faith so necessary in appropriating the motive power that alone can drive the machinery of human endeavor. If they induce great numbers to spend many hours of the holy Sabbath, in journeying and consequent dissipation, that should be spent at their home churches in devotional worship, let them bear the opprobrium that follows defeat. But, alas! not only do those unsaved remain unsaved,

but in those of the household of faith is begotten a degraded estimate of the Sabbath, the precursor of a spiritual decay that ends in spiritual death.

THE LAW OF EXPEDIENCY.

He who may, but does not, prevent a wrong, is certainly an accomplice of the wrong-doer; and individual members of a corporation cannot evade responsibility for the sins of that corporation. St. Paul recognized the sin of unnecessarily furnishing to others the occasion for sinning, when he declared, "If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth." That is, "Rather than give occasion for a Christian to sin against, and so to harden, his conscience, that he should return to idoltry and perish, I would not only abstain from *all meats offered to idols*, but I would *eat no flesh*, should I exist through the whole course of time; but would live on the herbs of the field rather than cause my brother to stumble and fall into idolatry and final ruin." So, if open gates at camp-meeting on Sabbath furnish the occasion for a great amount of evil, not balanced by a great amount of good, and help the enemies of the Sabbath to arguments and instruments for its destruction, let the gates be closed. Further: if necessary to the protection of the sancity of that day, let camp-meetings be abolished and no more be held "while the world stands," for, as another has said, "We can do without camp-meetings, but cannot do without the Sabbath." It may be said, that while there is much evil incident to open gates and large crowds, there is, also, much good. This is true; souls are sometimes converted in great numbers, while others receive impressions that lead to conversion. It is also true, that great truths uttered by great men find a ready hearing by thousands of attentive listeners; but the most careful observers are quite unanimous in the opinion that the evil far outweighs the good, and that every attempt to solve the question under the rule of profit and loss leaves a fearful balance in the debit column.

It is said that "The wicked, if not at camp-meeting, would be somewhere, engaging in their wickedness." Perhaps so; but is it even polite to provide for them the means to mass and marshal such forces as, in the very nature of the case, the Christian hosts cannot successfully attack, nor yet maintain the ground previously occupied? Is it wise to help them to destroy the corner-stone of Christianity by the agencies employed in thus enabling them to concentrate their armies? Would it not be wiser to encourage—if need be, to compel, as far as we may—the observance of that day without which all is lost; and at the same time leave the armies of the enemy at their homes, to be divided and attacked in detail by the Church, on this day when all her soldiers are under arms, her arsenals open, and her batteries unmasked? If ever wise to congregate an undue proportion of the unconverted at camp-meetings, is not that time the most

appropriate, when—there being no worship in their homes—they are withdrawn from the seductive influences of the bar-room, the saloon, and the brothel? In short, on some secular day of the week?

THE POOR NOT AFFLICTED.

This leads us to notice another objection to closed gates, namely: "Many of the poor, who must labor hard for the support of their families, should have an opportunity to engage in the delightful services of the camp on the Sabbath day, and hear sermons from the representative men of the Church." This would have some force, if these poor people did not take time for rest, recreation, or amusement at will. The picnic, menagerie, and horse-race—or, what is the same, the country fair—attract them from their work and wages, and lead to the spending of much money previously earned: carrying corporations sometimes furnish transportation gratis to their *employees* to visit places of amusement, and might be induced to do so much for religious meetings, if those desiring to attend manifested as much interest in the latter as in the former. If, for mere recreation, many days' wages are sacrificed, while the religious privileges one day's wage is regarded too much, we may reasonably infer that they choose the Sabbath campmeetings rather than the menagerie as a place of amusement, both because they can do so, and, because, in so doing they retain a measure of self-respect and the respect of those who, in the name of religion, entice them to attend. But if going to the camp-meeting on Sabbath be productive of more harm than good, let them remain at home, even though "they die without the sight." Many who never saw a camp-meeting have lived usefully and died triumphantly.

It is further objected, that to close the gates on the Sabbath is to antagonize one darling specialty embraced in the "whosoever-will" invitation, and thus to do violence to the genius of Methodism. But common sense would say, and revelation would not contradict it, Admit only such numbers, and at such times, as will enable those who are responsible for the success of the meeting to accomplish, in the most decisive way, the object for which the meeting was organized. Jesus, when he had a great work to do, sometimes "put out" those who were already in. Popular metropolitan Churches, such as Spurgeon's, Beecher's, Moody's, and Talmage's, claim this right, and are sustained by public sentiment. Methodism, in her early history and latest law, admitted to some of her services only those who held tickets, and those only at certain hours. This did not prevent her people from singing,

"The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day;"

nor did it endanger the freedom of the truth.

It is objected, again, that very high fences must be built, and even then noisy throngs would loiter without, to the annoyance of those within. This objection, with many others equally puerile, finds easy refutation in the history of the few associations that close their gates, as, also, in the provisions of common law that make "every man's house his castle," and attach penalties to the commission of nuisances. Finally, one answer covers all objections: "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy.

"Fresh glides the brook and blows the gale,
But yonder halts the quiet mill;
The whirring wheel, the rushing sail,
How motionless and still!
So rest, O weary heart; but lo!
The church spire glistening up to heaven,
To warn thee where thy thoughts should go
The day thy God hath given."—*Bulwer*.

Nearly thirty years have elapsed since the foregoing extract was written and the fears of a holiday Sabbath largely the result of the looseness of professing Christians have been more than realized. The masses to-day travel on Sunday, and amusement and recreation have largely taken the place of devotion.

CHAPTER XIII.

EASILY SATISFIED.

"Where do you want to go this year" was the smiling inquiry of good Bishop Andrews at the York Conference. That is, as good as was possible for one having his temptations to become an autocrat and a rich man's pet. "Anywhere, except where there is a church debt," was my emphatic response. And why? Because for a full decade I had so given myself up to church and parsonage building and repairs, but more especially to debt paying, as to interfere hurtfully with habits of study and such interest in the general affairs of the local communities as becomes a minister bent on accomplishing the greatest good to the greatest number through the legitimate work of a pastor, as distinguished from "the serving of tables."

A TROUBLESOME DEBT.

When the paper with the appointments reached me I read my own name appointed to First Church, York, where there had been for many a long year a church debt perhaps the most difficult to handle of any in the Conference. I resolved to do as other pastors had done, let it alone. But a church debt is not the sort described by the Frenchman when urged to settle his account. He answered, "All ze tings do zetter by standin." The longer a church debt stands the farther does it get from settling. I liked York, the church, the people, the country around, and hugely enjoyed the study, the pulpit, and pastoral work. But at the end of two months the trustees became restive. Shy hints from various members to the effect that it was "high time there was something adoing," and "if you sustain you reputation as a debt raiser, you will have to tackle it," nettled me at first that I had ever built up such a reputation, and then sent me to my knees to inquire like Saul of Tarsus "Lord what wilt thou have me do?"

THE CAMPAIGN AND NO BRIDGE FOR RETREAT.

On the next Sunday evening I announced that subscriptions would be received by me on the eight thousand dollar debt early in the week, to be paid in cash or bankable note properly endorsed, all to be paid in sixty days; or, failing to pay all the debt by that time the money would be re-

funded to those who had paid. In other words it must be all or nothing in sixty days. Then the struggle began, ten hours a day and sometimes sixteen, from door to door, in office, store, and factory, till at times I felt that I might die in the attempt, and that the most appropriate epitaph would be, "Here lies the beggar."

PAY YOUR OWN EXPENSES.

The first and greatest obstacle I met was the statement, "Mr. L. our Treasurer put five thousand dollars of our money in a Philadelphia bank ten years ago, and it was lost in the Jay Cook panic. He is rich, let him make good the loss." Disregarding this plaint, we pushed on till we had five thousand secured. Then I asked the trustees to pay my expenses in an attempt to get the Philadelphia money. They answered "we have already thrown too much good money after that bad money, but if you collect any of it you may use it to pay your expenses." I discovered that we had no legal collectable claim, and if any thing was secured it must be by persistent and good natured solicitation.

STRUGGLE WITH A BROKER.

The story of that struggle would fill a small volume. It meant days of sojourn at the Girard House, Philadelphia, and daily visits to the den of the banker who had now become a stock-broker.

WHEN YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO, WHY DO NOTHING.

I was not in the condition of a long lank seedy cigar sucker, who came into the back room of that den one day while I sat there, though in his absent minded frenzy he seemed oblivious to my presence and forgetful of everything save his recent stock gambling losses. He muttered "Erie" "North western." "Reading." Gold and Silver." I don't know what to do, Oh ————when a———fool don't know what to do, he'd better do nothing," and then after stretching and yawning he strode out into God's fresh air. Well I knew what to do, viz; keep at it till I got that money. It must be done by importunity. Here is a specimen in part of one day's dialogue between the parson of the first part and the broker of the second part.

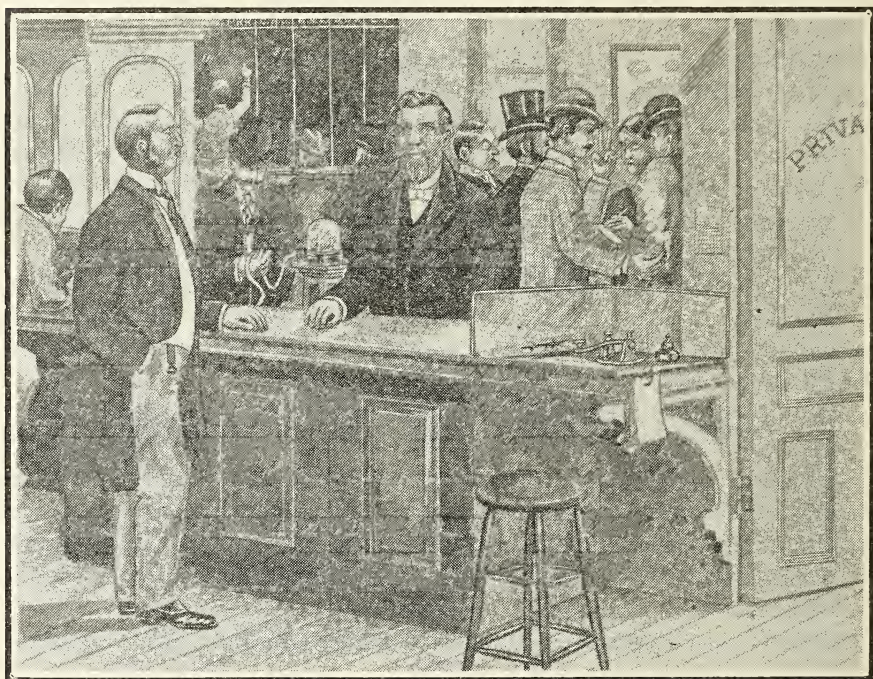
BUSINESS SECRETS REVEALED. A MAD BROKER.

"You got this money that belonged to the church, you have had the use of it for nearly ten years. It was contributed by poor people. You ought to pay it back. Yes but we are not able to pay it back. Ah, but your business last year amounted to \$———, you bought an expensive house in Germantown. Your brother, a twelve thousand dollar seat in the New York stock exchange, and you are able to pay it. Who has been revealing

the secrets of our business? There must be a judas among our clerks. Not at all. Not at all. I got it from the revenue reports, and other records. You did? Well we can't pay it."

MAD AGAIN LUT PENITENT.

One day the clicker was going unusually lively in the front room and the number of gamblers was large and the broker sent me into the back room saying, "I will be in pretty soon," but he did not come in though I could hear his voice just outside. "When patience ceased to be a virtue,"



A Stockbroker's Surrender.

I went out, drew up a three-legged stool in front of the ticker, among the dealers, and addressing the broker in a loud voice said, "That money was taken from poor people; you have had the use of it for nearly ten years—and— and—" He in a whisper, "For God's sake don't talk here." "Well I can't wait any longer, you must pardon me sir but I must have that money." Well to make a long story short I got some.

BULLS AND BEARS.

Then I went to New York to interview the Brother in the Wall Street Stock Exchange, but as I had from childhood a mortal fear of bulls and

bears, I sent in a policeman to summon my man to the street. He "had not time to talk now." "Where will you be this evening?" I asked, "My family is at Asbury park." "When and how do you go down?" "On the four o'clock boat." "I will meet you on the boat," I replied. The parson was there but the stock gambler wasn't. At Asbury I took quarters next to the Broker's boarding house and then sat on the porch till ten that night waiting for my man. The interview lasted far into the small hours. He finally asked "how long you going to stay?" I answered, "till I get the money." Well I got enough finally when added to what I had in bank to pay the debt and fifteen hundred dollars to spare.

TOO MUCH MONEY.

Then I was in a straight twixt two. If I let my good fortune be known, the number of subscribers who would want a slice of it to apply on their subscriptions would "make our last estate" like that of the back slider, "worse than the first." So I kept my own council, deposited the money in another bank and when the debt was all paid called the trustees together and said "I think I can get you fifteen hundred dollars now with which to start a mission in the west end." Then was there the opening of wide eyes. A Committee was appointed, a site obtained, and within three months Princess Street Church, now Epworth, was ready for dedication, free of debt. A revival followed with many accessions.

RESOLUTIONS AND GOLD.

My people were liberal and appreciative, and the officary and their wives made manifest their gratitude by coming with a suprise to the parsonage in the form of kind resolutions, beautifully engrossed and framed, tendering me a month's vacation and in addition thereto was one hundred dollars in gold with which to pay expenses. This was borne on a large silver salver, the latter a present to Mrs. Swallow. In answer to the beautiful and appropriate presentation speech, I emphacised my gratitude to them and to God who giveth every victory, and then begged the privilege of turning the gold over to the Treasurer for the New Mission. I had two objects in doing this, one I stated viz; the mission needs it.

GOLD NO BLIND BRIDLE.

The other I did not then state, viz; several of these officials prior to my coming had bought stock in the new theatre, or as it was called "opera house," on the plea that a place for public meetings was needed. The low grade performances held there every week were demoralizing the city, and had already led astray a number of our young members. When remonstrated with, these young people said: "The officers of the church get a part of my admission fees, and divy with the church; if right for them, it

is right for us." I saw that I must if possible divorce these officials from this unholy alliance, and that I must not allow my eyes to be closed by the reflection of their affectionate tender of their golden gift. They insisted that I must keep it, which I did till next morning, and then placed it in bank to the credit of the Church Treasurer.

AN EXPULSION.

Well the conflict came near the close of my second year. I had failed after effectionate and repeated efforts to persuade one of the lady members to abandon her habitual theatre going, and had expelled her, by due process of ecclesiastical law, an act that pained my heart beyond my power to describe. This brought upon me the disfavor of my few theatre owning officials. Nevertheless the entire official board had passed without the offenders voting against it, a series of resolutions endorsing my course. These I read to the congregation on a Sunday night, together with the names of those present when the resolutions were passed, and with the further statement that there were no dissenting votes.

AN EXPLOSION. THEN PEACE.

This offended still further the three or four who had been clandestinely sympathizing with the expelled member; for it put them in the position of having voted for the resolution and thus of being double dealers. On Monday morning bright and early one of them called at the parsonage and asked me to call a meeting of the Quarterly Conference, as they wished to complain of my conduct in reading the resolutions. I explained that I could not call it as there were but four sessions of the Quarterly Conference in any given year, and if I could call one, the preacher's conduct was not a proper subject of inquiry by that body. That he was answerable primarily to the annual conference of which he is a member. "And now," said I. "My brother, you and the others have been wrong from the beginning in this matter and it is time to repent, get rid of your theatre stock, and thus be examples to the whole flock. However if you mean war count me in. If you mean peace I am for peace." We then had a season of prayers, both arose with tear stained cheeks and a few days after he informed me that all had agreed to rid themselves of the stock.

A SECOND MISSION IN THREE YEARS.

In June of our third year we began to sell tickets at two dollars each to a course of five lectures to be given in the church during the coming winter; two by Dr. Vincent (since Bishop), one by Dr. Fowler (Bishop), one by Col Bain and one by Dr. Simms.

These netted enough after paying lecturers and all expenses, to put un-

der roof a mission church in east end, known as Ridge Avenue. as a compliment to the one we had built during the first year in the west end. This we dedicated free of debt near the close of my pastoral term, which was followed by a gracious revival carried on largely by members of the first church who also for a time thereafter gave liberal support to both missions, which soon became self-supporting.

ANOTHER DEBT WIPED OUT.

Meeting Rev. John Vrooman, pastor of Duke Street M. E. Church, a short time after the first church was cleared of debt I said: "Brother Vrooman, I don't want to be in glory and leave you behind; why not pay off in sixty days your three thousand dollar debt. I will either get or give toward it two hundred dollars." He said: "I'll try." At the end of sixty days he asked for thirty days more, and then he too with his congregation sang the doxology over a debt free church, and a revival followed. And again "Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

WAR OVER THE COLORED PREACHER.

Rev. Mr. Alleman, pastor of one of the Lutheran Churches in York, proposed for membership in our York Ministerial Association Rev. John Price (colored), pastor of the A. M. E. Zion Church, a kindly, well educated companionable brother; and I seconded the nomination. Rev. Dr. ———, a Presbyterian pastor objected on the ground that the race was given to sycophancy and we had a right here to choose our company. This surprised me, as he was then a trustee of Lincoln University (colored). Dr. ———, of the Lutheran church sustained the objection, and maintained it for a time, as by the terms of the constitution one vote could reject. Bro. Alleman wished when he saw the war was on to withdraw the name, but I objected on the ground that for this, treasure and blood was spilled from '61 to '65 from Bull Run to Appomattox Court House and the price of blood must not be lightly squandered. It required a month of hard work to so change the constitution as to admit ex-officio all pastors residing in York and vicinity. The controversy got into the pulpits, the papers, the public debates, and was discussed on the street, in stores, in shops and in the homes.



Rev. John H. Hector

It was an exciting time not easily forgotten. Brother Price moved to another appointment a few days after his right to sit with us was finally determined, but in his stead came his successor

in the pastorate, who was none other than Rev. John H. Hector, since known as the "Black Knight," who has in these last times stirred and electrified by his eloquent utterances on prohibition the largest audiences in two hemispheres. For his gracious willingness to give color to our fastidious body, we made him chairman for the day on his first appearance. We were sorry to lose the hitherto cheerful presence of our good Presbyterian and Lutheran brothers, but believed the conflict was in harmony with the Pauline doctrine: "As far as is possible live peaceably with all men. We reproduce a few of the many verses of one of the unpoetic poems appearing in one of the newspapers of the period, and a letter from Dr. Price, the victim of the attempted lynching, at whose funeral services in Harrisburg it was made my sad duty to deliver an address in 1903, more than twenty years after the scrap.

"Way down in Pennsylvania where the bold Codorus flows,
 Bearing wealth upon its swelling tide, and—something for the nose,
 In the ancient town of York and in a quiet little den,
 There sat a goodly company of Godly, pious men.
 There were Rev'd Doctors Bricabrac and Sentimental Nobby,
 With Rev'd Eau de Lavender and Patent Leather Snobby;
 And Doctors Brimstone Blusterer and Tinsel Filagree,
 Likewise Deacons Tompkins, Jones and Smith and Parson Pharisee,
 With eyes cast up to Heaven and an elongated phiz,
 Each saintly son of Zion was intent upon his buis—
 How to weld the bond of unity, in evangelic lock,
 In a manner most becoming for the Shepherd of a flock.
 How sweetly beautiful you know, 'twould be for one another
 To act upon occasion, as a proxy for his brother.
 And though they sometimes wrangled, in a mild Pickwickian way,
 Just to please their dear parishioners, and earn their little pay;
 This was only for the public eye, but in their private station,
 They'd be a band of brothers, in one grand association.
 So the ayes and noes they counted, did these saintly, pious men,
 And the angels wept for joy at their goodness there and then.
 A President was chosen next and then a Secretary,
 To carry on the business, as was highly necessary;
 And so it came to pass upon that memorable day,
 In the ancient town of York, 'way down in Pennsylvania,
 In the bonds of sweet simplicity and sanctified intrigue,
 There was formed a sort of saintly, extra Christian loyal league.

Now to shed abroad the blessings, mildly flowing from this plan,
 As treacle, sweetly, gently, softly floweth from a can,
 The Rev'd Mr. Secretary, as fresh as flowers of May,
 Throughout the ancient town of York, went smiling on his way.
 Dispensing all around him, as he strolled adown the street,
 The sunshine of that holy smile on all he chanced to meet;
 While all the people gazed at him in wonder and surprise,
 That such a saintly being did not vanish in the skies.

Then suddenly he paused—then stopped—then bowed him meekly down
 As he met a pastoral brother, of the 'foresaid ancient town.
 "Why Brother Price, how do you do!" thus spoke the saintly scholar;
 Then clasped his hands, as you and I would clasp a half a dollar.
 Then he up and told him all about the pastoral alliance,
 That to the flesh and devil was to bid a bold defiance,
 Then followed with these cheering words, the heavenly narration.
 "To join this holy conclave I extend an invitation."
 "Lor' bress you, Mr. Secrumtary, put me down for shoh,
 And as de town clock strikes de time, I'll be right at dat doh."
 To dwell upon this interview there's really no occasion;
 'Cept to say that Brother Price was of the African persuasion;
 So, gently clasping loving hands, they bowed to one another,
 And the Secretary parted from his colored friend and brother.

It was a Sabbath morning in this ancient borough town,
 The church bells all were ringing, and the people up and down
 Were solemnly parading, through the various thoroughfares,
 To hear the Word expounded and to say their little prayers.
 From his softly cushioned pulpit Dr. Bricabrac began
 To preach in glowing language of the brotherhood of man.
 It made no sort of difference what the color of the skin,
 All men are friends and brothers if the heart is right within.
 He could hardly keep from weeping, or his indignation smother,
 To see the wicked Southern men ill-use his friend and brother.
 So brimful was his heart, that he continued his oration,
 In his nicely furnished parlor at a Pastoral convocation.
 Parson Pharisee was moved to tears, while Sentimental Nobby
 Behind his lace-edged handkerchief was growing rather sobby.
 Pious Dr. Tinsel Filagree had just obtained the floor,
 When the company was startled by a knocking at the door;
 And there upon the threshold, with arms in one another,
 Stood the saintly Secretary and his colored friend and brother.
 It was as though a rebel shell had burst on the floor,
 Such a startled set of saintly men were never seen before.
 Rev'd Snobby held his dainty nose, as if the air were tainted,
 And leaning on a soft divan, De Lavender he fainted.
 Doctors Bricabrac and Filagree sought refuge in each other,
 And turned their pious backs upon their colored friend and brother.
 Up spoke this colored brother then, with heart and soul undaunted:
 It's warry plain to see, I think, dis pusson isn't wanted."
 And so he went, but ere he went, he thus relieved his mind,
 "We are good enough to slave and vote, but are socially behind."

This letter from the colored brother shows him to have been worthy
 and well qualified to enter any company and that the scrub poet had little
 conception of the man it paraphrased.

Rev. S. C. Swallow—Dear Sir: I hope you will pardon me for troubling
 you with a matter which, whilst it may appear trifling to others, very
 deeply concerns me, and if suffered to pass unnoticed, might compromise

to some extent my manhood and self-respect. I refer to the action of the preacher's meeting on last Monday, by which my name, when proposed for membership, was laid on the table. Now, as my name has been so ungraciously handled by these eminent servants of Christ, I feel that I should, in justice to myself, state the manner in which my name was brought before their meeting.

On last Monday morning, a gentleman, a Lutheran minister, a member and Secretary of the Ministers' meeting, whose name I do not now remember, called to see me. After informing me of your weekly meetings, asked me whether I would allow my name to be presented or proposed for membership. As I supposed he understood the feeling of his brother ministers, and as he had sought me, and not I him, I thought that the vote to constitute me a member would be cordial—and therefore I allowed my name to be proposed. But I have since learned that this good brother, whose motives, I believe were sincere, had "counted without his host," and had done me the kindness to invite me into the ministerial meeting only to give the majority of its members the opportunity to show their contempt for me by shutting the door in my face. On what ground this action is based, I have not been informed, nor am I particular to know. It is, however, a great satisfaction for me to know, that it was not by any forwardness on my part that my name was proposed to the meeting, but through the forwardness of others. It is really not essential to success as a minister of the Gospel, that I should be a member of the ministerial meeting; therefore, lest the harmony of their determinations might be further disturbed, I hereby most respectfully authorize and request you, as a Christian gentleman, whom I regard as a friend to the weak, and also as a fearless advocate of right, to withdraw my name from further consideration by the minister's meeting of York, Pa. Most respectfully yours, etc.

JOHN E. PRICE.

BLUE BLOOD.

This incident reminds us of another. The Maclay school building of Harrisburg was being dedicated, during my pastorate at Ridge Avenue, Harrisburg, and Dr. Eagle, then State Librarian, Professor Howard Day, (colored) afterward president of the school board, and myself were to deliver the addresses. Dr. Eagle dwelt upon the personal character, gifts, grace and usefulness of the gentleman and statesman, Mr. McClay, not forgetting to refer frequently to his aristocratic antecedents, and so often to the fact that "he had blue blood in his veins." "The bluest of the blue, etc." Professor Day professed great interest in Dr. Eagle's fine address, which he complimented highly. However, said he: "I was a little puzzled by the blue blood reference, for looking down at the hand

of my friend Dr. Swallow I discovered he had blue blood in his veins, then looking to the other side, at the hand of Mr. Jones I saw that he had blue blood in his veins. And then curiosity led me to look at my own black hand, and I became convinced that there was blue blood in my veins. Then I remembered that a very wise man many centuries ago had said "For God hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth." A glance at my good friend Dr. Eagle just then, convinced me not by *prima facie*, but rather by *prima facial* evidence that he had blue blood, and lots of it, in his veins.

CHAPTER XIV.

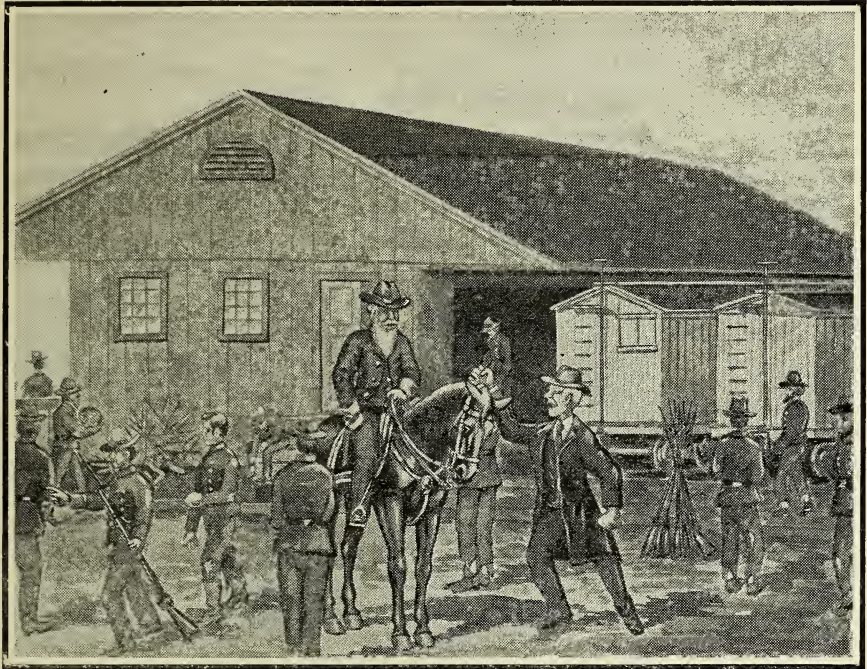
WOULD LICK EARLEY'S ARMY.

While in the York pastorate I made the acquaintance of a Mr. Hopkins who if memory serves me was then in the neighborhood of ninety years of age. He too had blue blood in his veins. During the civil war twenty years before he was a general agent at York of the Northern Central Railway, and this story is told of him: When General Early visited York with a detachment of the Confederate army, he ordered his men to run some freight cars along side the depot and fire both. Mr. Hopkins heard the order through an open window and hurrying to where Early sat mounted, asked the General to repeat to him the order he had given his soldiers, which he did. Thereupon Mr. Hopkins broke out at the General something on this wise: "Don't you know sir, that I have this property in charge for the railroad company, sir, and that I am expected sir, to protect it at all hazzards, sir? Now sir, you countermand that order sir, or by the Eternal sir, I'll drag you off your high horse sir, and lick you within an inch of your life sir." By that time the general was laughing at the plucky old man and countermanded the order saying: "Such grit deserves official recognition."

A BELLIGERENT CANDIDATE FOR BAPTISM.

Mrs. Hopkins was a member of our church and desired that the enfeebled husband should be baptized. After a long search a silver tankard long in this family and longer in the families from which it had come down, was found, and out of it, with perhaps as good reason as some globe-trotting preachers lug home Jordan water for baptismal purposes, we baptized our old friend. Preparatory thereto I shouted into his partially deaf, but hand-funnelled ear, several scripture passages, among them one embodying the idea of "glorying in the cross." "What's that?" yelled back our friend; "I never could understand that, never! I never could glory in the cross. Why the cross was the cruel and infamous instrument on which the Jews killed the best man that this world ever saw, and if I had been there, I would have gathered cobble stones from the street and knocked out their infernal brains." This convinced me that he was pugnaciously orthodox, and could be trusted to defend the faith once delivered to the saints. And having advised him to "put up his sword" even

as the Master advised the impetuous but true hearted Peter, I proceeded to administer an ordinance in which as an ex-quaker he had but little faith, save as an "outward sign of an inward change" which he professed to have experienced. I have no doubt he is standing sentry to-day on Glory street, or pacing his beat on Hallelujah Avenue, where golden and



How Mr. Hopkins Whipped General Earley.

not cobble-stone pavements furnish safe footing for feet "shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace!" Glorious old man! The like of him are but few at this day, and though he could not pronounce the "Shibboleth" of creed, his heart was in the right place and we honor his memory.

IS IT 'ORSE AND 'OUSE, OR HORSE AND HOUSE.

Speaking of pronouncing the creed, what is in pronunciation any way? Only a twist of the tongue, and possibly a freak of the ear. Good old Uncle Charlie Cleaver of our Conference was an Englishman to the manor born. He undertook to advise a young Englishman on his first circuit in our conference on this wise. "You must be careful to correct your pronunciation. It won't do to say 'orse and 'ouse. It all depends on practice." Riding my circuit when I first came over I used when alone to spell h-o-r-s-e-orse, and h-o-u-s-e-ouse, and now I can say orse and ouse as well as any body."

A STAMMERER CURED.

Said the stammerer on the car I a-a-m g-g-g-o-ing t-t-t-o New York to get cur-r-r'd of stut-stut-stuttering.

"That's a good p-p-place to-to go" said the stranger in the next seat, "I-I was-was-was t-t-t-here a y-e-a-r a g-go and got cured." There is little in pronunciation of Shibboleths, but much in understanding their meaning.

THE HOME MADE THEATRE EXCITEMENT.

It was during my York pastorate and just at the close of the lenten season of the ritualistic churches, and the revival meeting season of the other churches, that a home-made theatre or opera became the excitement of the town, and the lenten season must have been largely taken up in practice for this "Pinnafore" or "Mikado" or "Mascot" or "Patience" or by what ever other name it was known. Suffice to say that what ever its character, it was not a pronounced success as a means of grace, and drew to it not a few of our converts. Some of our Methodist anglo-maniacs having a part in the costumed-performance.

I felt incensed at the sacrilege and announced a Sunday evening sermon on "Home-Made Theatres," or "Blind Guides." The church was packed and so was the street in front of it. The venerable reputed millionaire Presbyterian-Elder, Uncle Sammy Small of precious memory, honored the occasion by occupying a front seat, and the Martin Luther like Dr. Peter Anstadt, preacher and Lutheran literature publisher, was with me in the pulpit.

A CUSSING AND DISCUSSING MOB.

After the sermon and far towards midnight groups of men continued in the neighborhood of the church, some discussing, and others simply cussing the sermon, and the preacher, for having dared to arreign the elite of the city. And some of them threatened what dire things they would do to me if I did it again. But while not sorry for doing it once I had no desire to do it again. The staid old town was about evenly divided. Some commending and others condemning. My greatest offense in the eyes of many was my having quoted from the prayer book and then set over against it quotations from the text of the opera. Some of them not over chaste, but chaste enough for these observers of lent to have mouthed them on the stage before the breath that said their lenten prayers was fairly cooled. Such conduct would have been bad enough for Methodists, I know who have done worse, but for members of *the* church, it was unpardonable.

A TOBACCO FEUD.

It is apparent to the reader that my trials and tribulations were not only varied and somewhat complex, but largely self-generated for by dextrous posing could I not have been blind to these wrongs and thus had "smooth sailing."

Shortly after I had begun my pastorate, in reviewing the Sunday school lesson, it led to the temperance question, and I advised the boys and young men to wholly abstain from the use of tobacco as it was a filthy, useless, hurtful, expensive and immoral habit, to be shunned by every boy anxious to do his best in the world, and further that there was some evidence that it frequently created an appetite for strong drink.

The next day I happened to step into a wholesale and retail tobacco store, kept by two of the most liberal and active members of my church, and remarked to the senior member of the firm that "I had missed him from the service the previous evening. Were you sick?" "No, not sick," was his reply, "but I did not know but that I would hear some more fool stuff such as I heard in the afternoon." "What do you mean?" I inquired, for I had forgotten about the tobacco remarks. "What you said about tobacco leading to drink," he replied. "Well, you write to the National Temperance Society at New York and get a little tract on that subject and after reading it you will be convinced that I was right." "You had better bring charges against the men who sell it and turn them out of the church." "Ah, but we have no discipline for that yet, but I presume will have further on. Till then we must use moral suasion." "Well I have noticed that preachers are not slow to take a ten-dollar bill earned in the business." "We do so on the principle enunciated by the temperance lecturer who was taking a collection for the cause, when a liquor dealer held up a gold dollar, saying: "Here is some blood money as you call it Mr. Lecturer. It was earned in the business. Do you want it?" "Yes," replied the lecturer, "come over here my yellow boy, you have been in the service of the devil long enough, now come over on the Lord's side and thus ended the feud with my tobacco selling parishioner.

THE CONVENTIONAL HUGGING MATCH.

Dancing was one of the questionable amusements to which young people were most given; and married people as well. Now dancing in our estimation is simply a conventional hugging match. Husbands and wives, suitors and sweethearts by mutual agreement indulging in such physical contact, by mental contract, as if indulged in elsewhere would be cause for divorce, or for a challenge to pistols and coffee for two. I therefore made to my congregation some forcible remarks on "The Dance of the

Saints, and the Dance of the Sinners," A synopsis of which follows, as taken from the York Daily:

"The announcement that Rev. S. C. Swallow would deliver a sermon on the subject of dancing attracted a large audience to the Beaver Street M. E. Church last evening. Recollecting the pastor's former efforts against similar amusements a large portion of those in attendance anticipated something out of the usual line, if not sensational. To say that they were not disappointed will probably convey the best idea of the effect produced by the sermon."



Hugging By Agreement vs. Hugging Without Agreement.

The subject, as previously announced was "The Dance of the Saints Versus the Dance of the Sinners," and the text selected was Ecclesiastes III, 2; "A Time to Dance." The speaker began with the scriptures, and the statement that there are those who aver and those who deny that the bible sanctions dancing. Dance is a generic term; as translated it may mean several things widely different from each other. It would describe some of the forms of worship of ancient devotees, the indecent gesticulations of the dancing girls of the East, or the war dances of wild indians.

According to Plato, dancing was never an amusement but always an act of religious devotion. Turning again to scriptural reference to

dancing, Mr. Swallow recited the different occasions upon which it was indulged in by the children of Israel, beginning with the festivities which followed their miraculous passage of the Red Sea. Modern dancing resembles these ancient religious forms as curses resemble prayers. In object they are the opposite and antipodes of each other; in manner they are quite dissimilar. Between the dancing of the present day and any of the dances of the Israelites but one point of resemblance could be discovered—the Israelites once danced around a golden calf.

In modern dancing participants sometimes permit improper contact of the body with entire strangers; for dancers are often masked and, thus disguised, are practically strangers to each other. Sometimes the maskers represent lewd women, an animal, a beast—very appropriately, perhaps a pig or a monkey. Many of the dances are suggested by evil passions. Some are blood thirsty and blood curdling in character, as for instance the war dances of the savage and the American military ball. The indians perform their wild evolutions with the bloody scalps of their vanquished enemies dangling at their belts. The military ball is less savage itself, but is also suggestive of war and similar evils.

Those who attempt to justify their acts by the scripture do not follow the mode of dancing in vogue among the ancients, and therefore their defense does not apply. If there is such a thing as a religious dance in the present day the sect called Shakers are the only persons who practice it.

Herod's imprisonment of John the Baptist and the latter's out spoken and steadfast denunciation of Herod's relations with Herodias; the evil woman's hatred of John and the snare by which she entrapped Herod into commanding the death of the messenger of God, through Salome's clever dancing and Herod's hasty promise, were graphically described.

Dancing requires no moral qualifications; the outcast female, the murderer or the debauchee, even when deep in his cups, can enjoy it as much as the virtuous.

Harlots, women who made merchandise of their bodies, were employed to dance at the fetes and dinners of the old Romans. Excesses of all kinds were indulged in. Men were gluttons, so much so, that before going out to the feasts they would take emetics in order to prepare their stomachs for the reception of a greater amount of food and wine, and after the festivities were over they would take another emetic so that they might live for the next occasion. Luxury and vice are the destroyers of nations and homes. Such excesses led to the fall of Rome. Previous to 1581 dancing in all stage representations was performed by men. On the 21st. of January in the year named, women appeared as dancers on the stage in France. The novelty, as well as the scantiness of the performer's dress and their vulgar attitudes made the innovation popular at that

time when a virtuous woman was the exception, and one-third of all the children in Paris were of doubtful parentage. Academies were established for the education of ballet dancers and have been continued ever since. The ballet girl of to-day is not a whit better than her Egyptian prototype, and her principal accomplishment is the ability to stand on one toe with the other on a level with her shoulder.

Rev. Swallow cited numerous writers in support of his position. His sermon was carefully prepared and well delivered. Many portions were startlingly plain both in word and suggestion and we have no doubt a large audience will be in attendance to hear the second and closing sermon on the same subject next Sunday evening."

CHAPTER XV.

RESTED ON DEBT RAISING.

The Conference of 1884 was held in Mulberry Street Church, Williamsport and the writer was appointed to Grace Church in that city, having reached the Itinerant's limit at First Church, York. Here was a debt of three thousand dollars and no parsonage. Having been stationed at the upper end of the city and begged all the way down, and then at the lower end of the city and begged all the way up, I now came to the middle, seemingly to begin there and beg up and down.

A parsonage was soon under way and was completed so that we occupied it for the second year, and a beautiful house it was, and is, right next door to the church. We did not try to pay the debt and a portion of it, we are informed remains to this day. We had revivals and accessions and greatly enjoyed the work, though partially broken in health the second year.

THE ROLLER SKATING MANIA OF 1884.

The roller skating rink-mania was on in all its fury. The drummers of that period were not as religious as are the Gideons of to-day, and in droves after registering at the hotels, would strike out for the three or four rinks of the city where they would meet not only young girls by the hundred, but scores of married women from all the varied walks of life. Millionaire Lumberman's families, domestic servants, factory girls, students, clerks, and scrub women met and mingled, rolled, tumbled, twirled, circled, and perspired, chatting with unintroduced strangers, fresh in the town and "fresh" in their behavior, toward unintroduced women. I soon saw that grief, scandal and disgrace were sure to follow if something was not done to halt the craze.

Consultation with pastors and laymen of different denominations all ended with rare exceptions in the same conclusion on their part, viz: "It is a harmless amusement, it develops people physically, they must have recreation, and anyhow we cannot change it for all classes are into it, and all demoninations seem interested, and some of the best Christian men of the town have stock in it, and I'll have nothing to do in opposing it."

BURSTING A BOMB.

Retaining my membership on the next Sabbath morning I gave them my reasons for advising them to stay away, only to learn after dismissal that the leading man of my church financially, had stock in the rink through his son; by the way that father was one of the best all-round Christians I ever knew. Some one went out and reported my talk to my members and immediately the papers, rink stock holders, and practically the whole city including several preachers and priests with the fervor of "Blanche, Tray, and Sweetheart" were hot on my track. The Commercial travellers were especially jealous in hunting down the miserable adventurer who would "dare to stigmatize as unholy so innocent an institution as a roller skating rink; an institution that had come to stay long after the bones of the miscreant objector would be reposing in Wild-wood Cemetery, or more likely in some unknown grave. "Well the battle was on. We opened fire with our little single barrel-shot-gun on the whole wretched nest of crawling things, and be it said to the credit of the newspapers, while they editorially opposed me, they opened their columns to my daily articles, and I did not "live beneath my privileges."

Soon anonymous letters from mothers began to reach me sustaining my contention, then a pastor or two under cover of night ventured to whisper in my ear words of approval.

FAMILY SCANDALS AND A RINK FIRE.

Then there came a scandal of a ruined daughter and then another, and now the seconders of my motion arose in crowds. The Methodist preachers of the city signed a paper denouncing the rink. The newspapers struck a compromising attitude. The pulpits became belligerent in spots on my side. Another scandal and the rinks ceased to be a paying institution. One was utilized for a Moody revival meeting, and the one nearest my church was burned on the evening of July 3, 1885; while I from my back yard with complacency viewed the interesting cremation of the erstwhile idol, and when not engaged in a fruitful endeavor to protect the windows of the parsonage from cracking and the paint from blistering from the intense heat that emitted from the blazing tinder box a half square away, I was singing the long meeter doxology not to the tune of old hundred, but to one of much more rapid movement the name of which I disremember. Only one passer had the temerity to ask me "Did you set it on fire?" To which I answered, "No! Nor will I help to put it out. But go you and thrust that question at the man who had it insured." I believe the payment of the insurance was contested, but afterward paid.

And now in 1908 the rink is again in evidence, dividing the patronage

with the dance hall, the club house, the saloon, the theatre and the gambling den, all of them practically immune from concerted church attack, and all doing a three fold more thriving business than are the churches of the country.

CHAPTER XVI.

BROKEN HEALTH.

"Ah! What avail the largest gifts of heaven,
When drooping health and spirits go amiss?
How tasteless then whatever may be given.
Health is the vital principle of bliss
And exercise of health."

Well, none knew better than did William Thompson, the author of the foregoing verse, that "exercise is the vital principal of health," even as "health is the vital principal of bliss." His hard study and want of exercise at Oxford came near wrecking not only the health but the life of one who was destined to become a good preacher and a better poet.

SEVENTY AND SEDENTARY.

It is said that when Dr. Daniel Curry, longtime Editor of the *Christian Advocate* at New York, the man who in debate generally drove the present editor of that paper from the realm of argument to that of buffoonery, was in his last sickness, he was asked the character of his ailments? and that he tersely answered, "Sedentary and Seventy." An unexercised man at seventy like an over exercised man at the same age, is in some cases ninety. Thomas Carlyle the English Essayist declared that he was full five and thirty before he discovered he had within him a mill, on the repair and industry of which depended his happiness and life. That mill was his stomach. From that time on he never became forgetful of the creaking, the clogging, and the clattering of that mill. It is a sad day when the existence of any organ of the body forces itself upon the conscious attention of its owner.

ILL HEALTH A PARADOX.

Ill health compelled me to change work in the spring of 1886. What a paradox, such expressions as "ill health," "good health," "bad health," and the like. Health is the antithesis of illness. All health is good, no health is bad. "And Joab said to Amassa, "Art thou in 'health, my brother?" The noun needed no qualifier, hence I will change the expression and state that illness compelled me to change work in the spring of

1886, and I was appointed financial solicitor for Dickinson College, at Carlisle. Dr. McCauley of Baltimore, one of the purest of men, was president. Through his influence the Bosslers had erected the library and auditorium bearing the Bossler name, and Jacob Tome of Pt. Deposit had built the hall of Science. We moved to our own modest home at the corner of North and Newberry streets in York, and I began my travels in quest of two things, health for myself, and money for the college. It soon became apparent that the war being waged against Dr. McCauley continuing in the presidency would hopelessly handicap the money getting. In the midst of this conflict we together officiated at a church dedication at Mercersburg, and roomed together. His restlessness and groaning all that long night led me to say as morning was dawning, "Uneasy lies the head that wears the crown." "Oh," he cried, "their ingratitude, their ingratitude." I said you have a host of friends, have you told them your side of the story, that they may have a basis for your defense? He answered, "I cannot defend myself against unreasoning hate, nor can I ask my friends to do for me what I will not do for myself." He went back to the Baltimore Conference, where after a few years of loving labor he died. He was the embodiment of modesty. His was a beautiful character unsuited to cope with the machinations of ecclesiastical politicians. If he had been the skill of many modern college heads, he would have challenged popular favor by putting athletics in the lead of scholarship and character building, and as president rivaled his students in the art of living on the air generated by his own blowing. So far as I know he never visited the college which he had done so much to strengthen. It is barely possible he was never invited to do so. There are many sad things in this sorrow seamed old world. In our canvass for the college we tried to correct the general disposition among Methodist people to neglect the liberal education of their sons and daughters, except those designed to pursue the learned professions, as is everywhere apparent, among methodists and demanding more than passing notice.

HIGHER EDUCATION FOR ALL.

It may be said that the opportunities for acquiring such education are ever open "to him that wills," to which we rejoin, "just as the twig is bent the tree inclines is as true of the intellectual as of the moral faculties. The passive child can, with rare exceptions, be made the prophesy of the active man.

The plow, the forge, and the kitchen afforded theaters for cultivated thought, not less broad or important, if less distinguished, than do the ministry, or the law, medicine or statesmanship. Cincinnatus was the better plowman for being able to knock the dust from his hands and solve a problem in Euclid, or direct the ship of State, for he was also

familiar with the soil cut by his polished share. Every grain of it had a history involving other histories—a chemistry whose adaptation to certain ends he delighted to study, and a possible future that led imagination to her loftiest flights. The scintillations from Burritt's anvil did but sharpen his vision for the practical and useful, nor made it less acute for the discovery of the beautiful, and Marion Harland's catsups and custards, pies and puddings, are all the more palatable and digestible from her ability to learnedly discuss their mixing and their merits.

The world—nay, the Methodist Church—needs educated farmers, mechanics, merchants and matrons, as well as learned ministers, lawyers and doctors. What learning does for the highest and humblest vocation, it does in a qualified sense for the Christian as such. It lays deep and broad the foundation of his faith, sharpens his perceptions of God's character and of his own duty. It intensifies his love, excites a laudible ambition to excell for Christ's sake, and indeed crystallizes all those traits of character the perfection of which constitutes the full statured man in Christ Jesus.

Not only so, but a scholastic or even thorough academic education will better fit the children of the church for such social enjoyment as is compatible with the Christian profession, and the model life. That in many communities the few sons or daughters of Methodist parents, who have received liberal culture, seek society in other churches, is to be accounted for by three facts. First: They there find what frequently that cannot find in their own church, namely, congenial companionship with those taught like themselves. Second: Many of our homes are robbed of much attraction by the stress often laid on church life in the church edifice. The church in the home is ignored or made repulsive to refined taste, or even to a highly sensitive nature, though entirely uncultivated. And third: Our failure to early and indelibly impress our youth with the superiority of Methodist doctrines and polity as discovered by the infallible test of history, coupled with the so called liberty (properly, license) accorded to the young in the choice of church accomodations, generally results in religious vagrancy, not only by the educated but by the ignorant; the former seeking church life where they think there is more refinement, and the latter where there is less. We need to teach our people that "the rich and the poor"—in mind as well as in purse—should "meet together; for the Lord is the maker of them all."

CHURCH WORK AND EDUCATION.

Too many of our people are more ambitious to marry their daughters to wealth or titles, and accumulate large wealth for their sons, than to prepare the former for intelligent housewifery, or the latter to appreciate and use their hard earned patrimony. Thus ambition, avarice and parsi-

mony are the horrid ghouls that haunt the sanctuary of home and dwarf the body, mind and soul.

We need, and must have, better educated men and women in the ranks of the laity, or rather more of them. Our Sunday-school officers and teachers must be familiar with something more than the programme furnished for the day, or the superficial knowledge skimmed from a lesson leaf. They must impress their scholars with the belief that behind the briefly but ardently taught lessons of the hour, is an inexhaustible fund of knowledge that presses for utterance, as press for freedom the imprisoned waters of the great reservoir. This belief can be inspired only by the actual possession of such a fund.

Our churches that are laboring under chronic financial embarrassment, from debts, shrinkage in pastoral support, or in supplies for incidental expenses, find the cause, not so much in extravagant appropriations, nor yet in inability or unwillingness to pay, nor yet again in the lack of consecrated men willing to do as well as they know how in organizing or executing, but rather in the dearth of men, who, from thorough education, knowledge of men, and things, and a discipline of will, energy, perseverance, liberality, and tact, are able to lead, to bring to pass, to create, (in a qualified sense,) to conquer. One great demand of the church is for men and women who have the elements of captaincy well developed, and who are thoroughly qualified to lead the sacramental hosts in the important work of "serving tables," as must the minister in the more important labor of "serving altars,"

Very often people stay from class meeting because the leader has learned nothing worth naming during the twenty years of his leadership, and has forgotten much of the little he knew when he began. If it is always pouring out and never putting in that will empty the full cask; alarming must be the thirst of those who depend on that filled with emptiness at the beginning.

EDUCATION AS A FUTURE CONTINGENT.

Every thoughtful Methodist must be alarmed for the future of his church when in town and country he sees the herd of Methodist youth, who everywhere meet him with vacant stare, content, (as are their parents) to finish their education on a very superficial understanding of the mere elements of their mother-tongue. Content to occupy the positions in society of "hewers of wood and drawers of water. Satisfied to be third rate farmers and merchants, mechanics or teachers. Satisfied to hoard the money, or what is worse spend it for gew-gaws, that should be carefully used in a preparation for this life and the life that is to come. Might not the ministry do a good service for the church by frequently advocating from the pulpit the necessity of education "for Christ's sake?"

After all we found more money than we expected and more health than we deserved and became ashamed of having ever complained of street tramping for debt raising, being convinced again that God knows best what is best for his children. And why not find health? Did I not climb the hills, and wander along the Codorus banks, and roam, and drive, and ride, and play leap-frog with brown eyed old Max whose whinny always welcomed my coming and whose dolor always deplored my going; whose caution when driven by Wife or Bess, and whose coltish pranks when I drew rein gave evidence of an equine knowledge of human nature regardless of sex? Did I not industriously cultivate the garden "sass" not forgetting the importance of the other kind? Did I not dig plantains from the yard, caterpillars from the trees, and angle-worms to feed the fish that never fed me? Did I not demonstrate again that "Pleasure and action make the hours seem short?"

A TRAMPING OCTOGENARIAN.

One of the pleasures of this off year was a visit from my aged father and mother; the former eighty years old. On his eightieth birthday he tramped heroically the Gettysburg Battlefield, not that he "had to," but as a sample of what an octogenarian could do. Inured to hardships in his early life, he rejoiced in a vigorous old age not given to hot-house plants. In early years he prophesied a long life, since he had obeyed the command "to Honor his father and mother that thy days may be long." At sixteen he could not write; at twenty-one self-tutored he was teaching school. He was the possessor of a few books but knew them well. They consisted of a Bible, a dictionary, a geography, and atlas, a Shakespeare with wrecked binding, a history of the world and a work on geology. It is a wonder to the uninitiated how much by friendly contact one can absorb of real practical wisdom from so small a collection. He came to be sought as an authority on the geology of Wyoming Valley. Though a farmer of small means, with frequently a rope girdle about his loins, (unlike him of the leathern girdle and wild honey) to hold together his buttonless work a day overcoat, yet his principal associates were professional men and his principle conversation of science, history and state craft. He died at a ripe age as became the Christian philosopher that he was. His work-a-day motto was: I'd rather be a big dog in a little tan yard than a little dog in a big tan yard." He learned as have others, and especially those who with him were leaders in the anti-slavery reform or are now at the fore front on the anti-drunkard making reform, that

"He who ascends to mountain tops shall find
Their loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds of snow;
He, who surpasses or subdues mankind,
Must look down on the hate of those below.
Though high *above* the sun of glory glow,
And far *beneath* the earth and ocean spread,
Round *him* are icy rocks, and loudly blow,
Contending tempests on his naked head."

CHAPTER XVII.

A LOUD CALL—\$1500 SALARY.

As the ides of March approached, and Methodist preachers and people began their annual guessing at the periodical problem of "what next?" I received a Methodist call from the Ridge Avenue Church at Harrisburg to become their pastor. My health being restored, and the call being a reasonably loud one, viz: Fifteen hundred dollars, a parsonage, and marriage fees etcetera, I consented. Subject to the consent of Bishop Warren who was to preside at the 1887 Session of our Conference to be held at Bellefonte.

A WOMAN'S PRAYER ANSWERED SOONER THAN HER HUSBAND'S.

Speaking of "calls" reminds me of the rural and unappreciated pastor who visited Boston to fill a brother minister's pulpit while he was taking his annual vacation. He pleased the Bostonians so well that in the interest of the health, happiness and long life of their vacating pastor, they voted him a cane with which to walk, and a gold watch with which to keep time on the road, and a purse to pay expenses, and they kindly suggested an indefinite elongation of the vacation, and then they extended a call of permanence to the supply. He went to his rural home to consult his wife and pray over the matter. The ruralists were indignant that he should entertain the idea for a moment, and at an impromptu indignation meeting, a sister more aggressive than the others declared her purpose to speak her mind to her old pastor about exchanging a six-hundred dollar charge for a cool two thousand a year. The little daughter of the parson responded to the loud rap of the belligerent parishioner when the following dialogue was spoken. "Where is your father?" "He is up in the library trying to find out from the Lord whether he should go to Boston," "And where is your Ma?" "She's up in the library too." "What is she doing?" "Oh she's praying too, and packing Pa's trunk." Women always have facilities for getting answers ahead of the men, and a way too of prognosticating probabilities, and in view of them, starting early in preparation; like the general who after giving command to fire and then retreat, added, "And as I am a little lame I'll start now."

GOD AND THE COMMON PEOPLE.

The reception of Ridge Avenue, Harrisburg, was cordial in the extreme. For real kindness commend me to those who hustle in the "common walks of life." Abraham Lincoln said, "God must love the common people or he would not have made so many of them." *They* "heard Jesus gladly," and they have been gladly hearing his shepherding successors for nineteen hundred years. The church that gets too luxurious, too aesthetic, too high-toned, too miserably respectable, to welcome the common people, without patronizing them, will soon have "ichabod" written on its lintels.

EVEN THE ALMIGHTY COULDN'T GET INTO THAT CHURCH.

As touching the foregoing I wish to relate that in the 1904 presidential campaign, a banquet was tendered me by friends in Minneapolis. Sitting near me at a table was a Baptist lady who told me this story of a pastor and church that I afterwards learned was her own.

A poor but highly respectable man, the husband of a worthy woman, and the father of several children, applied to a church examination committee for church fellowship. The church officials were of the get-rich-quick-close-corporation variety; very exclusive, having forgotten the hole of the pit from which they themselves were dugged, and desirous of building up a church of the "four hundred." The pastor on the other hand was of Catholic spirit, intent on flinging wide the gates of gospel grace, and inscribing thereon "Whosoever." The examining committee asked the poor man a few questions which he answered, and then advised him "to not be discouraged, but make it a subject of prayer and come again to their meeting a month hence." He came. A few more questions followed and the same advice "to be not discouraged, but to pray and come to the next monthly meeting which he did," the same put off was thrust upon him with the advice to pray. He answered, "I have been praying and am not discouraged." "Ah and did you get an answer, and if so what was it?" "Well, the Lord told me, just as you have, not to be discouraged, for he had been trying for ten years to get into this church and couldn't." And then there must have been a demand for holes in which to hide heads. Society is a teeterboard; when one end goes up the other goes down. The children of the poor of this generation will be the rich of the next, and the church that gets and holds the poor will ultimately have the rich, and that has happened to Ridge Avenue Church, as to thousands of other churches. Its members earn instead of inherit their living, and have a surplus to give away. They are rich in grace and contentment.

STANDS OPEN NIGHT, AND DAY.

"The gates of gospel grace" at Ridge Avenue Church, Harrisburg, have "stood open night and day" for full thirty-five years. It has been a generous feeder of all the churches wherever organized in the city. The list of probationers through my five years' pastorate, as shown by the conference minutes ran 105-180-36-52-54. The membership roll showed, as it always has, a varying increase and decrease resulting from the large number of certificates given annually to new churches organized in new centers of population, near which these members resided.

I preached occasionally in a school room at Derry and Twenty-first Streets. Here a class was formed, a Sunday-school organized, a lot bought and Epworth Church was built, and a pastor secured for 1893.

The large number of certificates given by me to members of Ridge Avenue Church living north of Fifth Street Church went far toward enabling that organization to put up the splendid building in which it now worships. It in turn has become a feeder to other and weaker churches.

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY.

It was while pastor of Ridge Avenue Church, Harrisburg, that we celebrated our twenty-fifth anniversary. Of what? Why, of our wedding, of course. What other event in life worthy of a celebration could come to a Methodist itinerant, always under marching orders, and entitled by law to but three and later in our ministry but five years at one stop? It is reserved to the incumbents of the settled pastorates, frequently only so in name, to celebrate their twenty-fifth anniversaries as pastors of one church. It is more than probable, however, that with the time limit removed from the Methodist itinerancy, as also from the probationship of laymen, that Methodist pastors will yet celebrate their twenty-fifth in one pastorate, and lay probationers be made full members a week after they are made probationers, since the length of the probation is determined wholly by the satisfaction of the pastor. The old-fashioned six months' probation in Methodism is, therefore, as dead as the proverbial "door nail." Strange that it should have been killed by the General Conference of 1908, just at a time when all over the country liberal people of the baser sort should be arguing for a matrimonial probation. Imagine the minister asking this question: "John Fickle, do you take Amanda Jane Pickle to be thy wedded wife, to live together after God's ordinance in the holy estate of matrimony? Will you love, honor and keep her in sickness and in health, and cleave only unto her so long as you are both satisfied with this arrangement, or till one of you may discover your real "affinity?"

My friend, Colonel DuShane, introduced to me his friend, Captain

Marquis, at a hotel reception tendered me in New Castle, Pa., in 1898, as being a Methodist, "or, at least, as having some years before joined the Methodist Church on, on—on—on—on *suspicion*." Colonel DuShane was a Presbyterian, if I mistake not, and this was only a good natured blue-stocking fling at the probationary system in Methodism. Those who know Captain Marquis need not be told how splendidly he lived out the period of "suspicion," and how grandly his church, family, and business life has justified the confidence of the church, equally true of Col. Du Shane.



Col. DuShane

Oh, yes, I recall now, it was the twenty-fifth anniversary I started to write about. Well, it came trudging along through the snows of January 30th, 1891, and looked as natural as a snowflake or a sunbeam. We decided not to celebrate it in the ordinary way for two reasons: 1st. A glorious revival was on in the church, and in Ridge Avenue, Harrisburg, community. Souls were being converted nightly and there must be no diversion. 2d. We had an aversion to inviting people to give us things of value, and so sent out to our friends a circular letter announcing the date and requesting them to send us their autographs and, if not too much trouble, their photographs, both of which we had bound in Morocco souvenir volumes. The autographs were not only of individuals but in many cases of whole families, and almost without exception were attached to lengthy letters, full of interesting remi-



Captain Marquis.

niscence. It goes without saying that we highly prize these over five hundred letters and faces and that they become more and more precious as the years come and go. We herewith reproduce the poetic letter of the great hymn-writing though blind



Miss Fances E. Willard. Miss Annie Gordon.

Fanny Crosby and a brief note of ex-President Hayes. Also the picture of that never-to-be-forgotten princess among women, Francis E. Willard, who sent us a lengthy letter, signed not only by herself and Anna Gordon, but by her then aged mother. The picture beside Miss Willard is that of Miss Anna Gordon her private secretary, on whom she depended so much for the details of the great work world-wide that engaged her attention and ultimately exhausted that frail body that was the tenement for a most affectionate soul and a most vigorous intellect. When the history of the Prohibition crusade is finally written, as it will be beneath the folds of a stainless flag, the women of America will be seen to have put to shame the cowardly men in their heroic endeavor to emancipate the race.



Fanny Crosby

Though 'tis true that I have never
 Looked upon your faces here,
 Yet the bonds of Christian union
 To each other draw us near.
 And with all my heart responding
 To the wish by you expressed,
 Let me fancy I am with you,
 Not a stranger, but your guest;
 For I could not deem you strangers
 In so bright an hour as this,
 When the evening star is shedding
 O'er your merry silver wedding
 Love's young dream of hallowed bliss,
 Love's young dream of golden sunshine,
 Laughing, sparkling on your way,
 When you started on life's journey
 Five and twenty years to-day.
 With their warm congratulations
 To their pastor and his bride,
 Hoping that the coming future,
 Brightly as the past may glide,
 Happy friends around you gather,
 Friends that know and love you well,
 Now in song their voices blending,
 Sweetly as a marriage bell.
 May you live revered and cherished,
 Years of tranquil joys to see,
 Till with age serene and happy,
 White as snow your locks shall be.
 And I ask of our Redeemer,
 That to both of you be given
 Richest harvest, glorious reaping,
 Cloudless sunset, rest in heaven.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

SPIEGEL GROVE,
FREEMONT, O.,
22d Jan., 1891.

Dear Friends:

With all good wishes I
comply with your request.

May all good angels
guard and keep your hearts
from sorrow's power.

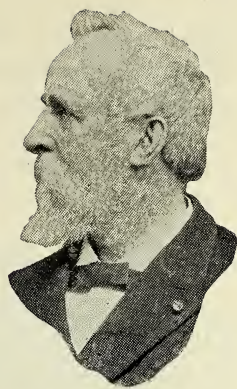
Sincerely,

RUTHERFORD B. HAYES.

*Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Swallow,
Harrisburg, Pa.*



Mrs. Lucy Hayes .



Ex-President Hayes.

But our good Ridge Avenue parishioners, always kind and generous, would not let us wholly have our own way. A church reception, if memory serve me after meeting, was tendered us, with the accompaniments of speeches by visiting ministerial brethren and the presentation of a silver service.

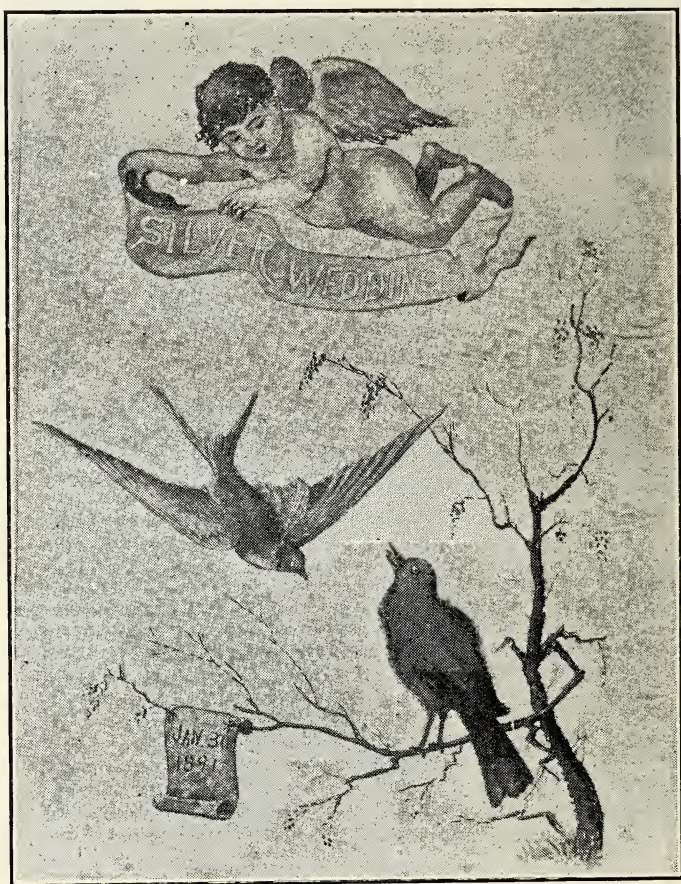
A GIFT FROM A DOUBLE MURDERER.

But a short time prior to this anniversary, one Sidney Ware, a young Englishman, had been convicted in the Dauphin County Court of a double murder. A group of men had been gambling in a so-called hotel in Lykens far into the small hours. Ware was not playing, but was made their referee in a drunken dispute. In the brawl he whipped out a pistol and shooting wildly killed two men. I visited him frequently in the prison and learned from letters he showed me from friends in England that he there had been a Bible student, had received a valuable prize for championship in committing to memory the largest number of Bible chapters, and was well connected.

I set to work to secure at least a modification of his sentence. I issued thousands of copies of a circular letter, "Reasonings for the Reasonable," and had them distributed in stores and shops throughout the county and they gave rise to heated discussions that led to the education of many a conscience hitherto in darkness.

The circular set forth that Ware was at the time he committed the crime insane, made such by a poison sold or given to him by the man in whose house the law against gambling was, by the owners' consent and possible connivance, being violated. That neither the gamblers, nor the poison vender, nor the judge who granted the government permit to sell the poison, nor the legislators who passed the law authorizing the judge, nor the voters who elected the legislators, knowing their characters

and also their past connivance at the poison vending had been indicted, though every one of them were clearly *particeps criminis*, and it was unfair to put all the burden of the crime on one man, probably because of his delirium the least guilty of them all. Largely through the efforts of Lieut. Gov. Davies, Ware's sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life. And now, for more than sixteen years, the poor fellow has



been incarcerated in the penitentiary, though efforts have been made to secure his pardon. Evidently because of the part I had assigned him, the judge did not forget what Titcomb calls his "sore spot and sensitive spot," when he had a chance to try me for libel against the State thieves six years after.

Sidney became aware while in the Dauphin County jail that efforts were being made for a commutation of his sentence, and that we were

approaching our twenty-fifth anniversary, and that Mrs. Swallow's maiden name was Robins, and being something of an artist, secured some pigment and sent us a full page colored etching in honor of the occasion, which I herewith in reduced size reproduce.

He also painted for us two fruit pieces of considerable excellence. Alas! how many valuable lives have been blighted with the consent, not to say by the connivance, of the Christian voter.

The Rev. A. M. Barnitz also favored us with a characteristic sketch



commemorative of the to us glad occasion. The birds, the instruments of music, the psalm accompanied his beautiful letter. Bro. Barnitz was a great revivalist, a professor and possessor of Scripture holiness, and withal something of a poet and more of an artist. That conference sketch where the Bishop had enjoined silence on the part of the presiding elders concerning the appointments of the preachers till they would be read out at the close of conference is still remembered and talked about by the older members. The faces of the presiding elders were well drawn in pencil outline and a large padlock fastened each mouth. One more loquacious than the others had two locks on his mouth. Well "the times of such cabinet ignorance God winked at, but now commandeth such Bishops to repent."

I FORGOT MY PRAYER.

It was during my pastorate here that Robert E. Pattison was elected the second time Governor of Pennsylvania. I was somewhat surprised to receive an invitation from him through his private secretary to offer the inaugural prayer. I mistrust it was through the kind offices of one of my members, Hon. Geo. B. Luper, then State Insurance Commissioner. I was the more surprised, as I had informed the Governor-elect that I had not voted for him, and in a letter commended the rejection of the inaugural ball at his inauguration eight years before, and suggested a similar omission now in the interest of good morals. However, I honored his request and spent no little time in writing a suitable prayer, which I thought I had committed to memory. I congratulated myself on the prospect of pronouncing the most eloquent prayer ever offered to a Harrisburg audience. But, alas! "the best laid plans of mice and men gang aft a-glee." I never could memorize a sermon, a speech, or any other lengthy verbal composition. I could memorize ideas and clothe them in my own poverty stricken words; but not the language. I therefore on this occasion gave a sorrowful exhibition of the neglect of my early education in the direction of ritualism, by offering a purely extemporaneous prayer, but it came from the heart and I think God was better pleased than though I had mouthed my worshiped sentences. But alas! again, a copy of the rhetorical fulmination had, by the request of the State Librarian, already gone into the State archives and I trust is by this time eaten to shreds by the tooth of time. Possibly it was burned, a fitting fate for all such creatures of the brain more than of the heart.



Governor Pattison.

I PRAY FOR DEMOCRATS BUT MARCH WITH PROHIBITIONISTS.

The ceremonials ended, Senator —— pointed me to a carriage in which I could ride in the procession. I politely informed him that while under all circumstances I held myself ready to pray for sinners like the Democrats and Republicans, yet I never paraded with them, but with the Prohibitionists. He blurted out in his excitement, "The d——l you do." By the way, how familiar the average legislator seems to be with his Satanic majesty. In proof of which and as an illustration, I offer the following incident.

HE PRAYS LIKE THE DEVIL.

The Rev. Henry Wilson was pastor of the Newberry Church, Williamsport, Pa., in 1861-2. The church was in debt and Hon. Lindsay Mahaffey, a member of the Legislature, suggested that he should accompany him to Harrisburg and solicit subscriptions from members of the Legislature. The chaplain asked Mr. Wilson to conduct the devotions that morning, a service usually performed amid a buzzing of voices, a burning of tobacco incense, and covered heads. Mr. Wilson's avoirdupois was somewhere in the plural of hundreds, and his voice ranged from the orotund through all the guttural variations up into high tenor. He was among the most powerful men in prayer I ever heard. As he warmed up hats came off, the buzzing ceased, cigars went out as well as the fire that burned them. Here and there handkerchiefs were in demand, the very heavens seemed bending to kiss and then to swallow up the earth, and when he ceased a calm which all were loath to break seemed to rest on the assembled lawmakers. Finally one reached across the aisle and gently touched Mr. Mahaffey on the shoulder and asked in a whisper, "Who did you say that preacher is?" Mr. Mahaffey replied, "Rev. Wilson, our pastor." "Well, well," muttered the profane legislator, "Don't he pray like the very d——l." In sudden grief or joy men juggle with the name though not always with high regard for the character with which they are most familiar; and sulphurous phrasing is all too common where reverence for Sinai's best gift to men should be most profound. The average Pennsylvania legislator, of the gang type, is wise above the moral law from which all law worthy of the name of law in all climes and ages takes its pattern. The official is greatly to be pitied who makes, interprets, or executes law, as he imagines God might do if He were only as well informed.

A SUNBURST OMEN.

Among the newspaper notices of the inauguration the following went the rounds of the press touching the inaugural prayer. I cannot vouch for its correctness for my eyes were closed like the eyes of most old party men, both when praying and voting, nor do I attach any importance to the incident even if true. Here is the story as told in the papers. "A pleasing incident occurred at Governor Pattison's inauguration. The Rev. Dr. Silas C. Swallow offered the prayer, and among other supplications implored, "Let thy blessing rest upon him who, in the Providence of God has been a second time elevated by the vote of the people to fill the duties and responsibilities connected with the office of Chief Executive of this great Commonwealth." "At that moment the sun which had been hidden all day flashed out from behind a cloud, and bathed the vast assemblage

in a warm burst of sunshine. That it was noticed by the new Governor was evidenced in the deeper bowing of his head and the reverential look that came to his face."

Be it said to the honor of Governor Pattison, now deceased, and to the honor of his worthy companion as well, that we were always proud of them as representative Methodists, as we had been of the Senior Rev. Dr. R. E. Pattison, long years before.

MORE SERVING OF TABLES.

My predecessor in the Ridge Avenue pastorate was so good a preacher, pastor, and all-round business man, that I hoped to find the financiering all done, and nothing left for me, but to preach, visit, fish for men, and draw my salary. But James Russel Lowell's epigram "New occasions teach new duties," finds constant application in every conscientious man's life. He had met the requirements of his period. I must meet mine. At once we were informed by the trustees that fifteen hundred dollars must be raised for a steam plant to heat the church, and a cool thousand to help Grace Mission, now Stevens Memorial, on Thirteenth street, to save it's lot from the sheriff's hammer. Six hundred was the limit of our ability or disposition for Grace Mission, and not all of the fifteen hundred was raised for the steam plant.

A BACKWARD STEP.

An annex to the church for the class rooms and for a primary department for the Sunday school involved an outlay of nearly four thousand dollars, a generous share of which we left for our successor to manage. We had planned for increasing the capacity of the audience room by making the annex two stories high, and placing the pulpit at the Herr street junction of the two rooms thus giving a seating capacity of seventeen hundred, the largest in the city. We were prompted to this by the large Sunday evening congregations during revival meetings, when we must needs repeatedly to hold two services at the same hour, the audience in the basement of the church on some occasions nearly equaling that of the audience chamber. A song service in the basement while I was preaching a fifteen minute sermon and inviting penitents in the audience room and then a fifteen minute sermon and inviting penitents in the basement was the order of the evening. The splendid force of working members was divided and wrought gloriously wherever assigned to duty, and penitents and numerous conversions in both rooms gave evidence of the power and mercy of our God, as also of the fidelity of his elect children.

A TIDE NOT TAKEN AT ITS FLOOD.

The demand for more audience room was further accentuated by the almost unwieldy Sunday School, eight hundred and fifty being present on one Sunday. This however was the high-water mark in the history of the organization thus far. A few over cautious ones in the official board thought best not to make the venture, and a one story annex was the result, while the eight hundred dollars collected in cash largely from new converts was paid back to them in order to keep faith with the contributors to a two story building. A failure to go forward at the opportune time meant a backward movement which the church has never fully overcome. It is as true of churches as of individuals that

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures."

Not that Ridge Avenue Church has "miseries" but by this backward step it was forced to take second place in its relation to the Methodist masses of Harrisburg. "Hold fast that which thou hast, that no man take thy crown."

A SORE THROAT—A CALL TO SUPERINTEND THE HARRISBURG BOOK ROOMS.

Heavy pastoral work, reaching in one year as many as sixteen hundred pastoral calls, had again so increased my inherited pulmonary trouble as to demand a change of work. The preaching, revival work and financing I could always stand up under, but standing at a door bell till chilled, then an over-heated room where many people take heats and say they have a cold; and next a fireless parlor and a cold chair, and next ten minutes in an over heated room again; these are the real tribulations that try a pastor's metal. Rev. Thomas S. Wilcox, Superintendent of the Methodist Book Rooms located at Harrisburg, had started Curtin Heights Mission and desiring to enter the pastorate suggested that I take the book rooms. I thought of my health, looked at the bills payable by the book room, a third more than the bills receivable; looked at the merchandise inventory, double, or perhaps as the sequel proved, thrice what the goods would bring under the hammer; at the surplus fund already absorbed in the business; and at the small margin of profit in books owing to the cuts made by the dry-goods men offering them at about cost as a bait to buy other goods, and reasoned that if forced to a settlement and to liquidation now, the concern would be bankrupt, and the stockholders, many of whom were preachers and preachers' widows, would lose their stock dividends, on which they largely depended for their daily bread.

BOUGHT A BUILDING.

But I reasoned further that if the rental could be reduced by a judicious purchase of a building, the latter to be so located as to increase greatly in value, the wreck might be averted. I reasoned further still, that all surplus business must go back to Market Square and finally up Second Street, and I bought the Fahnestock building at the North-west corner of Market Square for \$12,000, and after three weeks pleading induced the book room managers to take it off my hands. We increased the capital stock from \$10,500 to \$30,000, put \$3500 improvements on the building then, and two thousand later, moved to the new quarters, and I became superintendent April 1st, 1892. I continued therein till April, 1905. For several years prior to this latter date, the New York Methodist Book Concern whose supplies we principally handled, and in whose debt the Harrisburg house had been almost continuously from an early day in its history, caught the commercial spirit of the age, to do away with middle men and conference distributing centers, and gobble all the profits. We withstood the advances of the New York agents as long as we felt that such forbearance was healthy and then getting a good offer of \$34,500 for our real estate which with added improvements had now cost us \$17,000, we sold it, closed out the old book and printing machinery for less than a third their estimated value and quit. We had paid all expenses except a part of those years when the superintendent chose to leave in the business a third of his salary in order that in hard times when other corporations were failing to pay dividends we might distribute to our stock-holders the six per cent. they needed.

In closing out we paid all our debts, paid the stockholders every cent of their stock, and a generous per cent. additional. We had also contributed from our net profits from \$100 to \$300 each year except for two years; to the worn-out preachers fund. An auditing committee of stockholders certified to the correctness with which the business had been transacted, and though all stockholders got an extra dividend, yet here and there is one to this day who thinks he ought to have had more money. The sacrifices made for some people is simply "Casting pearls before swine." We herewith submit the report of the auditing committee.

Amount in bank on date of sale of real estate,	\$ 1,237 58
Amount in safe on date of sale of real estate,	169 57
Amount received for merchandise and fixtures,	6,841 44
Amount received to date on old accounts,	4,947 11
Amount received for real estate,	34,250 00
	<hr/> \$47,445 70
Amount paid for salaries from time of sale of real estate to	
April 1, 1905,	\$ 1,665 65
Amount paid on salary since April 1, 1905,	252 00

Amount paid in full on old debts, largely owed to Eaton & Mains, since Dec. 19, 1905,	13 366 10	
Amount paid to stockholders in interest,	900 00	
Amount paid to stockholders in principal,	30,000 00	
		<hr/> \$46,183 75
		\$ 1,261 95
Amounts received on accounts, since September 20, 1905,		128 47
		<hr/> \$ 1,390 42
Amount paid for clerk hire since September 20, 1905,	\$23 00	
“ “ Postage,	13 25	
“ “ Office rent,	25 00	
“ “ M. & M. Collecting Agency,	11 54	
“ “ Extra dividend on stock,	900 00	
“ “ S. C. Swallow (full amount of salary for first half year of 1903, it having been left temporarily in the business in order to pay dividends on stock that year),	385 00	
“ “ Eaton & Mains for Ramey S. S. (check sent in error),	12 76	
“ L. G. Poulton for printing circulars to stockholders,	1 25	
		<hr/> \$ 1,371 80
		\$ 18 62
Error,		06
		<hr/> \$ 18 68
Amount paid Rev. H. A. Straub, interest on stock,		14 00
		<hr/> \$ 4 68
Amount paid for printing and mailing this statement,		2 84
		<hr/> \$ 1 84
Balance,		30
Expressage,		
		<hr/> \$ 1 54

S. C. SWALLOW, *Superintendent.*

The undersigned having examined the foregoing account, together with books and vouchers, hereby certify that to the best of our knowledge and belief the statement is correct.

I. R. POFFENBERGER,

M. A. SHETTER,

HARRY LEONARD,

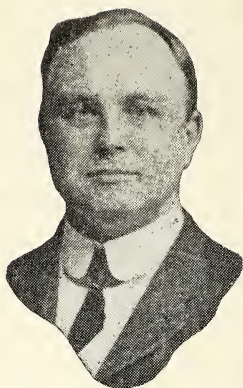
Book Room Auditing Committee.

May 15, 1907.

All books and vouchers have been placed in the hands of Mr. M. A. Shetter, where they may for a reasonable length of time be examined by any stockholders who may be sufficiently interested in the details of the business or its settlement, as to make such examination.

S. C. SWALLOW.

FAREWELL DINNER.



MR. E. B. BUCKALEW,
Pa. State Sec. Y. M. C. A.

Mrs. Swallow and I tendered a farewell evening dinner to the Book Room Board of Managers and the employes including those of the printing office. The function was held in the assembly room of the city Board of Trade, over fifty including other guests being present. Mr. E. B. Buckalew, now secretary of the Pennsylvania State Y. M. C. A. was master of ceremonies and we present a few of his well chosen sentences together with a cut of his good looking face, regretting at the same time our inability to reproduce the pictures of all the others. Each employee found a legal tender souvenir under his and her plate, and the outgoing superintendent was the recipient from the Board of Managers of a beautiful library table, on which he is writing "*III Score and X.*" Mr. Buckalew said:

"The unusually impressive circumstances under which we gather calls to mind another banquet given by the Baptist Social Union of Boston several years ago. During the serving of the feast, a colored waiter entering the room dropped a platter of roast turkey, breaking the platter and scattering the contents on the floor. Dr. A. J. Gordon rising to speak a little later, said, he was impressed with the significance of the occasion for since entering the room they had witnessed the downfall of Turkey, the breaking up of China, the dispersion of Greece and the discomfiture of Africa.

We too should be deeply impressed on this occasion when we remind ourselves that we meet to commemorate both a birth and a death.

It was in 1839 two birds visited a home in North Eastern Pennsylvania, a stork and a Swallow. The stork we will dismiss with our cordial expression of thanks. The Swallow has lived to become a fine old bird. We meet to commemorate his birth, and to mourn the death or translation to New York of the Methodist book rooms.

Concerning the characteristics of this bird, I read in my encyclopedia that it "preys on insects, catching them in the air." It has "great powers of flight, now soaring to a great height, now skimming near the surface and wheeling with great rapidity."

When he has not been pursuing insects, this particular Swallow has been engaged at times as the Dean of Oxford once described himself. A party of three Oxford students early one morning came across the old Dean taking his customary walk in the country. The boys thought they would have a little sport with the old gentleman and when they came

within a few feet of him they formed abreast and halted. Thereupon one of them stepped forward a pace, made a profound bow and said "Good morning Father Abraham!" He stepped back and the second stepped forward and bowing said, "Good morning, Father Isaac!" The third followed with an unctious "Good morning, Father Jacob!" Then the old dean straightened up, a humorous twinkle in his eye, and said, "You are mistaken young gentlemen; my name is Saul, I am the son of Kish. I am looking for my father's asses and here, behold, I have found three of them."

Dr. Swallow located a few also and corraled them in the interest of honest government.

But our rejoicing over his birth must give place to decent reverence over the death of the Book Rooms. It is not, however, so sombre an event. The Book Rooms lived an honorable, successful life and dies a victorious death. Its regular payment of expenses, and then dividends that never lapsed, to stockholders, and beyond that, some thousands of dollars to the sustentation fund of the Central Pennsylvania Conference is a record to stir a proper pride.

And let no one think that the demise of the Book Rooms is the death of Dr. Swallow. Oh, No! His work will continue. Already it is outlined for the immediate future. In the Pennsylvania Methodist he has repeatedly charged that while the church resolutions were hostile to the liquor traffic, the leaders of the church organization acted frequently as though they were in complicity with it. Now he proposes to come out boldly under the banner. "*The ChurchFo-Rum.*" I mistrust it will be desperately *against rum*.

His work in the past has been of untold benefit to the State. His fearless stand for right and his merciless exposure of evil has been as tonic ozone in the fetid atmosphere of the putrid politics of Pennsylvania.

Whatever battles he may wage in the future, whether as the Editor of The Church Forum or in some other capacity, we his friends will always believe in his absolute sincerity, his dauntless courage, and his undying faith in God and in the ultimate triumph of the principles for which he has labored and fought as the faithful servant of Jesus Christ."

BOOK ROOM TRIBULATIONS.

While a man's heart should be as large as the needs of humanity, and yet too small to harbor the memory of a wrong, yet fidelity to his toric accuracy compels a passing reference to the trials of a prohibition Book Room Superintendent. As editor of the Conference paper, the Pennsylvania Methodist, successor to the Conference news, which had been founded by Dr. Maslin Frysinger, the first Superintendent, and con-

tinued by Rev. Thomas S. Wilcox, I published some stinging editorials on the inconsistency of our church leaders in passing prohibition resolutions and voting whiskey tickets. Among them was a lengthy one headed, "Dead at the Top." "Shall it die in the branches?" The first four words was a quotation from one of the most heroic and self sacrificing men ever elected to the Episcopal office, and described his estimate of the lack of fidelity of the Bishops as a body in their relation to the great politico-moral questions of the day. The edition of the Methodist Containing the editorial was quickly exhausted and scores of thousands were printed and sold in circular form. Followed soon, as it was by our exposure of the State thieves, the offended prelates and the defending politicians made common cause against the Pennsylvania Methodist, and against the book room under whose auspices the church paper was published. Nearly every church in the Conference had among its officials one or more politicians whose attachment for the corrupt political machine was far more ardent than for the subserviant ecclesiastical machine which resulted in a boycott of the Book Room by many Sunday schools and churches, and by such pastors as feared the influences of the contributing politicians on the one hand and the appointment making Bishops on the other hand. We are glad to record that many pastors and still more laymen were loyal to the Book Rooms and the superintendent to the end and regret that some suffered much at the hands of the appointing power for their loyalty. The Methodist book concern in New York from which we as a Conference distributing centre received our supplies, joined in the man hunt by circularising frequently and impressively the pastors, churches and Sunday schools, of the Conference, and even by sending their agent to solicit orders direct to them for Sunday school supplies which hitherto we had been furnishing. The New York house went so far in aiding the Republican boycotters in our Conference as to bring large quantities of supplies to the Chambersburg Conference in 1901. Rev. Perry Eveland, the pastor and his Republican officials apologizing for and defending the innovation, for our Harrisburg house had been supplying the sessions of the Conference nearly every year since the house was established. Eaton & Mains' agent came early this year and had their book tables arranged the day before Conference and Dr. Mains was on hand in person to boom his interests and laud McKinley, and we both had our home at Hotel McKinley. We at once sent our boxes back to Harrisburg and explained to the Conference that we had neither taste nor ambition as a retail house to run a tilt with the wholesale house from which we bought most of our supplies, by catering for the retail trade of preachers in the same room at the same time. Chambersburg under Mr. Eveland's management had some time before joined the boycott by ordering from the New York house, or elsewhere.

As the result of dilligent buttonhole work during the preceding year by the boycotters, they expected to be able at this 1901 Chambersburg Conference to refuse to recognize the Harrisburg Book Room in the appointment of a Committee or it, or by refusing to request by a majority vote that the Bishop appoint me Superintendent as had been done for the incumbent every year from the beginning of the Book Room. Questions were raised in debate calculated to draw out the Bishop, who this year was Cyrus D. Foss; as to his attitude, which he answered by saying "When I come to the bridge I assure you I will cross it." This was interpreted by the boycotters as in their favor, and their congratulatory smirks and smiles and nods were quite amusing to behold. However when the vote came it was in our favor, and the good Bishop showed his respect for majority rule, by seeming to stay on my side the bridge and by inviting me to the platform and giving me an advance sheet of the appointments soon to be read, so that I could get them off to the detested Pennsylvania Methodist for publication in the current number.

The plotters swallowed their chagrin with as good grace as possible, but at once began to plan for a more aggressive campaign which culminated at the Conference in Fifth Street Church, Harrisburg, in 1904 in the boycotters clandestinely aided by good Bishop McCabe, securing a small majority vote, refusing to request the Bishop to reappoint me superintendent of the Book Rooms, and thus rejecting the check for about \$300, which I had carried up from the year's profits of the book room, for the worn out preachers of the Conference. As an evidence that my activity for prohibition was at the bottom of the rejection, though no reference to that subject or any of its correlatives had been named in the debate that preceeded the vote, yet on its announcement the Bishop made a speech beginning with, "And now as to this matter of temperance and prohibition, I too have been attacked by the editor of the Pennsylvania Methodist, and yet I have always been for temperance. And I should be, for my own brother broke my mother's heart by his intemperate life, etc., etc." Then followed an account of his accepting money from a liquor seller at a church dedication and thus winning him; and the necessity for kindness, and by inference a fling at the unkindness of the editor, etc., etc.

At the close I got the floor, and expressed the belief that the Bishop was too brave to make a personal attack from his vantage ground in the chair and as the dispenser of the conference patronage and not permit a reply from the member attacked. I called attention to his reference to prohibition, which showed that it was the real cause of the opposition, and to his persistently casting his votes and influence for a party and its candidates who through the license system made easy the downfall of

his brother and the breaking of his own mother's heart. I closed by saying. "While I admire and love you as a brother yet I most heartily despise your politics. Nevertheless (extending to him my hand)

"Blest be the tie that binds
"Our hearts in Christian love."

which some one starting to the old tune, the Conference sang with a will, meanwhile the leaders of the boycott looked cheap; say about 13 cents.

I laid nothing up against them for they were simply pleasing the Bishop who must soon with ecclesiastical omnipotence give them appointments, and pleasing too, the political bosses in their home churches.

Meanwhile the Methodist Book Rooms at Harrisburg and the Pennsylvania Methodist went on their merry way till both reached a point in 1905 where it suited the Board of Managers to discontinue the Book Rooms, as the result of the advantageous sale of their real estate. In answer to my suggestion that the rooms be continued under the Superintendency of another who was "fresh for the fray," and I be allowed to retire and take up a work more congenial to me, the principal stock holders among the managers though old party voters, said in substance, "No! If *you* go out the Book Rooms go out. As managers we have given our time gratis to facilitate the distribution of Methodist literature. We have furnished gratis for thirteen years a room for preachers, meetings, lighting, heating and garnishing it free of cost; a room that could have been rented for \$300 a year or nearly \$4000 in the thirteen years. Now let those who have failed to show their appreciation of our efforts to furnish at the State Capital a headquarters for Pennsylvania Methodism reap the fruit of their own folly by doing without such headquarters or by furnishing it themselves," and the Book Rooms went out, nor has another come in while the Pennsylvania Methodist was merged into the Church Forum the editor of which I continued till forced by a physical demand for an out-door life to give it up, when we found an opening through a syndicate of papers to speak to a million people a week instead of a few thousand.

We herewith furnish cuts of a number of my helpers on the Forum.

THE KANE LEADER.

The Leader, published at Kane, Pa., had this to say on the closing of the Book Rooms:

DR. SWALLOW'S PAPER.

"The Methodist book store at Harrisburg, of which Dr. Silas C. Swallow has been superintendent for many years, is selling out; a fine price having been offered for the property in which it has been conducted.



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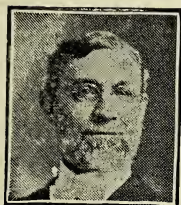
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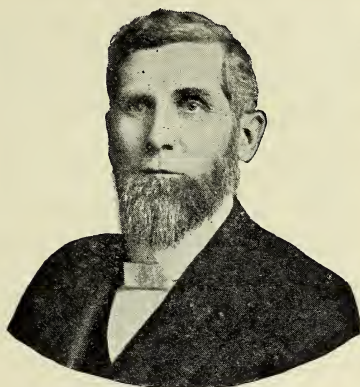
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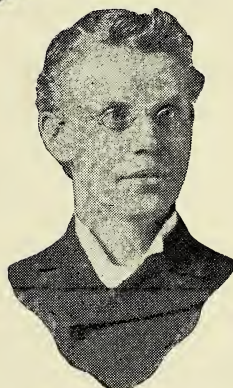
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MY EDITORIAL HELPERS IN THE CHURCH FORUM

No. 1, Rev. Wm. A. Carver; No. 2, Rev. Wm. J. Lockhart; No. 3, Rev. Geo. A. Cooke, No. 4, Rev. E. B. Killinger; No. 5, Elmer E. Schilling; No. 6, Rev. J. Stockton Roddy; No. 7, Rev. Stanley Krebs; No. 8, Rev. Dr. Joel Swartz; No. 9, Mrs. M. F. Stees; No. 10, Mrs. E. Norine Law; No. 11, Rev. Wm. Powick; No. 12, G. Robert Cooper, (Uncle Bob); No. 13, A. H. Humphrey; No. 14, Rev. Dr. Frost; No. 15, Rev. Dr. Richard H. Gilbert; No. 16, B. F. M. Sours.

The "Pennsylvania Methodist," Dr. Swallow's paper, has been published in connection with the book room, and the editor has been able to give it his attention without compensation, through holding the superintendency. The question of continuing the paper now rests upon increasing the subscription list, and the Doctor justly appeals to the friends of the cause to aid in the effort to put it upon a basis of larger support. It need not be said to those who read these columns that Dr. Swallow has wrought most heroically for the prohibition cause, and the editorials of the Methodist have been a constant inspiration to the enemies of the saloon. They have sounded a positive note for righteousness regardless of personality. They have maintained one standard for President and private alike, and maintained it regardless of prejudice or furious antagonism.

We believe we speak the sentiment of every lover of the truth when we declare that we cannot afford to have the "Pennsylvania Methodist" discontinued. Let us see to it that the paper is strengthened and that brave Dr. Swallow's noble soul is cheered by a shower of new subscriptions from McKean county. The paper costs only \$1.00 a year, and is an eight-page weekly. Address Dr. Silas C. Swallow, Harrisburg, Pa."

CHAPTER XVIII.

METHODISM IN CAMP HILL.

It was in the autumn of 1894, and while superintending the book rooms, that passing through Camp Hill, three miles west of Harrisburg, I noticed a brick church covered with slate, stained glass in the windows and the wood work needing paint.

On inquiry I discovered that the Christian denomination had built it several years before and for lack of support it had been unused for four or five years and had fallen by sale into the hands of Judge Biddle of Carlisle and James May of Camp Hill. Consulting the only two resident Methodists who agreed with me that we needed a church in that village, I offered \$1200 for the church standing on a fifty foot lot. At the end of a year they accepted my offer and I hurriedly made a payment on it and ordered the deed. When I carried the, to me glad, news to the two resident Methodists I was chagrined to find both had changed their minds as to the wisdom of attempting at that time to establish a Methodist Church, inasmuch as there had been for years a "Church of God" in operation, and they questioned whether, there was room for two. But I had invested and must do something. We had the church cleaned and promptly started a series of meetings with that sweet singer and forceful revival preacher Rev. Richard H. Colburn, then pastor of St. Paul's, Harrisburg, as principle helper. The meeting dragged at first but in a week or two swung out gloriously. We had a four horse team and large omnibus that would seat thirty passengers come to the book rooms every evening where Harrisburg Methodists in response to postal cards sent out in the morning would crowd it, and we would go singing to our evening's work. The fences of the neighborhood of the church crowded with teams, some of them coming five miles; the church that would seat four hundred crowded to the doors; and the altar crowded with penitents; were familiar features of that wonderful meeting.

FEW CHILDREN CAME.

Owing to the teachings regnant in the community for many long years that only believers were eligible for baptism, and that children should take a back seat in religious matters, only adults came to the altar. We

saw there what we never saw before nor since, viz: three brothers past the meridian of life, all stalwart six footers, at the altar on the same night, all wrestling like Jacob of old and saying, "Unless thou bless me I will not let thee go," and all were converted if we mistake not on the same night. One of them since went to glory we trust; one we gave, or loaned, or rather he was captured by another church as were not a few of the converts, and the third is still steward, trustee, and Sunday school worker backed by a wife, a son and a round half dozen of interesting and testimony bearing daughters. Is there any luxury comparable with soul saving? "Jesus for the joy that was set before him endured the Cross, despising the shame and is now set down at the right hand of the throne of God." It was not the joy of obtaining a temporarily discarded throne and crown, but the joy of saving souls. How sadly changed are revival conditions in these last years. There was some grounds for the statement of a veteran who said the old Bethel song once rang clear.

"With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day."

But the new version is

"With thee all night I meant to stay,
But conclude at nine to run away."

A society was organized at Camp Hill, a pastor secured, the debt paid, a lot alongside the church bought, a Sunday school annex and a parsonage built and to God be all the glory. The present property value is \$8,000. While I have not done all I might have done, or should have done toward locating Methodist churches during the past quarter century, yet it may not be overleaping the bounds of modesty to state that by the help of God coupled with that of consecrated laymen, we have planted four out of the six founded within the bounds of the Harrisburg District in the last twenty-five years. They are Epworth and Ridge Avenue, York; Epworth, Harrisburg; and the one at Camp Hill, the other two referred to are West Street York and Curtin Heights, Harrisburg. There should have been long since one at Lemoyne where we owned the first church lot but our presiding elder sold it in 1905, three other denominations having here secured churches. At least three new ones should have been built in Harrisburg, and others at other points in the district. And this is only a sample illustrating our lack of vigilance in "spreading scripture holiness as interpreted by Methodism over these lands," and especially through these rapidly growing cities.

MANY PLACES NEGLECTED.

There are hundreds of places in town and country where Methodist Churches might be located with profit and splendid success, if Methodists

who have the means thought less of "ease and useless self-indulgence" and more of "launching out into the deep." The transition from being the most connectional church in the world mechanically, to the most selfish spiritually, is so easy that Methodism needs to beware. United only in name and money raising, we may become hopelessly divided and discredited as to Evangelism.

BEWARE OF THE MONEY TIE.

A Dutchman and his wife, in quarrels many, sat before the generous hearth on which were stretched the peaceful forms of Touser and Puss. After long musing, the good frau between puffs of tobacco smoke broke out wailing, "O Yacob ust see dot dog und cat, da ust lay there together mitout von scratch or snarl, vy can't we lift that vay Yacob?" To which he replied, "Yah Yah, Peggy Jane but you ust tie dem dog und cat together vonst and den you see de fite like thunder and blixen."

There is a better bond than the mechanical and monetary and many denominations are finding it.

As I write the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal church is in session at Baltimore. Eight Bishops, it has been decided, must be elected, two of whom have received the necessary two thirds vote, and now for several days balloting has been hot but no election. That the candidates are also hot, is evident from the heated statements of several who have withdrawn their candidacy at least two of them beaten off by the smirching tongue of scandal. At the same time the Presbyterian General Assembly is in session at Kansas City, Mo. Some of the daily papers of the country of May 23, 1908 have the following headlines in adjoining columns which explain my meaning concerning denominational ties.

"WORLD EVANGELISM!"	METHODISTS FAIL TO
PRESBYTERIANS CRY IN	ELECT ONE BISHOP ON
GENERAL ASSEMBLY.	LAST FIVE
LARGE AMOUNT PLEDGED	BALLOTS.
TO CARRY ON THE	GOSSIP HURTS G—— TEL-
WORK.	LER CHARGED WITH
TENT SUMMER CAMPAIGNS	ELECTIONEERING, etc.
POPULAR. MANY CON-	
VERTS LAST YEAR, etc.	

We need as a church to beware lest another take our crown. If we give ourselves over to grasping for honors, titles and fleshly emoluments, we must not complain if Paul's arraignment of the hollow ecclesiasticism of his day falls heavily upon us.

MT. GREYNA CHAUTAUQUA.

We are under obligations to the Lebanon Report for what follows. At a popular gathering held at Mt. Greyna park, July 31, 1891, the following committee was appointed to consider the advisability of organizing a Chautauqua, viz.: Rev. A. M. Viven, of Cornwall; Tallie Morgan, of Scranton; J. K. Bomberger, of Bismark; Wm. G. Borgner of Lebanon and S. C. Swallow, Frank Boyer and L. W. Turner, of Harrisburg. Stock was sold and the stock holders elected the following Board of Manager, viz.: R. B. Gordon, J. L. Lemberger, Lee L. Grumbine, Jacob H. Redsecker, Harry B. Cochran, Chas. L. Fry, George B. Stewart, S. C. Swallow, M. L. Montgomery, J. G. Mohn, John B. McPherson, H. N. McKnight, E. O. Lyte, W. H. Ulrich and W. H. Lewars. The work went rapidly forward, and has grown in interest and numbers through the intervening years. For several years it was my privilege and pleasure to cooperate with this worthy movement till a multiplicity of other pressing duties and frequent absence from home on lecture courses, compelled me to resign. After five or six years our interest was again enlisted to the extent of purchasing "Fair Oaks Cottage" where for five years our family and visiting friends summered, and found genial society and enjoyable entertainments, which added to the never failing supply of pure water from springs digged and walled by Mr. Coleman, the then owner of the vast estate, and an abundance of pure air supplied from the open hand of our Universal Father rendered our annual outing something to look forward to with delight and retrospect with pleasure.

The variety of things and peoples to see in the neighborhood was almost inexhaustible, and adapted to varied tastes and necessities. If the visitor wanted a picnic let him tarry just inside the gates on leaving the train and he would generally find one or two from neighboring towns and rooms and tables and seats for more. If interested in agriculture a walk of a few rods to the left would place before him all the improved machinery, together with all kinds of stock and produce and the grangers who produce the product to tell you how they did it.

If of a military turn of mind let him on entering the gates turn to the right and in five minutes he would be in the midst of the tents, guns, horses and men of the national guard. If inclined to letters he need but go a quarter mile more or less across the brook or the lake and the merry Chautauquans would give him the waving salute.

Or if desires religious are uppermost and he be not too religious, but intent on simply conserving the stock on hand, a three minutes walk eastward puts him in the great auditorium of the United Brethren resort, misnamed here as nearly everywhere now "Camp-meeting" with its scores, possibly now hundreds of cottages, and their happy families. In short he can range the forest and forage on berries, or climb the mountains and expand his lungs, or, row or fish on the lake, or study, or engage in military drill or quiz the farmers, or sleep or, do anything else he pleases to do, so long as he pleases to do right.

Possibly to no man is the public more indebted for the opportunities presented here for rest and recreation than to that good natured, hustling, many-sided, well-rounded prohibitionist railroad superintendent A. D. Smith, or Lebanon.



Hon. A. D. Smith.

CHAPTER XIX.

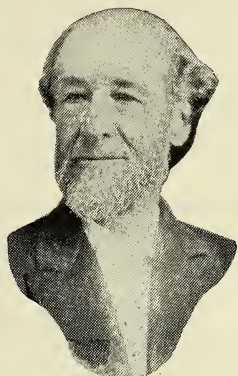
GENERAL CONFERENCE OF 1896.

If in 1880 I had been elected a delegate to the General Conference because I was a Presiding Elder, as an offset to it I was elected in 1896, sixteen years after, possibly because I was *not* a presiding elder, but only a book room superintendent. I desired to go to Cleveland to add my vote to the little band of prohibitionists intent on staying the tide of worldly-wise pro-license republicanism resulting from the desire of Methodist managers to know how it would feel to own a Methodist president.

HANNA'S CANDIDATE.

William McKinley was a candidate for the Republican nomination, championed against the field by Marcus Hanna, whose plethoric purse was put at the disposal of his favorite in the purchase of press notices galore. The operation was secretive, dextrously handled, and so new to the other Republican bosses that Mr. Hanna's candidate was far on the road before the other runners were fairly started. It meant much to Mr. Hanna to catch the Methodist vote though he had little regard for the Methodist religion. He had reason to fear that the grievous back-sliding of Mr. McKinley on the prohibition of the liquor traffic, from the radical ground he had occupied as a young man, a backsliding made necessary to catch the liquor vote of Ohio for Congress, and then for governor, with the brewer's boss, named Cox at the political helm, might alienate his Methodist friends in other states. And hence Mr. McKinley's visit and introduction to the General Conference, and the frenzied applause given him by the Republican delegates, and hence too the report in advance of the session that an effort would be made to modify the radical action of a previous General Conference, so that the Methodist voters might be loyal to the church and loyal to the candidate of Marcus Hanna and beer boss Cox of Ohio at the same time. However, the committee on temperance and prohibition of which Dr. Charles Payne was chairman, and of which I was a member, reaffirmed the radical action before referred to. The republican members of the committee, who were largely in the majority but were not there in force when the committee voted, began to make threats

that they would defeat the report of the committee on the conference floor, and not only so, but defeat for re-election general conference officers such as editors, secretaries, etc., who might stand by the radical measure. The Cincinnati delegation sat just behind ours. Dr. Payne, an eloquent and godly member of that delegation, and for years corresponding secretary of our Educational Society, and an ardent prohibitionist though fearing the boycott, informed me that another meeting of the committee was called for, and asked me if I would move the reconsideration of the vote for the purpose of modifying the radical action. I answered, "Assuredly not. What we have done suits me." The Committee met, the Republican members being there in force, and the report was modified and the Anti-Saloon League with an optional morality locally applied, was incipiently enthroned by Methodism, though the book of discipline with its deceptive paragraphs remained unchanged for the prohibition of the traffic majority or no majority.



Rev. Charles Payne, D. D.

A CONFERENCE BOOST FOR MR. MCKINLEY.

While not so intended by all the Bishops who signed it, yet the evident purpose of one paragraph in the Bishop's quadrennial address was the disintegration of the Prohibition vote and the boosting of Mr. McKinley for the presidency notwithstanding his alliance with the liquor vote. It "left every voter free from ecclesiastical interference to determine for himself for whom his ballot shall be cast." A statement that seems statesmanlike, and in harmony with the high aims of self-government, but sadly out of harmony with the book of discipline, page 312, which says, "We do not presume to dictate the political conduct of our people but we do record our deliberate judgment that no political party has the right to expect, nor ought it to receive the support of Christian men so long as it stands committed to the license policy, or refuses to put itself on record in an attitude of open hostility to the saloon."

If such a political party ought not to receive the support of Christian men, then surely Christian men ought not give such political party their support, but a professing christian who knowingly does what he ought not, is not a christian; he is a common election day sinner, and yet he must be harbored in the church which has no right to either dictate his vote or purge itself of his presence.

A CONCRETE ILLUSTRATION.

A majority of the voters in a certain precinct are Methodists. Drunkenness, Sabbath desecration, gambling and all manner of lawlessness run riot in that precinct. Two men are candidates for an executive office that should deal with that lawlessness. One is pledged to its suppression, the other to its maintenance. The Methodists vote solidly for the crime defender but the church has no redress because of the sacredness of the ballot. It is simply preposterous. To say that the ballot is so sacred a thing that Methodists may use it to destroy the highest interests of the church, of the community, of the state, and of the nation, and the church have no redress is folly gone mad.

AS MUCH SIN IN A BALLOT AS IN A BLUDGEON.

There can be as much sin and even crime thrown into a ballot as into a bludgeon. And the present position of the church is identical with that of President Buchanan on the breaking out of the rebellion when he said, "A State has no right to secede but if it does, it cannot be coerced." Just so. No Christian has a right to vote for a party that raises hell on earth, but if he does, other christians must continue their good fellowship with him, and that without protest. Is it logical or scriptural or sensible to proscribe members who drink, get drunk, sell liquor, sign applicants for license or act as bondsmen for licensed men, and then have no redress against members who do all these things and worse with the ballot?

"The times of this ignorance God winked at but now commandeth ballot duped Methodists everywhere to repent."

A POLITICAL CHURCH THERMOMETER.

Mr. McKinley as stated before had been an ardent prohibitionist, but on the advice of a political friend abandoned it and made the tariff his specialty. In so doing he secured the championship of the crime breeders, believing as he had a right to believe from the past actions of many Methodist pulpit trimmers he had known most intimately, that the church would not seriously object in action but only in resolution to a partnership with them. They were lead by George B. Cox the brewer's boss of Cincinnati and Greenhut of Peoria the distilling boss who claimed to have spent \$20,000 in bringing Mr. McKinley around the western circle. Mr. McKinley and Mark Hanna who had paid his debts when a bankrupt and dictated his administrations, were as good and no better, as bad and no worse, than the church of whose moral status they were accurate thermometers.

CHURCH AND SALOON. LOOK AT THIS MEDLEY.

The Pennsylvania Methodist of July 9, 1896, said: "Major McKinley the republican nominee for the Presidency has so far trimmed his sails as to catch every favoring breeze. He is doubtless an accomplished gentleman, a kind hearted husband, whose conscience would cause him to thunder vigorously against the current evils that threaten our institutions if such a course would not threaten his election."

Mr. Halle, General Secretary of the National Retail Liquor Dealers Association of America, with a membership of 180,000, wrote: "There is not a member of our association who is not good for ten votes. Our support of Major McKinley is not due to sentiment, but is simply a question of business. He is the only man who has showed up so far whom we can support. He has never favored measures opposed to the interests of the saloon keepers."

The Pittsburg Advocate, Dr. Charles W. Smith, editor, since made Bishop, said: "William McKinley's record, private and public, is above criticism. Men may differ with his policy, but no man ever was so rash as to raise the finger of reproach against him."

Johnny Reisenweber, a member of the New York Liquor Dealers Association and keeping the Circle Saloon at 58th street and 8th avenue, New York, said to a reporter just after his return from the convention that nominated Mr. McKinley: "Nobody is kicking on the temperance plank. The boys are all right, and all yelling for McKinley. Nobody else is in it at all."

The Western Christian Advocate, Cincinnati, said: "He is a sincere and unostentatious Christian, a member and trustee of our first church in Canton. Why should we not rejoice that such a man is nominated by one of the great parties which rule our country."

John E. Dodds, keeper of a saloon at the corner of Bleeker and Thompson streets, New York City, and the Republican leader of the fifth assembly district said to a reporter: "McKinley is all right. Ten out of twelve of the New York Liquor Dealers were with him from the start. I have talked with at least twenty of the boys since the convention and everyone is red-hot for McKinley. The temperance plank amounts to nothing and offends none of the liquor dealers, they care nothing for it."

And Mr. McKinley himself as reported by his friend, Dr. Carroll, to the New York preachers meeting, and reproduced in the "Sun" said: "I could ask for the resignation of my secretary (Griggs) and take the matter (of executing the anti-canteen law) into my own hands, but I must be perfectly sure of my position. Were it not campaign year I would issue an order closing the canteen at once, but that would not do,

as the act would be misconstrued, and my political opponents would make stock of it."

And this was the man boomed in the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which had said of the liquor business, "It cannot be legalized without sin," and "Christian men should not vote for political parties not hostile to the saloon." What a jubilee there must have been in Hell over that mix-up. Who could wonder after that, at the pessimism of the cynic who said: "The more I get acquainted with folks the better I think of my dog."

And how did it all turn out? Congress passed a law knocking out the canteen that was debauching our soldiery, the church signed miles of petitions against its revocation, but McKinley through a fake opinion of this creature Attorney General Griggs, knocked the law out and knocked the canteen in again. The church and the saloon joined hands again to re-elect him, and a habitu of the government protected saloon shot Mr. McKinley to death. He singing, "Nearer My God to Thee, in which the church and saloon joined; since which the church and saloon have been rivals in erecting mausoleums to his memory. And yet, "it cannot be licensed without sin." Who are the sinners in this mix-up? And "why," again let me ask as a special result has it been frantically demanded for a full decade, "do men not attend church?" Their time is much taken up in attending that almost ubiquitous copartner of the church vote, known as the saloon. We know the reason assigned by many church dignitaries for their zeal in keeping the other party out, is the fear of soup houses and empty dinner pails if they get in, but at this writing in 1908 under the G. O. P. good times, we are handling shinplasters for money, business houses are suspending, and soup houses are crowded.

The real reason for ignoring moral questions in politics, or rather for getting on the wrong side of moral questions, by the church, is party-olatry, coupled with a desire for money. Concerning which George Washington in his farwell address made many a wise utterance fortelling the conditions that now unhappily exist.

That the secular world with its wide open lynx-eyes long since took notice of the compromising attitude of the church on moral questions is evident from the general tone of the secular press, a sample of which from the Philadelphia North American Editorial of March 23, 1908 is offered in evidence. When a money making secular journal takes higher ground than the church and uses columns of its space to exhort preachers to be true, it is time for church leaders to sit up, rub their eyes and take notice. We reproduce less than a third of the editorial referred to.

A NEWSPAPER'S REBUKE.

"The liquor people in this contest have ignored the moderate advocates of local option. They have entered their entire attack upon prohibition and upon the churches.

Victory at this time, therefore, means more to the church than merely winning a temperance fight. Grave doubt is creeping into the minds of many people as to whether the church is the same potent force in modern life that it was in earlier days. There is abundant proof the world over that such doubt is spreading daily.

We believe that a chief reason for this is that the church membership,—the people that profess the religion that declares against the existent evils—comprises a sufficient proportion of every community to end those evils. And yet the wrongdoers thrive unpunished and the wrongs flourish unabated. Therefore in this contest the liquor people think they have assured their success by taking a position which constitutes a challenge to every minister and every congregation.

If an invading religious army—a horde of Mohammedans, for example—were to march upon this State with flying banners and symbols of war, we doubt if there is one of these church people who would not lay down his life for his faith. Yet a victory by such invaders would mean only a conquest of physical strength, a submission to superiority of numbers.

But in the battle now waging the forces of the right have the numbers and the strength. To be beaten would mean desertion, treachery—for the worst form of treachery is indifference to duty.

Therefore we speak some frank words this morning to the preacher who is right at heart, but who is deterred from action because some contributor to the charities of his church owns real estate rented for saloons.

We speak to the preacher who fears that aggressiveness on his part would aggrieve friends of his members who own brewery stock.

Above all, we speak to the preacher who believes that it would be unseemly for him to touch anything that savors of politics.

To all such we say that they cannot stand apart in silence in this fight. Its real significance to the minister is that he must be actively for or against the church as well as for or against the saloon, since the liquor people have forced the contest on these false lines.

The North American did not take up this fight primarily to protect the church. We did not think that religion would enter into the question save in an incidental way. Yet, with eyes wide open, we faced losses of advertising greater, we are sure, than could come to a thousand churches by reason of this conflict.

We have placed the newspaper in open hostility to the business interests of a large number of our best friends—many of them manly, big-hearted, honorable citizens. We have brought down upon us a combined opposition of forces and money, not only in the brewery and liquor proper, but in the allied trades, which is stronger than ever opposed a single newspaper, to our knowledge.

We do not say this with any desire for compassion or comfort. Because if the opposition were ten times as strong, we should fight just ten times harder if we could find some way to do it. For the reassurance of those of our friends who may doubt our persistence, we tell them that the combination will not break nor bend us.

We mention these matters merely to say to the minister who flinches, halts or hesitates at this time that he must hold more lightly the thing with which he and his church have been forcibly identified than we do our cause. Were we to be silent or back and fill at this minute, we could not look our readers in the face. We cannot see how such a minister can face his congregation.

Every saloon to-day is a headquarters for the recruiting and garrisoning of an army in this fight. Every saloon keeper is canvassing and checking off his list of membership. Nearly 2000 in this city alone are organized, and active and ready to strike.

We ask the preacher if the same is true of his church. Has he called together the dozen whom he considers the strongest church leaders? Has he had a canvass made of the male members of the church and pledges taken that they would vote only for local option candidates?

Has he asked the wives and mothers of his congregation to obtain the pledges of the husbands and sons? Has this matter been placed before his Bible class, and have the boys of his Sunday school been instructed in its meaning? Have his church societies been impressed with the importance of the question?

If not, Mr. Minister, you have shirked your duty, not only as a temperance and a local option man, but as one who has sworn to defend his faith.

For as we have shown, in this fight the liquor interests have made that the issue, so far as the church is concerned, and defeat in this would bring dismay to the hearts of thousands and deepen doubt in the minds of more thousands who fear, even while they hope that the day is not done when the church can prove itself a militant power for true civilization."

ANOTHER TESTIMONY.

The following from the "California Voice" of Sept. 3, 1908, and presumably from the pen of its talented editor, Dr. Wiley, J. Phillips, is a concrete illustration of the lack of interest upon the part of the church

in Los Angeles, Cal., claimed by our church leaders to be the most Methodist city in the world. It is a fair sample of conditions nearly everywhere and also illustrates the reason why the church by temporizing has lost its opportunity to bring in the great reform on moral lines; and why it is coming in on economic lines headed by railroads, civic societies and employers of labor. The church has lost its crown. Another has taken it. And again it is in order to ask why don't men as well as women attend church these times? The answer is men are not attracted to leadership that is not manly. The article referred to is headed

WHAT JUSTIFIABLE REASON CAN BE GIVEN?

"We are often blamed for what some of our friends are pleased to call "blaming" or "abusing" the churches or ministry for not manifesting a more earnest interest in the question of saloon suppression. Now what are the facts? Is there any justification or grounds for criticism? A move has twice been attempted in this city to organize a citizens' movement to devise means and set in motion methods by which saloon and gambling domination might be overthrown. Appeals have been made to the churches, the W. C. T. U., Good Templars, Anti-Saloon League and all others interested in good government. The leadership, the plans to be adopted, the glory of it, if any one is so small, so narrow, so contemptible as to consider for a moment who should have the glory, was to be left entirely in the hands of one hundred citizens selected from all of the temperance and Christian organizations of the city. It was a plan so broad, so unselfish, so thoroughly democratic, that no reasonable man could find fault with it, and yet both attempts have been utterly thwarted, not by the liquor forces, but by the very churches and temperance people upon whom the good people relied to do this thing.

Last summer a committee of twenty-five was appointed, consisting of men and women representing the churches, the Anti-Saloon League, the Good Templars, W. C. T. U., Prohibition Party, etc., for the purpose of inaugurating a citizens' movement against the liquor traffic and attendant vices. Appeals were sent out to all these organizations, but with meager results. Recently this committee sent out appeals to one hundred and fifty churches, to the Church Federation, the Anti-Saloon League, etc. Of the 150 churches appealed to, to appoint men for this civic righteousness, citizens' committee, only about 35 responded at all, and of these three of our prominent churches refused to send a representative or have anything to do with it. The civic righteousness committee of the Church Federation refused to co-operate, the Anti-Saloon League refused to send a representative, and of the 150 churches in the city less than five, after due notice had been given them, were represented at the meeting of the committee. The Church Federation was not represented, the Anti-Saloon League refused to be represented—not

in a prohibition committee to fight for a clean city, but a citizen's committee. When the saloon, dance hall, Sabbath desecrating, church opposing element wanted to defy the church and spit in the face of the church and ministry, the call was responded to by thirteen thousand of them, and they secured a prominent member of the papal church to speak and give a pious twang to their Sabbath breaking, beer-drinking orgies.

But now when the churches and ministers who were insulted by these people are asked to lend their aid to a movement by the reputable citizens of the city to close the saloons, out of 150 only 35 even had the courtesy to respond at all, three refusing to be represented in the move, and less than five had representatives at the meeting, the Anti-Saloon League and the Church Federation refused to be represented. This was not a Prohibition movement, not a church movement, not an Anti-Saloon League movement, but a citizens' movement, the only logical and effective way of dealing with this question in Los Angeles. We can see no justifiable reason for this. What excuse can be given for refusing to meet and talk the matter over? Is the matter of who has the glory of more importance than suppressing the liquor traffic? There was to be no glory in it. Duty, Christian duty, saving the home, the church, the city, to its best possible conditions by the combined efforts of its best citizens was the only question with the committee. Times and methods and leaders and all that were to be settled by the combined wisdom of all, and we can see no justifiable reason why the Anti-Saloon League, the churches and the Church Federation refused to join a movement of this kind. The liquor men and dance hall thugs don't stand on technicalities.

They at least seem to have horse-sense."

PARTISAN INSANITY.

Yes, as said before, Washington's prophesy has been marvelously fulfilled to the disgrace, the shame and the well nigh ruin of our country. Bishop Cranston is authority for saying at the recent session of the Philadelphia Conference "ten years more of such rule and we would have been ruined," and yet it was the church vote led on by church leaders that rendered this ruin possible and it was all under Republican supremacy, whose monopoly made rich ones still shell out their money by the bag full to keep the high tariff officials in power.

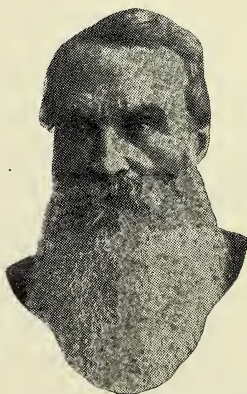
The Democrats have adhered to Jackson and Jefferson and their issues long after men and issues are dead, and buried, and stink. It was long a standing joke with the Republicans that men were Democrats because their fathers, grandfathers, and great grand-fathers were Democrats, but now for nearly a half century the Republican joke, like chickens and curses "has come home to roost." Men are Republicans because the

Republican party at a cost of millions of treasure and nearly a million lives put down the rebellion and freed the slaves while semi-barbarous Russia freed her twenty millions of serfs by the ukase of the Czar without shedding a drop of blood. The drunkenness of partisan politicians north and south, most of whom were also gamblers and many from the south, the fathers of the children they held in slavery or sold on the auction block, as many of the north were regular patrons of Washington's saloons and brothels, was largely responsible for the failure to amicably dispose of the slavery question. And so the soldier and his son and his son's son shoulder their crutches, real or mimic, and at the end of forty years fight the old battles over again, forgetting that larger and more important issues are upon us and demand a solution at our hands. Chaplain McCabe delivered his lecture on the Bright Side of Life in Libby prison more than a thousand times, while in many of the cities in which it was delivered there was greater suffering every year from the ravages of the rum demon than Libby prison ever saw. And, alas! those ravages had no "bright side," but only darkness and death and hell. It is estimated that in this country during the last twenty-five years, not less than an average of 100,000 a year have perished, soul and body, through the great national curse, making an aggregate of 2,500,000. There has never been a year in that time when the Republican party could not have blotted out that curse, never a year in which the Methodist Church vote cast solidly for Prohibition candidates would not have forced the issue upon the old party organizations and ended the struggle.

We have raised millions to send missionaries to the heathen, accompanying them in the same vessel with American rum to debauch the heathen, while at home, morally considered, a worse heathenism prevailed than any found in distant lands. The remonstrance of such godly men as Bishop Thoburn, of India, and that St. Paul of the nineteenth century, Bishop Wm. Taylor, a cosmopolitan herald of the cross for more than a half century and in every clime, seemed of no avail, and the outrage continues to this day, and all because the Methodist vote of America did not back up the Methodist pious resolutions.

A great Methodist money-getting Bishop remonstrated with a voting Prohibitionist church secretary for opposing the Republican high license party, saying, "We can't afford it for the Republicans have the money of the country and we want it."

Bishop Bashford, in his Lyric Theatre, Baltimore, address, de-



Rev. Bishop William Taylor

livered on a Sabbath afternoon during General Conference in May, 1908, supported Local Option, or allowing a majority of the voters in any given community to decide whether they will have the cause of most of the profanity, disobedience, Sabbath desecration, theft, adultery, and murder licensed and perpetuated by law. He went so far as to say that if he had the power to place prohibition in a community where a majority were opposed to it, he would not do it, because the law would not be executed. He is our Bishop in China. Would he object to the Chinese government passing laws in harmony with the ten commandments unless a majority of the people favored it? Would he license gambling or prohibit it by law, in communities in the United States where a majority of the voters are gamblers? Would he have passed anti-polygamy laws for Utah when eighty per cent. of its people favored polygamy? Would he have passed the sixteenth amendment giving the negroes a vote where nine-tenths of the people opposed it? Would he rescind the ten commandments where a majority oppose them? Alas! alas! "The law is our schoolmaster." "Like master like pupil."

Largely through the influence of our Board of Bishops, led by the politicians among the laymen, the General Conference was swept into the support of Local Option as distinguished from National Prohibition, and the backsliding of our church has doubtless postponed settling the momentous question for a full quarter of a century.

It is not to be wondered at that the New York Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church had no word of rebuke to offer Wm. S. Stead, the English editor, who, in an address is reported to have asked, in pleading for their assistance in the establishment of universal peace, "Are you American churchmen—you members of the Church of Jesus Christ in America—willing to take action to secure the enactment of this law as an international statute, and say that there shall be a moment's pause before the dogs of war are unleashed?"

"Amen! Amen!" came in a chorus from all over the church.

"Amen! Oh, nobody cares a damn for an amen, unless it leads you to do something to put into effect your prayers," the speaker responded.

He declared that in his visits to various parts of the world he has found no one who thought the Christian Church was a force in the world to-day.

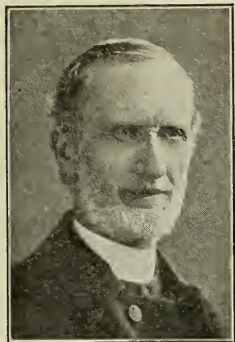
"You speak to the great men of Europe and ask their opinion of its power, and they shrug their shoulders and tell you that the Christian Church has been allowed to go to the devil," he said.

He urged the great churches of America to unite forces in the movement for international peace.

But we must pass to a more congenial subject.

AN ENGLISH YANKEE LET LOOSE ON THE GENERAL CONFERENCE.

Wife and self were happily homed at the 1896 General Conference at the princely home of the Arters, on Wilson Avenue, in Cleveland, O. Princely, because our host and hostess and their charming daughters



Dr. W. L. Watkinson.

and stalwart son, had reduced to a fine art the common sense science of making guests comfortable and at home without the burdensome conventionalities and ceremonials of "sassiety." Dr. W. L. Watkinson, Fraternal Delegate from the British Conference, and his bright and capable helpmeet, were co-guests in the same home, and is now again twelve years later visiting America. We found this celebrated preacher and author anything but a typical Johnny Bull. Approximating plus six feet in his stockings, so slim that he laughingly referred to being accused of "narrowness;" with none of the slowgoing reserve

that keeps the average Englishman's overcoat, under coat, and vest buttoned to the chin to strangers; quick to see and apply a joke and quicker to make one, ready in repartee as in his ability to discuss to edification theology, physiology, politics, polemics, poetry, and poultry, he seemed rather a typical cross between the Connecticut Yankee and the high-bred Irishman.

HE LOOKED AT THE ROOTERS.

At his request I accompanied him to the only base ball game I have ever seen, that he might compare and contrast it with cricket, the great English national game. We were both more interested in the rooters than in the players of the game. Eighteen got all the exercise of limb, while the five thousand seemed content to exercise their lungs. We could but wonder what would be the result if a church congregation became as enthusiastic over the mental and spiritual gymnastics of the pulpit wrestler with the prince of the power of the air as did these contestants for a carnal victory. "Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight and the sin which does so easily beset, and let us run with patience the race set before us." More seems to depend on running than in batting in base ball, and a good runner, provided he keeps face to the foe, is in great demand in our spiritual olympics.

We believe in athletics for the many, and not simply for the few, while the many gamble on the success of the few, and the few grade the quality of their playing to suit the gamblers whose pals they are.

Professional athletics is as spiritually inane as professional piety, and the gamester who works but two hours a day and six months of the year and furnishes an excuse for millions to think and talk of, and gamble on, nothing more important than demoralizing play, and then claims the help of God, and boasts of getting it, in his fuss-provoking, idleness inducing occupationless occupation, must have as queer a conception of God as had the Athenians when Paul preached on Mars Hill. Missionaries should be sent to such pious gamesters to reveal the, to them, "unknown God." It may be that God helps them, as they claim, in answer to prayer; but I would like to know which God? possibly the one described in the Word as the "god of this world," which should always be spelled with a lower case g. If it is the God I worship, all I have to say is: "He could be in better business."

A CONDITIONAL BELIEF IN HELL.

As illustrating Dr. Watkinson's early ability to "turn the tables" on his critics, the Rev. Dr. Parks Cadman, another Englishman of a different type but not less original and forceful, is quoted as relating this incident: Brother Jones (we will call him), chairman of the English circuit in representing the younger men under his direction expressed sorrow that so useful a young man as Mr. Watkinson should have doubts about the existence of a hell. "Stand up, Mr. Watkinson," said the conference president, and answer this charge." Fully six feet of the sapling Englishman opened like a jack-knife on end, and in his high tenor voice he began: "Mr. Pres-i-dent: I have been with Brother Jones as the chairman of the circuit for a full year, and I do believe in purgatory. And if you send me back with Brother Jones for another year, I think I will believe in the other place too." After which they concluded that he was a good fellow to let alone.

Dr. Watkinson's recent visits to America have been occasions for great orations, and his sermons are regarded as models of composition, while his published works have had an immense sale, both in England and America.

CHAPTER XX.

THE SILVER SPLIT.

The Prohibition National Convention for nominating candidates for the Presidency and Vice Presidency, met in Pittsburg, May 27, 1896, and wife and self attended as delegates, stopping off on our way from the Cleveland General Conference. It was the year the silver craze vs. the equally lunny gold craze was on in full force, and Prohibitionists had caught the infection and were hot pro and con. A large proportion of the delegates from the west were for the monetizing of silver, and a few from the east supported their contention. The convention was a stormy one from the beginning, those opposed to the silver issue were in the majority and the minority withdrew in a body to an adjoining room and ultimately it resulted in two sets of candidates. We visited the minority gathering, and were moved to tears as we witnessed their tears, their sincerity and zeal, for they were thoroughly imbued with the belief that the prosperity of the country and the future of the Prohibition movement were wrapped up in their interpretation of the situation. The regular nominees this year were Joshua Levering, of Maryland, and Hale Johnson, of Illinois, and they polled over 130,000 votes. Whereas, St. John and Daniels had polled nearly 150,000 in 1884, Fisk and Brooks nearly 250,000 in 1888, and Bidwell and Cranfill over 263,000 in 1892. The unfortunate diversion and division on the money question discouraged many good men and has hindered the party's progress in all subsequent years.

WOOLLEY AND METCALF NOMINATED.

My expose of the Pennsylvania State thieves in 1897, reference to which will be more fully made in another chapter, and my having carried in that year eleven counties in Pennsylvania on a straight Prohibition ticket for State Treasurer, and in 1898 having polled 133,000 votes for Governor may have had much to do in placing my name before the National Convention at Chicago in 1900. But there being two candidates from Illinois, viz: Woolley and Johnson, and the latter having withdrawn in favor of the former, gave Mr. Woolley a majority of the votes, to the chagrin of many delegates who believed that party policy should put me at the head of the ticket that year, if I was ever to be a candidate,

concerning which I had little concern, since I looked upon candidacy then as now as a delightfully irksome duty, rather than a coveted privilege.

The Woolley-Metcalf campaign was conducted with much spirit. A special train furnished with speakers, singers, reporters and literature, conveyed the candidates across the continent east of the Rocky Mountains, zigzagging its way to the principal towns and cities in the most populous States, holding many meetings daily, and though eliciting much loyal interest, yet failing to get the desired and expected publicity in the old party papers. The vote this year approximated 210,000, an increase of nearly 80,000 votes over the slump of 1896. The National Chairman, Oliver W. Stewart, and Candidates Woolley and Metcalf, together with large numbers of local speakers who were from time to time improvised as the train progressed from town to town, formed a strong force of speakers. It was our privilege to accompany them for a short time in Pennsylvania and the experience was quite enjoyable. A chartered train, however, proved an expensive luxury and by no means a necessity, and the experience is not likely to be repeated.

SWALLOW AS "MR. GULP."

It was on my return from the campaign of 1898 that I found on my office table a somewhat pretentious paper bound volume of 250 pages, bearing the title of

"Mr. Jonnemacher's Machine."

On examination, I found that it was a sort of "Bellamy Looking Backward," for it purported to be written in 2016, by Lord Prime, Esq., Librarian to the State Library of Pennsylvania." and to be published by the Knickerbocked Book Company, and the sub-title is "The Port to which we drifted." I discovered further that I was made to figure conspicuously as "the Rev. Silas C. Gulp, of the Capital of Pennsylvania." In fact, all the characters' names were thinly veiled, either as approximates to the real name, or as synonyms. For instance, Wanamaker, is Jonnemacher; Quay is "the Hon. McHugh Stannan Pey." Quite appropriate, for he compelled the taxpayers for a full quarter of a century to "stand and pay." Mr. McKinley is "Hon. Wilhelm Mc-Innery, President of the Empire." David Martin is "Hon. David Marplot." Israel Durham is "Hon. Israel DeHamm," and so on to the end, there being more than twenty characters in the romance, the hero of which is one Guernsey, a clerk of Mr. Wanamaker, Constance DeWees being the heroine. Guernsey invents a machine that with one attendant and with one process manufactures finished cloth from wool. Wanamaker advances money on it, and organizes a company, intent on getting ahead of Quay among voters by giving poor people cheap cloth-

ing. Quay introduces a bill in Congress allowing machinery of all kinds controlled by corporations to run but one hour a day that employment may be furnished poor people at hard work. Quay and Durham captured Guernsey before he could get the machine running and held him a prisoner of a giant deaf mute in the high tower of the city hall. Wanamaker gets the specifications from Constance, finishes the machine, and by its use throws so many people out of work that they become a hungry mob and finally assassinate Wanamaker. Quay is drowned in a lake of liquid air which has superceded all other agents for driving machinery, he having fallen from his air-carriage, the pleasure-vehicle of the period, in his attempt to throw out and kill the deaf mute for failing to kill Guernsey in a public bout when the multitudes assembled stately to witness from their air-automobiles all sorts of sports and physical contests, including gladiatorial combats of the most sanguinary character, the outgrowth of nineteenth century sports. Suffice it to say that Guernsey's triumph was rewarded by marriage to Constance.

I am made to protest throughout the volume against such use of machinery of whatever kind as shall deprive poor people of the means of livelihood, and also against hurtful recreations and amusements. That the book is a well-written, though at some points an impossible extravaganza, with a squint at the prophetic in its general trend is quite apparent. I have never been able to locate its author, who went far out of his way to misrepresent my attitude toward labor-saving machinery, but did better in reference to amusements and recreations. He probably is not far wrong in his implied estimate of our danger from industrial conflicts, and at no distant day bread riots, burned towns and cities, and all the other horrors of a frenzied commune may be ours to face as a nation. As I write in August, 1908, the papers are filled with accounts of unemployed men murdering their starving families and then committing suicide, not that there is a famine except in the labor that brings bread. Nor would many be hungry if the saloon and the vaudeville, the club and the Sunday excursion had not squandered the earnings of better days. While the book may have been designed to advance socialism, it is certainly provocative of serious thought in every careful reader.

We must not forget that socialism is the lineal offspring of communism, and though a somewhat milder and more taking name yet it means just the same. And though, as Dr. Henry Van Dyke says, "it has laid aside the red cap and put on the white cravat," it still contends that it is a crime for a man to own his own home and clamors for a leveling of humanity in its property-holding, irrespective of merit, behavior, industry, economy or virtue. It still clamors for a millennial bliss resulting from parternalism in the administration of government, and in its clamor fails to emphasize as indispensable to cumulative happiness the

use and control of property by the spirit of fair play and a discriminating love, such as the Master inculcated both by precept and example. Human happiness is not dependent on the increase or decrease of labor-saving machinery so much as on the annihilation of sin in the individual heart.

CHAPTER XXI.

NOMINATED FOR THE PRESIDENCY THOUGH NOT AT THE CONVENTION.

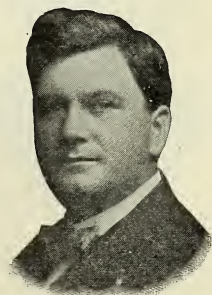
The National Convention of 1904 met in Indianapolis. Business duties prevented my attendance. During the preceding winter I had served on a committee that waited on General Miles at his home in Washington to interview him on accepting the Prohibition nomination for the Presidency at the ensuing convention. The interview had not proceeded far, when, to several of us, it became apparent that his nomination was out of the question. First: because his military duties had deprived him of that breadth of view in civic affairs and that knowledge of our party, its history, purpose and probable future, absolutely necessary to render him a desirable or even a safe candidate. Second: His unwillingness to accept our nomination till he had the opportunity to see whether he could first get that honor from the Democratic party, placed an impassable gulf between him and us.



General Miles.

THE CAMPAIGN HANDICAPPED.

However, a few still clung to the hope of the General's nomination and carried that hope unavailingly into the National Prohibition Convention. Hon. Oliver W. Stewart, as National Chairman, was opposed to Gen. Miles's nomination as were a majority of the members of the convention. It should be said, perhaps, that differences of a serious character, mostly personal, had arisen between two of our party leaders that made the convention an unpleasant one to many delegates. The nomination came finally to Swallow, of Pennsylvania, and Carroll, of Texas. Much of the party's money that should have been available for campaign purposes had been or was being used without the knowledge or consent of the National Committee in an effort to establish a national organ other

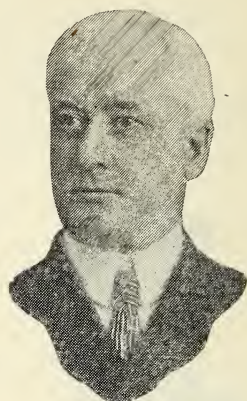


Hon. Oliver W. Stewart.

than the paper that had hitherto claimed that distinction. This resulted in a handicap to the campaign, recovery from which was impossible.

CUSHING MY COMRADE.

Accompanied by that eloquent, princely, brotherly and in every way manly man, Volney B. Cushing, of Maine, a scion of the distinguished stock which from revolutionary times had embraced generals, statesmen, and scientists, I traveled through most of the States of the North, East and West, holding meetings, making speeches, and distributing literature. We were received everywhere most cordially: large audiences showing their appreciation of the speakers and speeches, and not less ardently the local helpers who everywhere came to our aid than of those from a distance, showing that the principles involved and not the men alone who advocated them challenged the support of the multitude.



Hon. Volney B. Cushing.

REPUBLICANS VICTORIOUS.

Mr. Roosevelt, the Republican candidate, was silent as the grave on our dominant issue, and as he had made fair weather with the liquor dealers offended by him for enforcing the law when police commissioner of New York City, by declaring his belief that people who liked it should not be deprived of their Sunday drinks; for they made him feel better, as he supposed they did others; he brought to his support a large proportion of the liquor men. Mr. Fairbanks, who was Mr. Roosevelt's running mate, though a Methodist whose church had said that no Christian should vote for such a party, yet catered to the liquor vote, and the pair by "sowing beside all waters," and "setting their sail for every breeze," gathered in the non-partisan temperance church members, and the liquor dealers, the Mormons and the Gentiles, the Catholics and the Protestants, the capitalists and the laborers. No such *omnium gatherum* had ever been made in this country and it is safe to predict will not soon be made again.

A BOUGHT VICTORY.

It turned out that Mr. Cortelyou, as National Chairman, representing Mr. Roosevelt, as he admitted in his controversy with Mr. Bryan in September, 1908, had bled the rich corporations against whom Mr. Roosevelt had sent verbal thunderbolts, such as railroads, insurance and express companies and manufacturing firms, to the tune of hundreds of thousands of dollars and used it to elect Mr. Roosevelt. It thus became

apparent that they regarded Mr. Roosevelt's fulminations against them as simply a stage play to the galleries.

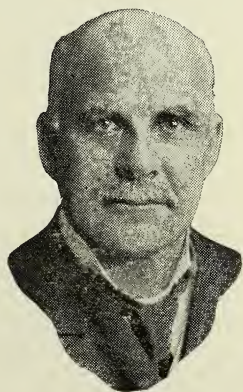
ANANIAS.

Judge Alton B. Parker, the Democratic nominee, charged the Republican party, on the eve of election, with this disgraceful bleeding of the corporations, and was met by Mr. Roosevelt with the lie, as scores of others who have crossed his path. But just as often has it transpired that the President was also chief actor in his own Ananias Club.

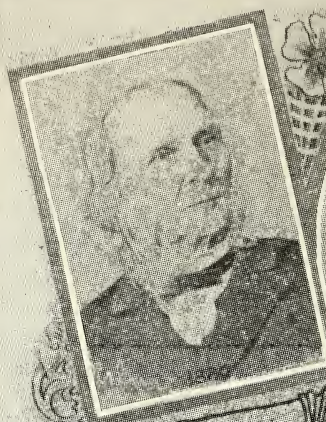
The Prohibition vote this year of grace 1904, under the management of Hon. Oliver W. Stewart, was 259,000, an increase of 49,000 over the vote of 1900. I was glad when the campaign ended, though I still esteem it as a distinguished privilege to have been thought worthy by a band of as heroic men and women as ever wrought, sacrificed, and suffered, to carry their white flag for four laborious months through the States of the great Empire amid the seas, demanding, in the name of Jesus Christ the national abolition of the legalized liquor traffic, the great Crime of Crimes. Nor did I forget ever to appeal as impassionately as was in me to the young people who everywhere thronged our meetings to embrace the highest ideals of a consecrated citizenship with Christ in the individual heart as the great panacea for all human ills, private and public. I trust that the campaign was a worthy successor to those conducted by Judge James Black, of Pennsylvania; Green Clay Smith, of Kentucky; Neal Dow, of Maine; John P. St. John, of Kansas; General Clinton B. Fisk, of New Jersey; General John Bidwell, of California; Joshua Levering, of Maryland, and Hon. John G. Woolley, of Illinois. Some of them though dead are yet speaking. May their voices wake the living dead.

NATIONAL CONVENTION OF 1908.

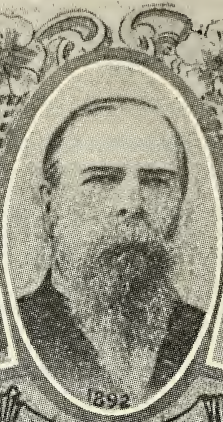
The National Convention of 1908 met in Columbus, Ohio, July 15th. Over a thousand delegates were present. It was the tenth convention in forty years, and exceeded in numbers, business management and enthusiasm any previous convention. Hon. Eugene W. Chafin, of Illinois, and Hon. Aaron S. Wat-



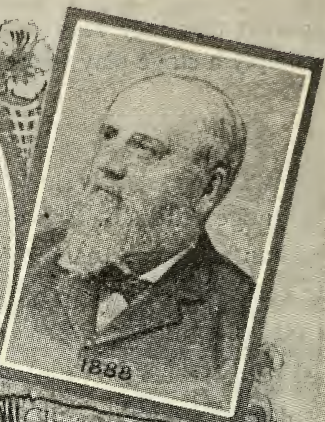
Hon. Eugene W. Chafin.



Neal Dow



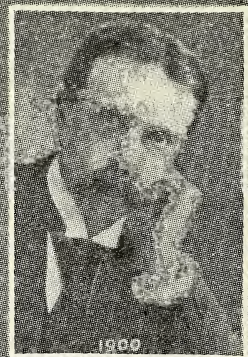
John Bidwell



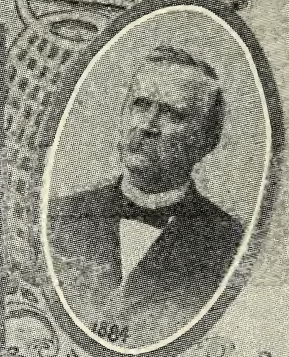
Clinton B. Fisk



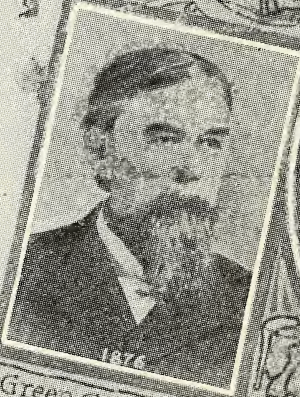
Joshua Levering



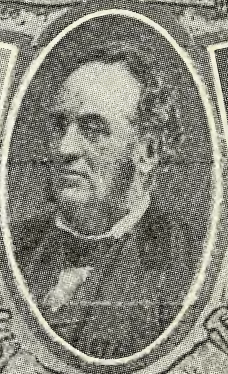
John G. Woolley



John P. St. John



Green C. Smith



James Black



Silas C. Swallow

PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES

kins, of Ohio, were nominated. I was privileged to serve on the platform committee with such men as ex-National Chairman Samuel Dickey, of Michigan; Quincy Lee Morrow, of Idaho; J. B. Cranfill, of Texas; Finley C. Hendrickson, of Maryland; Hon. Eugene Chafin, of Illinois, and nearly forty others. The shortest and yet perhaps the most comprehensive platform ever adopted by a National Convention was unanimously adopted as a whole by this convention. It is at this writing being printed on postal cards by the hundred thousand for general distribution. It reads as follows:

NATIONAL PROHIBITION PLATFORM.

The Prohibition party of the United States, assembled in convention at Columbia, Ohio, July 15-16, 1908, expressing gratitude to Almighty God for the victories of our principles in the past, for encouragement at present, and for confidence of early and triumphant success in the future, makes the following declaration of principles and pledges their enactment into law when placed in power:

1. The submission by Congress to the several states of an amendment to the Federal Constitution prohibiting the manufacture, sale, importation, exportation or transportation of alcoholic liquors for beverage purposes.
2. The immediate prohibition of the liquor traffic for beverage purposes in the District of Columbia, in the territories and all places over which the National Government has jurisdiction, the repeal of the internal revenue tax on alcoholic liquors and the prohibition of the interstate traffic therein.
3. The election of United States Senators by direct vote of the people.
4. Equitable graduated income and inheritance taxes.
5. The establishment of postal savings banks and the guaranty of deposits in banks.
6. The regulation of all corporations doing an interstate commerce business.
7. The creation of a permanent tariff commission.
8. The strict enforcement of law instead of the official tolerance and practical license of the social evil which prevails in many of our cities, with its unspeakable traffic in girls.
9. Uniform marriage and divorce laws.
10. An equitable and constitutional employers' liability act.
11. Court review of postoffice department decisions.



DR. SAMUEL DICKIE,
Pres. Albion College, Mich.

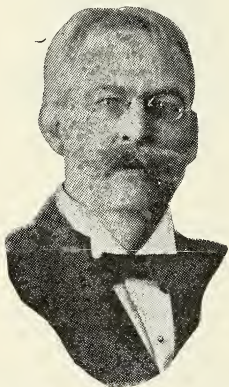
12. The prohibition of child labor in mines, workshops and factories.

13. Legislation basing suffrage only upon intelligence and ability to read and write the English language.

14. The preservation of the mineral and forest resources of the country and the improvement of the highways and waterways.

Believing in the righteousness of our cause and in the final triumph of our principles and convinced of the unwillingness of the Republican and Democratic parties to deal with these issues, we invite to full party fellowship all citizens who are with us agreed.

Walter Wellman, the well-known newspaper correspondent and talented author, was present and made the following report to the *Chicago Record-Herald*:



Mr. Walter Wellman.

"Many convention addresses have I heard this year, many long, some studied, a few really eloquent and powerful, but none more effective, more to the point, more calculated to give courage to friend and anxiety to foe or pause for thought to all who occupy middle ground, than the keynote speech of Robert Patton, of Springfield, Illinois, the temporary presiding officer.

They are always singing, these Prohibitionists. Many of the State delegations marched from their hotels to the hall chanting through the streets as proud of their faith as if they were victorious hosts marching to their reward. The sessions of the convention are opened with song and closed with song, and whenever enthusiasm reaches a climax we are much more likely to hear the stirring strains of "America," or "Hallelujah" than a wild acclaim from many voices and an effort to fill the air with flying things, as in other political conventions.

The forms of expressions of these delegations are distinctly religious. Their method comes from the church, the Sunday-school, the prayer-meeting. Fervid "amens" and "thank Gods" intersperse speeches and even the reading of resolutions. Earnestness, conviction to a high ideal of duty, the proselyting, reforming, crusading spirit, the spirit that has helped in all ages to make the world what it is through moral force rather than through physical conquest, the spirit of the liberators, of the champions of human rights—all these are dominant notes in this convention. Humble in size and composition and significance though it is, compared to other great political gatherings of the year, yet it is impressive in its love for humanity, its singleness of purpose.

Old-fashioned men and women are these warriors for the water

wagon. Unthinking, superficial, ribald persons might sneer at them, make jest at the frequency of chin whiskers among them, of the stocks and strange collars of our grandfathers, the white ties, the black made bows, the women without stylish gowns, without dashing millinery or other finery. But the fineness of them is in their good faces, bespeaking intelligence, refinement and work for a cause in which their souls are warm.

The men—many of them are ministers of the gospel, many are business men, some of them of more than ordinary success, while many more are of that stamp of earnest, courageous men you always find in a great moral movement, in a cause which has altruism and not any sort of selfishness whatever at the back of it.

You do not have to be a Prohibitionist, you do not even have to be a believer in prohibition or enforced temperance of any sort to recognize that these old-fashioned men and women are typical of that class of society on which the nation ever depends in a great crisis, the sort from whom all great moral movements spring. The type of people whom every one instinctively trusts or calls upon for help, or brave and persistent advocacy of that which they believe is right in spite of all opposition.

Mr. Bryan was telling me not long ago of how good he felt over the fact that he has held his place at the head of his party without organization, wealth or corporation influence or influential patronage. I wonder what he would think of these Prohibitionists. They have had none of these things he says he has not had. But he and his followers have had before their eyes one great incentive to action which these people lack—the hope of political supremacy, the hope of power, the hope of patronage to divide among them. Studying parties and political movements simply as an observer, independent of all, it seems to me the persistency, the zeal, the courage, the dauntlessness of these fighters for principle and for nothing else entitles them to public recognition as the only purely unselfish actors in the national political arena. These people have had no fleshpots to beckon them, no spoils to give them zeal. Whatever else it may be, this is distinctively and exclusively the political party of unselfishness, of working for men and women and children, and for nothing else under the sun. And the manner of men and women they are you can read in their faces as they take their seats in the convention hall.



Nat. Chairman Chas. R. Jones.

After all the delegations from the state had marched to Memorial Hall, singing and waving

their flags as they marched, they got tickets at the door, found their seats with much hearty cheering for favorite leaders or the banners of the larger delegations, showed at once that, solemn and God-fearing people though they are, they are not afraid to make a noise; that, old-fashioned as many of them are, they are still warm-blooded men and women; that recent events in the country have warmed their hearts and given them new courage in their battle.

Hon. Charles R. Jones was unanimously chosen as national chairman, a position he has held and honored the past four years. By his superior ability as an organizer and manager, his sterling business qualities, his genial manner, he has deservedly attained to a high place in the ranks of Prohibitionists and has endeared himself to the lovers of the temperance cause everywhere.

His long career as Pennsylvania State Chairman was a prophecy of the success that was surely to crown his efforts as National Chairman.

CHAPTER XXII.

ROBBERY OF THE STATE.

We come now to February, 1897, and to a record of events and experiences wholly new to the author, as they have to deal with courts, legislators, judges, witnesses, verdicts, appeals and decisions. I had through my nearly sixty years, never sued nor been sued. Had never appeared as plaintiff, defendant or witness. But had as best I could met the requirements of my boyhood home, and later as student, teacher, church layman, pastor, presiding elder, editor, and book room superintendent been unvexed by the litigations of the courts, or the uncertainties of juries' verdicts and judges' decisions.

My most convenient walk from my home in North Sixth Street to the Methodist Book Rooms, of which I had then been superintendent for five years, was through the State Capitol grounds, where I witnessed extensive changes going on in both buildings and grounds. Daniel Hartman Hastings, named for a veteran Methodist preacher, had been elected Governor in 1894. He was the third citizen of Bellefonte, county seat of the central county of the State, and called Centre, who had been elected to that high office. Curtin, in 1860, and as the War Governor re-elected in 1863, Beaver, in 1886, and, as before stated, Hastings in 1894. He had appointed one to an important office in his cabinet, to be known here as Johncie De Lancey, which was the signal for all sorts of changes, many of them utterly uncalled for in the estimation of thoughtful observers, and excusable only on the ground that the State was plethoric in cash, and the taxpayers needed further to be bled. Four years before, \$125,000 had been spent on the House of Representatives, and now \$70,000 additional was put upon it. A rose house worth \$500 cost nearly four times that amount. A flag pole for the Soldiers' Orphan School at Scotland, worth \$50, had cost nearly eight times that amount, and a private room in that school, well stocked with liquors at the public expense, was maintained where government officials drank to drunkenness and gambled for keeps. Granolithic pavements around the capital ground were costing two or three times their value. Expensive furniture slightly soiled was privately disposed of to favorite purchasers, I will not say how, and they divided the spoils with those who favored them. Other new furniture was receipted for at the capitol, and then hauled to private houses.

It cost \$200 to hang a picture and \$18 each for a large number of spittoons. Six men, political hangers-on, guarded one gallery door at \$6 a day each, or \$36 a day for guarding an unimportant hole in the wall. High salaries were being paid to subordinate officials, their duties being farmed out for one-third of what they themselves received, while they remained at their homes engaged in their own personal business. The pay rolls were padded at times with scores of party workers who were doing nothing for the State. Pocket knives for the legislators were advertised for, the maximum price being \$4.00 each, as were also expensive corkscrews the use for which the reader can imagine. These are only samples of hundreds of cases. As I passed through the capital grounds four or five times a day I became familiar from a variety of sources with these, then astounding expenditures, that reached, for unimportant changes in the building alone an amount approximating \$700,000.

THE CAPITOL FIRE—OF INCENDIARY ORIGIN—WHO?

Taxpayers who had knowledge of the stealing, congratulated themselves and the State of the fact that about everything had been done, and every pretext exhausted for grabbing the people's money. The limit being about reached the steal would end. But alas! they did not know the depth of the villiany of the men into whose hands the government had fallen, for, on February the 2d, near the noon hour, the cry of fire was raised and soon the center building of the three was a mass of flames. Both houses of the Legislature were in session. Including clerks and employees, between three and four hundred people were in the various buildings. The odor of burning wood had been smelled and remarked upon for two days and the winks of knowing ones who suavely said: "Oh, it comes from the furnace." The fire was finally discovered over the Senate chamber, where tell-tale books were stored, but the Senators sat unperturbed till the fire began to drop about their ears from the ceiling, and then, amid jokes and laughter mingled with curses, adjourned, on motion. One Senator more brave than the others, had gone to the second floor and out of curiosity, as he alleged, seized an ax and chopped a hole in the surbase, which let in the air and thus expedited business. He had not provided himself with water to mix with the air, because the fire hose on that floor was out of order or was not available for service. The new fire plugs on the capital ground did not fit the city fireman's hose. The alarm was so sent in to the city fire department as to take it past the capital and five squares away, up to the Pennsylvania Railroad round-house. A fire had been kindled 125 feet away from the fire that burned the building in a paster's and folder's room in the basement of the extreme east wing of the main building,

and as I proved by three witnesses there was absolutely no connection between the two fires. The door to this room was locked and a subordinate employee carried the key. The firemen got access to this room through a cellar window and put out the fire after it had burned considerable of the woodwork of two rooms.

SEVERAL FIRES KINDLED.

A few days after the fire we took four mechanics as witnesses to these rooms, and about the time we had gathered all the facts needed, Mr. Delancy came and ordered us out on the pretense that our lives were in danger. We offered to give bonds to indemnify the state against any claim for damages if Hastings and Delancy would let us pursue our investigation. But though the application was frequently made it was as often refused.

A man claimed by them to be a fire expert was brought from Philadelphia, but instead of keeping him here to testify before the Senate Committee on the fire, before which I took my witnesses that very evening, the expert took an afternoon train to Philadelphia and De Lancy rushed into the afternoon papers to tell what would have been his testimony if he had remained, viz: that the fire came down a chimney; but we showed that the chimney was not in use, and had not been for a long time, it being bricked shut just under the roof.

Employees discharged in the ten years that have intervened have told their intimate friends that still other fires than the fatal one were kindled in other parts of the building. We could prove beyond a doubt that the fire was the work of an incendiary, but could not prove who the incendiary was.

GRACE METHODIST CHURCH DISGRACED.

The Grace Methodist Episcopal Church was rented for \$20,000, (it was used for five months) in which to house the most abandoned gang of law makers, howbeit a few good men among them were equally disgraced, that ever disgraced a state. And this gang transferred their demijohns, euchre decks, and tobacco fumes to the house of God, the fixing up of which for their entrance had been done in four days and nights under the immediate direction of the Governor, when in mental and physical condition to attend to it, at a cost to the State of nearly sixty thousand dollars. It will perhaps never be known how much of this was stolen and by whom. Certain it is that citizens of Harrisburg and some of them Methodists at that, attempted and were caught in the grab. How many succeeded we know not.

THE ATTEMPTED GALLERY SEAT STEAL.

Does the reader ask how caught? The chairman of the Legislative Committee on appropriations met me one day in the capital grounds and showed me a bill for \$2500, presented, to pay for seats in the gallery of Grace Church. It was being lobbied, not by the church trustees, but by citizens of Harrisburg who as an appraisment committee certified to its correctness. But the seats were in the gallery and are there yet. Two days after I was shown the bill, I exposed the fraud in the daily papers and the bill was withdrawn on the pretense of amending it, but was never heard of after.

AN EXPOSURE AND AN OFFER.

I determined to expose in the columns of the Pennsylvania Methodist of which I was editor the robberies I have enumerated in this chapter, and many more, and accordingly embodied my expose in nine charges, which I proposed to prove, or forfeit the expense incident to the investigation, provided the Legislature would appoint a commission made up of farmers and business men selected with my right to challenge for cause, from different and distant parts of the state. I sent galley proofs of my charges and offers to the leading daily papers of the State and they published them. It, was a remarkable thing for these papers to print the charges. Up to this time the columns of the Democratic as well as the Republican papers of the State were hermetically sealed against all complaints against the moralities of the Quay machine.

WANAMAKER'S FIGHT.

True John Wanamaker had conducted a personal fight for the United States Senatorship as against Quay's candidate Boise Penrose, and lost. True too, that Hastings had made a fight against Quay, but in both cases it was a contention for the mastery, for the bosship of the State, for the loaves and fishes. Neither of them dare make the fight on moral grounds, for Wanamaker's relation to the Harrison Campaign which Quay managed from his headquarters in New York City, on the theory that as goes New York so goes the Union; as goes the city so goes the State; as goes one ward of the city, so goes the city; and as goes one man in the ward so goes the ward, precluded it. Large sums of money were collected from the manufacturers and other business men of Philadelphia and carried over to Quay to insure New York and the Union by securing one man in one ward of that city for Republicanism and the tariff.

HASTING'S FIGHT.

Hastings dare not make the fight on moral grounds, because he lived in a glass house. His methods though a Methodist in high favor with

some of the Republican Bishops of the church had been identical with those of Quay, and in his fight against Quay he had brought pluguglies from the slums of Pittsburg, who got forcible and armed possession of the Harrisburg Opera House where they were supplied with food and intoxicating drinks. But notwithstanding this clever ruse, he was whipped to a stand still. He dared not touch the moral side of the question. Strange is it not that some public men are fetted and petted and honored by the Methodist Church, are put up at Conference to instruct Methodist preachers in Methodism and state craft, not to say state-grafts, and even after they have died from indirect causes concerning which respect for the living prompts silence at this time, that they are accorded a church burial, and a fulsome eulogy sickening in its details to the public who know the facts.

ONLY GOD COULD SAVE METHODISM FROM ITS OWN INCONSISTENCIES.

Methodism has shown itself a child of Providence in that it has survived the inconsistencies so everywhere prevalent of teaching one code of morals through its own law and theology and through the mouths of its preachers, and altogether a reverse code in dealing with the concrete application of the code. It warns against gambling and names its chief theological school after the greatest gambler, and on the bear side of the stock market at that, known to modern times. It pulls down from another institution the name of grand old Bishop Francis Asbury, who more than any other pioneer made present day Methodism possible, and runs up the name of the highest bidder for cash. Evidently in the opinion of Romanized Methodists the end seemed to justify the means. Its church leaders followed by a large proportion of pastors and people teach with emphasis "Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy," and then by the habitual and shameful use of all sorts of public conveyances help to put the yoke of grimy Sabbath toil on the necks of over a million of their fellow men, many of them Methodists themselves, who protest in vain against the outrage. Methodism condemns theaters but canonizes a late theater builder with church eulogies and over-rought praise for money with which to built church institutions. It warns in its book of discipline against all heresy but permits the teaching by its theological professors of doctrines so heretical as to render feeble the Evangelistic effort of students sent out loaded with it into pastoral work. It condemns the army saloon, and glorifies the president who resurrected the saloon after Congress had buried it, and so on *ednauseam*.

DIVIDED THE SPOILS.

We referred to the silence of even the minority party in the state as touching the robbing of tax-payers. That party was for years only an

annex to the Republican machine; the leaders of the two boss ridden parties ignoring all party principle and joining hands to divide between them the spoils of office. After the Pennsylvania Methodist had taken the initiative, the Harrisburg Patriot published by the Orrs, printed many of our communications, and it is alleged so largely increased its circulation thereby, as to grow rapidly into a self-supporting daily. But no paper in the State except prohibition papers editorially and heartily championed at that time the cause of state reform.

THE DAILY COMMONWEALTH.

This necessitated the starting by us of the Daily Commonwealth in order to combat the political heresies of other daily papers. It was a stock concern. The largest holdings, save one were by two elect ladies of York, Pennsylvania, and Hon. Lee L. Grumbine, part of the time editor without salary, one thousand dollars each. The next largest was by a Harrisburg banker, a gentleman of large means and an equally large heart, \$800. The other holdings were comparatively small except my own. It fell to my lot to pay bills and in return therefor accept certificates of stock till I had nearly \$4000 in the movement. The money though gone was not lost. It helped to arouse the State to action. The prospects of permanence were good, till I was defeated in my candidacy for Governor in 1898, when other daily papers in the State having taken up the cudgel against political corruption, our subscription list fell off to such an extent as that the Prohibition Daily Commonwealth collapsed.

And now permit me in this connection to pause for a moment and place a single flower upon the grave of the Hon. Lee L. Grumbine; for a time editor of the "Commonwealth Daily," and throughout its all too short career one of its most liberal supporters.

I think of him as the manly man always, and everywhere. As the polished, highly educated, transparent, Christian gentleman. As the learned and astute jurist counselor and advocate. As the affectionate son, brother, husband and father. As the companionable loyal and devoted friend. And as the uncompromising champion of right for the sake of right, for the glory of God and for the weal of humanity.



Lee L. Grumbine

The saddest duty ever laid upon my heart was to stand beside the open casket and in the presence of a large concourse including his fellow barristers, attempt with broken utterance and tear suffused eyes to conduct the funeral obsequies of this born and cultured nobleman,

Lee L. Grumbine, of Lebanon, Pennsylvania, but now for nearly four years of the King's Guard in the New Jerusalem. I reproduce here an address which I did not hear, delivered by him, as permanent Chairman of the Pennsylvania Prohibition Convention held in Pittsburg Aug. 8, 1900. It furnishes a glimpse of his master mind and of his mastery of the King's English.

Pennsylvania is to-day the banner Prohibition state of the union. If we have the most corrupt gang of political pirates that ever scuttled a ship of State, we have also the most devoted band of patriots that ever fought treason. If we have Matt Quay we have also Silas C. Swallow. If we have the politically intrenched saloon we have also an organized dynamic Prohibition force that is pledged to blow it up and to sink its fragments beneath the waves of history.

I greet you fellow Prohibitionists of this state and of the nation, with cheer, with courage, with hope, with congratulation, with faith, with confidence. With confidence and cheer at the better outlook, the kindlier feeling manifested toward us, the better intelligence with which our purpose is understood, the greater respect for our motives, the livelier sympathy for our cause, and with it all a corresponding sense of the frightful evils which we are fighting, and the growing helplessness of help or relief from any other source. I greet you with congratulation and courage at the marvels which we have so far accomplished in the face of incalculable odds, the unexampled self-sacrifice and devotion with which we have stuck to our purpose, undismayed by obstacle and undaunted by defeat, and the fear and consternation with which we have disturbed the enemy's camp and the headquarters of saloon and canteen at Washington. And I greet you with hope and faith in the virtue and good sense of the great American people and the everlasting righteousness of our purpose and our cause.

I send greeting across the state to our own leader at the state capital whose unavoidable absence we all regret—I greet him with love, with personal devotion, and with a boundless admiration for his magnificent courage, his purity of life and purpose, his splendid leadership and his admirable statesmanship. He is one among ten thousand and ten times ten thousand. It was my privilege to be close to him in his remarkable campaign against the state thieves and as our candidate against the saloon. I saw him from all sides and under very trying conditions, and I could not before have imagined such serene mental tranquility, such perfect self poise, such sweet-tempered moral equilibrium, mingled with such cool and equable judgment, such keen and deep discernment, such a quick grasp of every turn in the situation as he displayed at every step and under all circumstances; and I would like to assure Mr. John Wanamaker, and Mr. Clarke Davis of the *Philadelphia Ledger*, that they

would not have misplaced their excellent confidence and would not since have had to chew the bitter cud of mortification over the continued sway of oleomargarine politics, had they shown the magnanimity and the breadth of mind, and the patriotism to turn in for the support of Silas C. Swallow for governor of Pennsylvania when they had the chance. It would have done them infinite credit. With personal regret that he was not nominated at Chicago, and yet with genuine satisfaction that, having suffered and sacrificed so much, he escaped the still heavier burden of a national campaign, I lay before him the most genuine tribute of esteem from the people of Pennsylvania of all parties, the personal devotion of his fellow Prohibitionists, and the love and admiration of his friends and of the friends of Prohibition and good government everywhere.

And I greet our standard-bearer, that matchless orator of the English tongue, unsurpassed in genuine eloquence and in the wonderful power and endless variety of his speeches by any of the masters of language of all history, unequalled in the beautiful imagery of language painting, and in the skill of weaving the threads of logic and of thought into the golden sunlight of hope and cheer and crystal truth, unmatched in all that goes to touch and move the hearts of men, and fire them with the ambition to strive after the higher, the better, the nobler in our national life, I greet him—John G. Woolley—the John the Baptist crying in the wilderness of religious cant and pious commercialism and civil cowardice.

I greet him with the love, the support, the loyal devotion, the heart-yearnings and the prayers of the Prohibitionists of Pennsylvania. May his heart never fail, his zeal never flag, his courage never falter, his hope never sink; may his voice roll and resound like the crashing thunders of the sky until it awakens the sleepy conscience of the church from ocean to ocean; may his brain be charged with the forked lightnings of his eloquence until it lights up the dark places of ignorance and prejudice and cowardice, and sets on fire the torch of true patriotism and the higher purposes of American citizenship. May his tongue be tipped with selfish cowardice, of hide-bound prejudice, and of dull-witted piety; and the callous hide of conservative respectability, of stupid indifference, of selfish cowardice, of high-bound prejudice, and of dull-witten piety; and may he lay the lash of his stinging sarcasm and merciless invective like a whip of scorpions in redoubled blows upon the back of rum-voting cant and hypocrisy that sings "Good Lord," with unctuous fervor, and votes "Good Devil," with obsequious regularity and obedience.

WELL, WHEN IS PROHIBITION GOING TO WIN?

Is a question that I am frequently asked, sometimes by a discouraged Prohibitionist who is heart-sick and sore from the frequent defeat of his hopes, and the dark and inscrutable future in which he can read no early promise, and sometimes in taunt by a grinning Philistine of the

rum parties, still wedded in his blindness to the idols of his prejudice, and wallowing in the mire of his party corruption.

"When is Prohibition going to win?"

And this is what I answer: "I do not know when Prohibition is going to win. I do not know whether Mr. Woolley is going to be elected or not. I do not know whether Mr. McKinley or Mr. Bryan will be the next president, but in either event I know the saloon will be in the saddle.

I will not be disappointed by defeat, and will not become insane by the victory of our ticket, for I believe it is only a matter of time. But this I do know, that Prohibition has got to win sometime, or things will go to the devil, whither they are fast going now—and you can take your choice. I have taken mine. Here I stand. God helping me, I cannot do otherwise! Can you?

I would as soon think of becoming a Chinese "boxer" as to vote a rum-party ticket. Behind me the bridges are burned. On one side there is saloon supremacy under Republican misrule. Treachery to the high trust of the people; treachery to the home; treachery to the Declaration of Independence; traffic in virtue, in manhood, in religion, in honor, in votes, in truth—with 50 per cent. off for spot cash at the Republican policy shop; lying debauchery, commercialism, trusts, plunder, war, the canteen, and a mass of protozoan protoplasm.

On the other side saloon supremacy under Democratic misrule, Democratic blunders, stupidity, incompetence, infamy, a garrulous gentleman from Nebraska, and a few remnants of the Democratic party in the ratio of one to sixteen.

On one side Hannaism, Quayism, Plattism, Algerism, McKinleyism and the saloon.

On the other side Tammany, Croker, Bryanism, a damaged windmill and the saloon.

I would sooner be a dog, and bay the moon, than such a Democrat.

I would sooner be a Molly Maguire than such a Republican.

I go on, without casting a single glance backward either at Sodom or Gomorrah, along the straight and narrow pathway of the Prohibition party that leads to sobriety, happiness, prosperity, decent citizenship and honest government, and if I do not get there the fault is not mine. And if there is an Almighty God in the universe that is over ruling all things for his glory and honor, if the Christian church is not a ghastly mockery and a hideous lie, if American manhood is not a mere figure of speech and the majority of American citizens are not a lot of chumps and poltroons, this republic will live and the saloon will die.

They will not both live,

The issue between the Prohibition party and the old rum-parties is, "Shall the republic live, and the saloon die?"

May my right arm be paralyzed and my tongue silenced forever before I may ever consent, by vote or voice, by act or deed, that the saloon may live, and the republic shall die!

WELL, WHAT OF THE OUTLOOK IN PENNSYLVANIA.

Ask Quay—out of a job.

Ask Danny Hastings, ex-hero—out of a job.

Ask George S. Graham, ex-district attorney and prosecutor of Dr. Swallow—out of a job.

Ask Paddy Delaney, ex-receiver of public monies in Oklahoma and Harrisburg—out of a job.

Ask McCarrell—soon to go out of his job.

Ask Gobin, or his gallant war-horse "Grady"—one knows as much as the other—still holding on with desperation to one job, but blubbering like a child because he didn't get another, wanting to keep on pocketing two and three salaries when he never earned one.

Ask the whole dog-jawed lot of conspirators that hounded Dr. Swallow and tried to put him to jail. And whenever I think of that case I cannot help but regret that they were not permitted to carry out their infamous scheme. One day of Dr. Swallow in jail would have made their downfall and retribution instant and complete, and his calling and election sure. Provided always that the Republican ballot thieves in Philadelphia had not counted him out. There is to-day no man that can say with absolute certainty that he was not elected, and that he was not counted out by the Republican patriots and scoundrels who govern us for a consideration, some of whom are in the penitentiary, and all of whom ought to be.

Ah, yes,—*mutatis mutandis*, things are somewhat different now, and without discrediting the part contributed by any one else in the glorious consummation devoutly to be wished, the one man above all others, and the one set of men about all others to be credited with the downfall of Matt Quay and his machine are Dr. Swallow and the Prohibitionists of Pennsylvania. But for their expose of the crimes of the boodlers and their villainy the Quay gang, aided and abetted by their Democratic allies, would still be tyrannizing over the honest men of the state in uninterrupted security and sway.

We may read a good deal of stupidity in the newspapers about the triumphs of the anti-Quay organization in the Republican party. The anti-Quay sentiment was inspired and the anti-Quay issue was forced by the Prohibitionists of Pennsylvania. Decent Republicans were first aroused to the shame of their Quay thralldom by Prohibition party agi-

tation; and to identify Quay's defeat with the corrupt bull-calf leadership that in some places distinguishes the Republican Quay opposition and presumes to appropriate the glory and the benefits of Quay's downfall, and that would sell out on the first satisfactory offer, must be alike disgusting, galling and humiliating to sincere men.

The very reason that the present more or less abortive efforts at political reform within the party do not inspire more confidence is that it is the experience of history that all such efforts within a corrupt organization are futile. You can't cast out Beelzebub with Beelzebub. People look about them and they see that for the most part the so-called leaders of the anti-Quay "reform" are no improvement on the old regime; and the invitation to the people to help to overthrow one gang of plunderers merely to install another is not very captivating or encouraging. People recall the fact that a few years ago—a few months ago—a few weeks ago they were all in the same bed; that some of the present day reformers raised a corruption fund and placed it in the hands of this same Quay with which to buy the saloon-debauched vote of the New York slums for Benjamin Harrison and the books were destroyed and no questions asked—at least none answered.

And if these gentlemen once so friendly do not exactly sleep together now they still board at the same table. I have nowhere heard that these reformers within the party have in any way done works meet for repentance. I have not seen that they have confessed their sins and promised to go and sin no more. I have seen no evidence of their contrition and heard no promise that they themselves will reform. They are still members of the old saloon-governed, rum-debauched party. They only want to reform the other fellows. I do not wish to disparage their work or their motives.

I want them to have the fullest mead of credit and applause that they deserve. They have bravely stepped in and sowed where the Prohibitionists and Dr. Swallow had plowed and broken ground, and they are welcome to reap if they would only cease trying to raise figs from thistles and grapes from thorns.

They are brave in attacking olemargarine and the bull butter administration at Harrisburg, but before the political power of the rum traffic they cower, and tremble and quail, and before the moral iniquities of the saloon they are dumb, and wilt like a hunk of oleo grease in the August sun.

There is no reform in cancer and there is no virtue in a rotten apple. There is not a single instance in all history or in all human experience where anything as thoroughly corrupt as the two old rum parties was ever reformed from within. It can't be done. And if it could it wouldn't stay reformed three months with the legally commissioned saloon to cor-

rupt it. To all reformers in the old parties I would say: "Come out of the fallen Babylon, the mother of harlots and abominations of the earth." "What fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness; and what communion hath light with darkness? And what accord hath Christ with Belial? Wherefore come out from among them and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing."

AND WHAT OF THE OUTLOOK IN THE NATION.

The sky is thick with clouds. The outlook is full of foreboding. Out of a peace conference into an international brawl. At home riots and lynchings; abroad war and blood-shed. And if the dread dragon of the Orient opens his bloody jaws and strikes his forked tail at the American people then let the patriotic gentlemen in congress and the fat patriot in Princeton who passed and signed the infamous anti-Chinese law, discriminating against a sober, industrious and law-abiding class of immigrants without reason and without any cause except the clamor of a pack of sand-lot hoodlums and American "boxers" who taught the pig-tailed Mongolian the patriotic principle of "China for the Chinese," I say, let the demagogues who are responsible for the infamous Geary law go to China and fight in the front line of battle.

That were poetic justice.

As in former days more than 1900 years ago the cry goes up: "Mars reigns, and Eros has found his eyes!" meaning that the blind god at last sees, and knows how to drive a bargain in the market place. Love is nothing, war is everything. Virtue, honor, sobriety, truth are a tradesman's baubles to be bartered by the peddlers and politics for votes.

War and commercialism; blood and greed; votes and offices. "Down Eros, up Mars!" Down peace, up war! Down justice, up brute force. Down liberty, up imperialism! Down industry and the peaceful arts, up spoil, and plunder, and contracts, and commissions and epaulets, and taxes and pensions, and trusts and all rotten beef and the canteen and second term!

But we must not speak with such blunt plainness. We must veil these things with soft words. We must dress up old Mars in the surplice of the missionary. We must debauch the heathen with opium, and beer, and rum—to convert them, and must pray on the street corner while we civilize the Filipinos with Christian saloons. We must kill in the name of Providence. We must wage war for the sake of humanity. Imperil England destroys republics in South Africa and makes assault upon liberty and free institutions everywhere in the interest of a "higher civilization." The imperial head of the great state church of Germany issues orders to take no prisoners, spare none, kill all for the honor of his royal barbarian's deity. The teaching of the gentle Nazarene was

"Faith, hope and love. But the greatest of these is love!" His followers cry in the spirit of the Moslem, "Down, Love: "Up Mars!" And the sleek Pharisees and the pudgy bishops cry "Amen!" in the name of Christ.

There is something perfectly bewildering and appalling in the shameless audacity of up-to-date hypocrisy. There was a time when bad men were said to "steal the livery of the court of heaven to serve the devil in." Now they steal its language. Then they themselves recognized the old standards, and unconsciously yielded homage to them. A hypocrite felt that he had to conceal his villainy and veil his motive. He put on an outside cloak of virtue, and maintained a semblance of conforming to the standards of righteousness. Right was still right, and wrong was wrong. His effort was not to transform wrong into right, but to conceal it by clothing it in the livery of heaven. Now they take but little pains to hide it, and if discovered, they impudently and brazenly produce "evidence" that it is good.

With the progress that comes with the system of legalizing wrong, and the imperial march of rum-civilization and military expansion a new and bolder plan of action has been adopted. The poet's philosophy that "there is nothing in a name," and that "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet" has been rudely reversed. It is now the language of heaven that is stolen as a more effective mask for villainy. Now everything is in a name; and if you but call an offensive stench sweet there are many men who will swear that it smells like a rose, and the old Poloniuses of the rum-party pulpits can plainly see the shapes of camels, whales or weasels as the party Hamlets give the cue. There is to-day a wonderful language spell upon the minds of men, caused by this jugglery of words. They do not see things face to face, but through words darkly. If you but clothe the most questionable deeds in the sanctimonious garb of pious pretence the heedless and the shortsighted are easily fooled into delighted applause.

For twenty years Matt Quay fooled the men of Pennsylvania into imbecile confidence by his repeated promise of a chimerical "reform." To look for reform in hades would show as sound a judgment and as good common sense as to expect political reform from the Quay machine and the Republican party, and yet for years this mountebank succeeded in fooling a great number of otherwise sane people, floundering about in the foul bogs of a polluted party and chasing a rotten will-o'-the-wisp called Republicanism, with his sham pretexts of "reform."

THE TRUE PERSONAL LIBERTY PARTY.

The Democratic party while arrogating to itself the peculiar guardianship of "personal liberty" has gone into history in everlasting infamy as the champion of personal slavery.

The Republican party masquerading for, lo! these many years as the guardian angel of the workingman under the false pretence of "protection" to labor is at last recognized as the foster-mother of trusts and combinations, of plutocracy and monopoly, of government by injunction and devices to oppress labor and enslave the weak.

The Democratic party by tradition, by every claim and pretext the party of individual rights as against state socialism, centralization and force aggression is the very party that by organized shotgun centralization deliberately, systematically, confessedly robs the individual with a black skin of the highest individual right which the law of the land guarantees him, the right to vote in a "free" government, and justifies, and glorifies its crime and shame.

For years the Prohibition party has patiently endured the odium and the stupid charge of ignorant men that it wants to curtail personal liberty; when on the contrary it stands up for the highest personal liberty there is—the right to be protected under the constitution in the enjoyment of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; the right to be let alone and unmolested by the rowdyism, the robbery and the political tyranny of the drink business; the right to enjoy one's earnings and one's property, to protect one's home and one's children against the noxious invasion of the intruding nuisance. There is a personal liberty to keep decent as well as to get drunk. There is no personal liberty to make drunk and commit crime, and that is the only personal liberty the Prohibition party opposes.

WHAT OF BRYAN AND MCKINLEY?

A few years ago it used to be the fashion to say that the Republican party was the only party that has ever done anything for temperance. Bishop Newman, the satellite of General Grant, with an ecclesiastical ignorance or a pious preverseness that was equally amazing was widely quoted as saying he was a Prohibitionist and therefore a Republican.

The bishop never said anything more absurd and less true, but it serves to show the reckless audacity with which men counterfeit, distort and degrade language, not to hide but to justify their wickedness. But this false pretence, for some reason, it is no longer thought necessary to keep up, so secure does the Republican trust combine feel of the support of the saloon-voting church membership, and so eager has it been from Beer-drummer Blaine to Canteen McKinley, to curry the favor and support of the "trade." No Republican who has cut his milk teeth now

pretends that his party is a temperance party. Prohibitionists have driven them out of the skulking ambush.

The New York *Independent*, that degenerate child of a noble parentage, the other week printed two articles on the presidential candidates of the Republican and Democratic parties. The one on President McKinley was written by Congressman Grosvenor, and the one on Candidate Bryan by James Creelman, a well-known journalist, each a worshipful admirer of his subject. The articles are mentioned here merely as conspicuous examples of this same distortion and perversion of language. Clearly the article on McKinley was an apology. It was in the nature of a plea to an indictment. The writer takes pains to show that his subject's elevation to the presidency was not an "accident," that he has "opinions" of his own; that he is "sincere"; that he is "religious" and "never parades the fact" that so far from the disrespectful imputation being true which is sometimes flippantly made by heartless and vulgar people, that his anatomy is defective in the region of the spine, Mr. Grosvenor confidently asserts, but without the proof on an X-ray photograph, that William not only has one backbone, but that he actually has "what is equivalent to two backbones."

Was every language so tortured?

It could easily be proved that his selection as a presidential candidate the first time by Mr. Hannah was the merest accident, because the accidental connection of his name with a certain tariff bill which his party had foisted on a suffering country, and certain unfortunate financial conditions made him an available commodity for Mr. Hanna's purpose; that on the subject of his sincerity and opinions, he has two sets of them for use upon occasion on every question of importance from the temperance question to the Spanish war, and from the money question to the Porto Rican tariff; that somebody, either at Washington or at Canton has regularly on every Monday morning sent out to a waiting country the portentous information of state that the godly man "quietly" attended church the day before, and engaged in the singing of hymns with great fervor; and that on the vertebral question a gentleman as high in the councils of the G. O. P. as the late Mr. Thomas B. Reed at one time graphically compared that same enigmatical backbone to a "wet towel."

Mr. Creelman like all the other idolators of Mr. Bryan rings the monotonous changes of his "sincerity and honesty." These reputed attributes have reference more particularly to his financial theories, but their threadbare repetition is none the less tiresome.

As well-posted Prohibitionists we have all heard or read the statement repeated time and again, and never to my knowledge denied, that in the Nebraska prohibitory amendment campaign Mr. Bryan prostituted his talents by making speeches for the saloon. The evidence was

again summarized in last week's *Voice*, where anyone may read it; and if it is true that William J. Bryan did espouse the cause of the rum-seller on the public platform, then he did what no man in all Pennsylvania was mean enough, abandoned enough, and wicked enough to do except the degraded bawds of the newspaper press who brought their virtue and honor to the public market place in the amendment campaign of 1889, and sold them for the tawdry tinsel of political favor and the dirty blood-money of the drunkard factory, and one lone Reformed preacher who shall go unnamed in mercy, who hasn't yet hanged himself so far as I know, but who goes about with the Judas brand upon him—the betrayer of his Master, despised of all men.

If William J. Bryan did that, then he is a violater of his own home, an enemy to his own children, a traitor to his own country; then let his worshipful disciples forever hold their peace about his "sincerity" and "honesty" or be content to have his Jove-like brow stamped with the mark of imbecility. For I made bold to say that no sane man with a fireside to defend, a child to protect and a country to love is honest or sincere who speaks in defense of the saloon.

READY-MADE CANTEEN EVIDENCE.

The war department of this administration called for "evidence" to show the advantages and benefits of the army saloon as a "temperance" measure and it was promptly forthcoming; and if it were necessary for the success of the Hanna ticket to produce evidence of the honesty of Judas Iscariot or the desirability of the itch, I do not make the slightest doubt that they would be equal to the undertaking. Indeed I myself heard the Rev. Dr. George E. Reed, a Methodist preacher, president of a Methodist college and divinity adjunct of the Quay machine at Harrisburg, assert in a public dining room that it has "not yet been proved that the canteen is not a good thing," and I was at a loss whether to put the remark down to his sanctimonious mendacity, or merely to his pious ignorance.

The people's representatives in the American congress pass a law abolishing the army canteen. Its language is plain, clear, unambiguous and unmistakable. There is no question as to its meaning or its purpose. It antagonizes the rum interests, and a pretext must be found or made to set it aside; a pliable attorney general at the suggestion of a liquor editor points out the way to do it, and we have the spectacle before the people of a docile and perjured executive sworn to execute the laws as they are made, deliberately, wilfully and infamously nullifying it in violation of his official oath; and hundreds and thousands of professed Christians lying and apologizing for him and his shame.

ASTOUNDING TRANSFORMATIONS.

This false pretence of language, and bald and lying hypocrisy is dazing to the sense. It makes one gasp for breath and feel as if he was coming to after a stunning blow, wondering where he is. He doesn't recognize familiar objects. What he learned to abhor under the old code of morals has a new name. Evil has become good in the name of a political party. Sin, not the sinner has changed its character or at least its name under the strange conversion of a party idolatry.

Wrong has become right, crime has become lawful, vice has become virtue, robbery has become "benevolent assimilation," tyranny has become freedom, drunkenness and barbarism have become civilization, commercial greed has become expansion, Mark Hanna has become the handmaiden of Providence to convert the heathen, and the self-sufficient mockholiness of a smug-faced and insolent phariseism has become the index-finger of "manifest destiny."

God help the "party of moral ideas" whose moral ideas are so muddled.

Nothing has done the one thousandth part toward debasing the morals, degrading the ideals and corrupting the minds and hearts of men that the saloon has done; and it is the mission of the Prohibition party to cry out against the fearful sham, duplicity and hypocrisy in church and state, no less than against the blight of drunkenness, poverty and crime with which it has cursed society.

Let there be such a stir and enthusiasm and shaking up all through this land, from the dawn lit waves of the eastern shores to the golden gate of the setting sun—let there be such an inspiration for Woolley and Metcalf and the prohibition of the drink business that the saloon must perish from the earth, the wicked be dislodged from their strongholds, and righteousness once more exalt this nation."

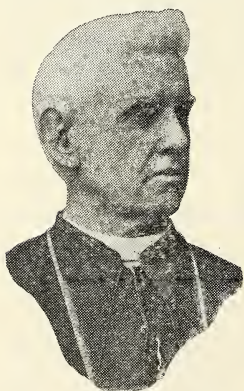
CURE OF BRAIN FAG.

At one time during the running of the Daily Commonwealth I reached a point of physical exhaustion, and mental fag where I could understand how people could commit suicide. I was superintending the Methodist Book Rooms, editing the Pennsylvania Methodist, and for a time editing the Commonwealth, and they each and all required an amount of self-sacrificing skill to manage their finances that was simply exasperating. Four hours of troubled sleep out of each twenty-four and from sixteen to twenty on the treadmill tends to render one indifferent to life or death. Becoming aroused to my danger, I one morning packed my grip and said good bye to my wife, declaring that for ten days I would rest my brain even if all the enterprises depending on my labors should go to the bad. I started for old Point Comfort, for it was comfort I

needed. Reaching Washington, a blizzard came on and I telegraphed my wife to come to me for a week as I would remain there. We tramped from one scene of interest to another of the National Capitol amid blinding snow storms and biting frosts often forgetting by force of will the home troubles, till at the end of ten days, fully restored to normal conditions, I again mounted the chair editorial, and shouldered the burden financial and rode the storm into the calm. My recipe for a suicidal tendency resulting from brain-fag is divert the mind, exercise the body and rest the brain.

EXCITEMENT, INTERVIEWS, SYMPATHY.

But to return to the fight with the state grafters. The excitement growing out of my exposé of them was intense. That edition of the Methodist was quickly exhausted. Our office was crowded for two or three days with inquirers. Newspaper reporters flocked in from all over the state. Interviews were the order of the day. My stock answer to all was, "Put your questions in writing and I will write the answers." This was my protection from my own long tongue if it once began to wag, and from the reporters sharp pen if it began to scratch down what I did not say in an attempt to tell what I said, or should have said. Sympathizing friends consoled with me in prospect of my arrest and imprisonment for which I was thankful only in a sense, viz: Non-sense. For did I not know that the grafters were scampering for cover? That the furniture gobblers were exchanging receipts for money never paid. That "conscience makes cowards of us all?" and that they, and not I needed the sympathy.



Rev. Bishop McGovern

Speaking of sympathy I wish here to make a record of the fact, that Bishop McGovern of the Catholic church was the only one so far as I know among all the ministers of Harrisburg to immediately approve of the exposure and denounce the wrong-doers. This he did in the Pro-Cathedral on the Sabbath following my publication. I did not have the opportunity to personally thank him for it till just a short time before his death. In answer he said: "Don't speak of it. I simply did my duty as an American citizen. I replied, "Under the circumstances it was a brave thing to do, since one of the principle actors Mr. De Lancy was a Catholic." He

answered with much spirit, "No sir. He is down and out, we do not own him as a Catholic." To this I expressed my surprise and the interview ended. De Lancy had for years pretended to the Catholics of the coal regions that he carried the State patronage in his breeches pocket,

and to the politicians he pretended that he carried the Catholic vote in his vest pocket on election days and he is still depended on to boost the corrupt machine by the use of questionable means.

A SCAPE GOAT.

The grafters had various meetings, and there was much discussion as to what course was best. Some said, "Ignore him." Others said, "Prosecute him." Governor Hastings requested different heads of departments to prosecute which was politely declined, till he came to Johncie De Lancy, who knew better than any other the truth of my charges. To him Hastings said: "You must prosecute." And he did, but was careful in all the scuffle that followed to protect himself by keeping off of the witness stand. If he and the administration had been libeled, he should have told how or wherein. But "Prudence was the best part of his valor."

SPECTACULAR BLUFF.

I was summoned to appear before Mayor Patterson to give bail. The venerable E. O. Dare was the first to offer his name on my bail bond. My old friend John E. Baker and his good wife of York, Pennsylvania, telegraphed me: "We will bail you for \$100,000. Edwin Bowers and a half score of others came forward to sign the bond till the space for signatures was filled. The preliminary hearing was fixed for the court house on an evening. It was crowded. They had brought numerous witnesses from the Soldiers Orphan Schools to establish *their* honesty, and by inference their own integrity. But more especially to impress me with the danger I was in, and with the wisdom of recanting and of publishing the recantation. But I was not just then in the "fessin" business. I was amused at the tempest in the mushpot and said we'll go to court.

A \$25,000 BAIT. NO GUDGEONS AROUND.

A few days after, a man known about town as Doc. Gray came to my house and after much circumlocution informed me patronizingly that the State authorities did not wish to hurt me, that they were really friendly to me, and while he had no personal knowledge of their wishes, he would venture the guess that if I would put just one little sentence in the Methodist, saying I had been misinformed as to the stealing and the capital fire, he had no doubt it would be worth \$25,000 to me. To this I replied: "Doc. go back and tell the men who sent you that I am a high priced man. If they will name twenty five millions, I will consider it over night." Our friend thereupon took his hat and bid us good morning.

A REVOLVER EPISODE.

As I had occasion to go through the capitol grounds late at night, and my steps were being dogged by suspicious characters evidently for the purpose of frightening me into a compromise; a friend thrust a loaded revolver into my pocket and said: "If attacked sell your life as dearly as possible." I carried the gun three nights and then said to myself, "You are a coward fighting cowards. Hitherto you have trusted God and your own muscle; can't you trust Him now?" And I laid the weapon far up on a high shelf and have never seen it since. I was in fact more afraid of the gun than of the thieves.

But little less to be dreaded than fire arms, were the lying reports put in circulation and kept alive by frequent repetition touching my private character and acts. Among the many were these: "He built his Sixth street house out of the proceeds of a lucky lottery ticket." As I had never bought or seen one, and never got a dollar through chancing, and would not even print tickets for church festivals where chancing was indulged, I foolishly spent two full days going from house to house endeavoring to locate the originator of the lie. It finally reached a Mr. Rhoads, a brick layer, whom I called down from his wall. He could not remember who told him. After four days of brain-cudgling the nearest he could come to it was: "I heard it in a saloon." Surely "a lie will run a league while truth is drawing on her boots."

A man told a grocer that he had seen a beer wagon stop at my door and deliver beer. I confronted him, and found he was willing to swear to it. When asked to give the street and number of my residence, he answered 812 North Sixth street. This was the residence of my good friend and neighbor, the Episcopal Rector. A member of the family was taking it by prescription. The mistaken man agreed to travel around and correct the mistake but his energy had been exhausted circulating it. It would be difficult to classify these errors as did the Bard of Avon into "Lies circumstantial" and "Lies direct" but sure it is that Longfellow was right in saying that

"The nimble lie

"Is like the second hand upon a clock;

"We see it fly; while the hour hand of truth

"Seems to stand still, and yet it moves unseen

"And wins at last, for the clock will not strike

"Till it has reached the goal."

A WOMAN'S INTRIGUE.

In the midst of the fight I received a communication from a woman entirely unknown to me, offering her services as stenographer and type-

writer in my office. She was poor and dependent and would let me fix the compensation. As I was already supplied I declined the offer. A second communication told her extreme poverty. She was a widow with a little child dependent on her. She was willing to come into my home as general helper, and in fact as kitchen girl at such weekly wages as my wife might feel like paying. This aroused my suspicion, and though we needed help I peremptorily refused even the personal interview which she proposed in her letter. I afterward learned that she had been coached by the thieves to get her into such personal relations to me as to render possible if not probable any story she might tell to the world of an assault or of a crime. Only Almighty God could have preserved me as he did from the machinations of the worst gang of pirates that ever sailed the seas or infested the land. I was frequently advised by friends to move as far away from Harrisburg as was convenient for if I remained a resident of the capital city, if my life was not in jeopardy I would at least so long as I remain be subject to all the petty annoyances and persecutions that corrupt politicians allied with the liquor sellers could possibly invent. My answer uniformly was: "I expect to live and die in Harrisburg. I will not be *driven* out, but will *fight* it out."

SENATORIAL INQUIRERS.

As the time approached for trial on the charge of libel, the legislature became "perniciously active" to find out who were my witnesses; and the instrument of their frenzied inquiries was the senate committee on the capitol fire. A committee evidently organized for the purpose forstalling organized inquiries by citizens, and thus concealing rather than revealing the facts. Senator McCarroll, now a Dauphin County Judge was speaker pro-tem of the Senate, and possibly by virtue of knowing more about the origin of the capitol fire than any other Senator was chairman of the Concealment Committee. To its meetings I was frequently summoned and the pith of all their inquiries was: "Who informed you of the things you have published?" I refused to tell on the ground that my trial in court was pending and under the circumstances their question was not a privileged question. Here is a sample of the frequent dialogues in the large committee, as published by the papers of the period. The meeting was held this time in Senator McCarroll's office in the Calder building, and the persistency with which they sought to get the names of the witnesses I might call in my approaching defense on the charge of libel may prove interesting reading. We quote from the Harrisburg Patriot of March 4th.

"When Rev. Dr. S. C. Swallow was called yesterday before the fire investigating committee he said: "Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen: I believe most of the gentlemen of this committee who are present are Christ-

ian men; at least they believe in the fatherhood of God. We are making history now, and shall we ask God to bless us? (The reverend gentleman then devoutly bowed his head and without waiting for a response from the committee, to their amazement prayed as follows:)

"Oh God, our Father, we acknowledge Thy supremacy. Direct us this day by Thy Holy Spirit. Bless these men who represent the house of representatives and the senate of the state; and we pray that along all our lines of endeavor Thou wilt give us success in so far as success shall minister to Thy glory; and failure in so far as failure shall minister to Thy glory, for Jesus' sake, amen."

The committee having recovered from this peculiar shock, Senator McCarroll proceeded with the examination:

Q. Doctor, when you were here last Thursday, you stated that you would see the persons who gave you that information upon which the article published in your paper of February 25 was based, and request permission to give their names to this committee.

A. My answer to all inquiries that may come to me this morning—

Q. I want an answer to that question. We want to know whether or not you have kept that promise.

A. I must decline to answer questions calling for the names of persons from whom I have received information for the following reasons, in addition to reasons already given by me:

First. I have already testified to all the facts within my personal knowledge in relation to the burning of the capitol building so far as I can recall them. Any further testimony would be hearsay evidence, and I have heard nothing from anyone responsible for the building burned.

Second. A criminal prosecution has been commenced against me by the superintendent of public buildings charging that matter published concerning the burning of the capital building was libelous; and an answer to questions such as now propounded would disclose the names of witnesses material to my defense, and the character of their testimony.

Q. What you have stated is not responsive to my question. I now repeat it; Have you seen those persons and made the request you promised to make?

A. My answer is final.

Q. Have you seen those persons, and made the request you promised to make?

A. I think the answer to that question was couched in the words which I answered a moment ago.

Q. In my judgment, doctor, it is not responsive to the question.

A. Gentlemen, out of respect to the members of the committee, I will waive my right to absolutely decline, and say I have.

Q. When did you see them?

A. I saw them on the day of the last meeting of the committee.

Q. Did you request them to give you permission to disclose their names to this committee?

A. I did.

Q. What was the result?

A. They refused.

Q. Did you urge them to permit the giving of their names?

A. I did not.

Q. Did you advise them to refuse to give their permission?

A. I did not.

Q. Will you give the names of the persons who gave you the information on which paragraph eight of your paper of February 25, was based?

A. Most respectfully, gentlemen, I will not.

Q. Why do you refuse?

A. Because it is my right to refuse under all the circumstances.

Q. I am not aware of any right which you have to refuse giving the names, or testifying as to the sources of your information, unless your testimony would tend to criminate yourself?

A. My answer would tend to give information to the men who are seeking to criminate me, which information I am unwilling to give when a suit for libel is pending.

Q. Then these persons were unwilling to come before the committee and testify, and unwilling to give you permission to furnish the committee their names?

A. I have given my final answer. May I be permitted to make a suggestion?

Q. Certainly.

A. Let me suggest now, gentlemen, that you do yourself the honor to make history right, and to pass a resolution unanimously excusing me from answering these questions, and from any intimidation or attempts to compel their answering under all the circumstances.—I mean in view of the prosecution.

Q. You refuse to give the sources of your information?

A. That evidence will all be forthcoming at the proper time. May I ask you, Senator McCarroll, as my personal friend, would you answer that question if you were in the same position as myself?

Senator McCarroll—I would give the information and give it immediately. I would set myself right before the community, before the state, and especially the persons who are investigating this matter, and give this committee the names of the different persons from whom the information was received for the article published at the earliest possible moment. I would not only give the names but I would appeal to the

persons to not withhold any information in their possession under any of the subjects referred to in this article, and tell them they would not be justified in withholding the information given to you, or any other information on these subjects which they may possess. That is my judgment, as your personal friend, as to the course which you ought to follow.

Dr. Swallow—From different standpoints we see things differently and you and I occupy entirely different standpoints in regard to this question. That will be demonstrated later on.

Senator McCarroll—This committee is criticising no standpoint, so far as that is concerned. It is making the inquiry that the legislature has directed it to make as to the cause which led to the fire, and we believe no effort should be made to suppress any information. In the article you gave notice that you had a knowledge of all the facts that entered into the making of that article; and you admit that you have knowledge of the persons who gave you the statements, which you regarded were sufficient to convict of criminal carelessness; and when the committee seeks from you the names of these persons, and you refuse to give them, you, and you alone, must bear the personal responsibility.

Dr. Swallow—Mr. Chairman, my time is very precious. Will you excuse me?

Senator Gibson—Have you ever read the resolution creating and empowering this committee?

Dr. Swallow—I have never read it.

Senator Gibson—I will read it to you.

Dr. Swallow—I called for its reading at our last meeting, and you had Senator McCarroll give it to us from memory, a sort of running synopsis.

Senator Gibson—"Resolved, (If the house of representatives concur) That the standing committees on public buildings of the senate and house be instructed to act as a joint committee to inquire.

"First. Into the cause of the fire that destroyed the state capitol building." The question as it was in the resolution has never been asked you. Therefore I wish to ask you that question, and it is this? What have you to say as to the cause of the fire that destroyed the state capital building?

Dr. Swallow—I have no additional answer to make to any questions that may be asked me here this morning.

Senator Gibson—Have you ever answered that question?

Dr. Swallow—Without any disrespect, I ask you to excuse me from answering anything.

Senator Gibson—Then it would be an inference to the gentlemen here, if you do not answer, that you certainly have not. The second ques-

tion, from the resolution directing the inquiry, is, What do you know as to the progress of that fire at the time the first fire alarm was given?

Dr. Swallow (after some pause)—Put me on record as asking to be excused from answering.

Q. Just one more question. In view of all the courtesies shown you do I understand from that that you admit that you have never answered that question?

A. Put me on record as answering that I wish to be excused from answering.

Q. Third. The delay of the fire department to respond, as well as the delay in securing water sufficient to put out the fire—what do you answer to that?

A. The same answer.

Q. Just repeat the answer.

A. I wish to be put on record as answering that I wish to be excused from answering.

Q. Fourth. Whether under existing circumstances a fire occurring in either of the other buildings could be extinguished?

A. The same answer to that.

Q. Now I wish to come a little closer to some matters that I am afraid you will have to answer to some extent. I wish you would be patient in the matter because it is for information. It is without any disrespect to you; and I do not think you should have the feeling that you ought to withhold everything from this committee. Now my question is this: Have you more interest in the gentlemen who have informed you than the welfare of Pennsylvania.

A. You put me on record as saying that I must be excused from answering.

Q. Do you refuse to answer?

A. I asked to be excused from answering. That is the more polite way of answering.

Q. Were you brought any information yesterday regarding any matters from a piano-dealer of this city?

A. My answer is the same as to the foregoing questions. I respectfully wish to be put on record as requesting to be excused. Mr. President will you excuse me?

Q. Just one more question. In view of all the courtesies shown you by this committee, do you still disregard their request, and by so doing claim that we have no right to inquire of you for the information which others have given you?

A. With the most profound respect for this committee as a whole, and for the individual members of this committee, so far as I have personal knowledge of them, as well as for the joint bodies, namely, the

house and senate, the law making body of the commonwealth—and I appreciate the courtesies shown me by this committee—I positively refuse to answer further questions.

(The question and answer read by the stenographer to the committee).

Dr. Swallow—Please add one sentence: In view of the libel suits now pending.

Senator Gibson—That you still refuse to give this information during the pendency of the libel suits?

Dr. Swallow—I do.

(Rev. Dr. Swallow here withdrew).

HIDE AND SEEK WITH SERGEANT AT ARMS.

Finally a day was fixed on which they said I must appear before the Senate and furnish the names of my witnesses or go to jail. I was not notified of this arrangement except by my detective who kept in touch with the heelers of the gang in the lobbys of the hotel. He came to me with the information: "To-day you are to be arrested." My trial was fast approaching and I had not subpoenaed all my witnesses and I did not want to go to jail till this was done. So stepping into a closed cab I directed the driver from one witness to the other scattered through the city and surrounding country, taking nearly the whole day to accomplish the task. In the meantime, Larry Eyer, Sergeant at Arms of the Senate was hunting me. I met or passed him three or four times during the day but he failed to see me in the cab and as I threw no kisses to him I passed *incog*. That night accompanied by one of my counsel, ex-deputy attorney General Stranahan, I went to the rooms of Lieutenant Governor Lyon and said: "Governor I am not a bad boy, I was not playing truant, I was notifying my witnesses like a good boy. To-morrow if you want me I will be before the Senate. And I was there without the aid of Larry.

MORE GENEROUS THAN REQUIRED.

It required much discussion by the learned Senators as to the proprieties of the occasion; but finally they got to the question, "Will you furnish the Senate the names of those who furnished you the information you published?" To which I answered, "I will be more generous than the Senate requires, I will bring them to the committee or to the Senate as you may order." This seemed to be satisfactory and the Senate adjourned. Then Larry, the sergeant came to me for the names that he might subpoena them. When I reminded him that I had not promised the names but the people who owned them, and if he would furnish me a blank I would fill it and bring the witnesses. Here we split; he wanting the names and I refusing to give them. So they did not get to

tamper with many of my witnesses, and I did not go to jail, but did take some of my capitol fire witnesses before the committee.

SOME WITNESSES BOUGHT.

They incidentally learned the names of some of my witnesses prior to the court trial, and in every case they were tampered with. A lady got a present of a gold watch for forgetfulness as my witness. A man got an office in the state library which was created for him a useless sinecure like a sixth wheel to a wagon which he still holds as pay for "going back" on me just at the critical moment. A witness was sent on a trip to Europe; another was sent into a distant part of the state, visiting his Harrisburg home on Sundays only, and still another I found in Elk county a year after, who when I asked him what he was doing there answered: "Oh the state authorities made it to my advantage to skip when you were making it hot for them."

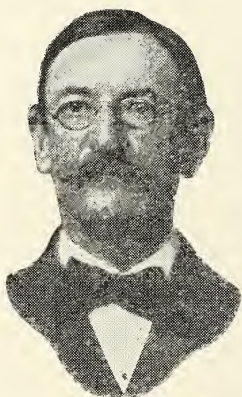
WOULD MAKE ME A SAINT.

Pending the trial I was one day sitting in my buggy awaiting my wife's return from a store, when a two hundred pound broad brimmed, and broad brogued Irishman came along, and seeing me, stepped to the curb and resting one foot on the buggy hub and resting his body on the crossed arms which in turn rested on his hub supported knee, he began and continued thus: "And ye are Mishter Schwallow I believe?" To which I assented. "Well Soir, if ye were a Cotholic we would canonize, ye shure, we'd make a Saint of ye. This counthry is comin' to ba d——d corrupt, and nobody can save it but the praists an the prachers. Parkhurst in New York and you in Pennsylvania, and others somewhere elst. The business men are afraid to speak, and the politicians don't want to speak, and the clergy and prasts must spake or pretty soon there'd be nothin' to spake for, sure." I ventured the question, "And what is your name?" To which he responded, "Sure and that's no matther. I am one of the cowardly business men be garry! Good mornin' soir." It is hardly necessary to say that he was a representative character. Many a business man took me into his private office and said in a whisper: "You are right, go ahead my sympathies are with you but don't quote me..

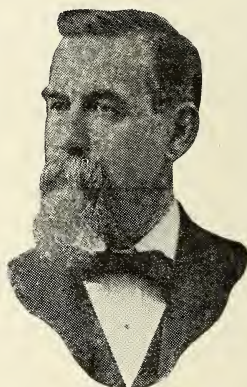
CHAPTER XXIII.

THE TRIAL, LAWYERS GALORE.

The defendants now acting as prosecutors had nine lawyers active, and we may never know how many others had been retained simply to prevent me from securing them. At least three approached by me gave evidence of being attorneys *en-arriere*. I went to Sunbury to consult my old friend ex-Congressman Simon P. Wolverton, with whom I had been associated he as captain and I as lieutenant in the 18th Pennsylvania Regiment of State defenders in September 1862, and subsequently had become cousins-in-law. He had long been one of the most widely known and most successful lawyers in the state. As he had been for years out



Hon. James Scarlet.



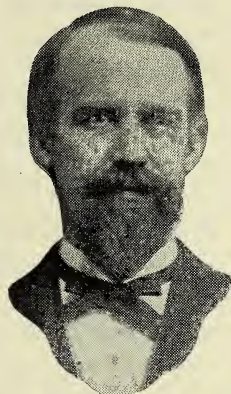
Hon. James A. Stranahan.

of criminal practice he advised me to get James Scarlet of Danville. The following soon became my legal team viz: James Scarlet; and Ex-Deputy attorney General James Stranahan, both of whom ten years later in the preliminary investigation of the state capitol steal, were the leading attorneys in attempting to locate that five million dollar fraud for which the capitol fire was a studied preparation; and in addition to these two, ex-representative Edwin W. Jackson, esq., for many years my attorney, and highly appreciated for his all-round ability especially in keeping men out of lawsuits. Thomas H. Murray of the Clearfield County Bar, and Lee L. Grumbine, esq., of the Lebanon County Bar. A strong team working in harmony. The opposing team was divided by petty jealous-

ies, for the defending prosecutors had pushed to the front Ex-District Attorney George S. Graham of Philadelphia, concerning whose private life and much condemned connection with the Philadelphia gang requires no comment from me. Graham monopolized largely the management of the case, and was so airy in his supercilious superiority, as to cause at least two of his colleagues to wish him a defeat and as a consequence to wish me a victory in the fight. Mr. Scarlet was more than a match for Graham in thrusting and kept the latter parrying. He led in the examination of witnesses. Mr. Jackson was authority on law points, and watched with eagle eye the attempt to suborn witnesses. Mr. Stranahan's personality was winning with the jury and his statement that in buying a flag-pole, hal-yards etc., for the Soldiers' Orphans School near Chambersburg, the only part of it purchased within the state was the hole in which to put the pole is quoted and laughed over to this day.



Hon. Edwin W. Jackson.



Hon. Thomas H. Murray.

Mr. Grumbine was general but silent adviser, while Mr. Murray referred to further on, was the logician of the quintette and for various reasons could afford to be practically independent of the courts bias, and fearless to expose it.

QUAY'S SMARTNESS AND FRIGHT.

It should be said in passing that Senator Quay's natural and acquired smartness though generated in a very low order of trident and split hoof cunning, nevertheless was always available in emergencies to save his party and thus save himself. In the midst of the excitement incident to the exposure, and when the thieves were so rattled as to suppose that persecution of him who had exposed them would silence him, and render them slaves immune to public censure. Quay put in an appearance and summoning to his room the little fellows that wore his collars, delivered himself about after this fashion as reported by one of them.

"What is all this fuss about, Dr. Swallow? Don't you know you can't fight one man without making a martyr of him? You can fight a regiment, or an army better than you can fight one man. He has been guying you fellows and you are such —— fools you couldn't see it. If you keep on our party will suffer. You will keep going with your— foolishness till Swallow will carry the state." We discovered the next day that something had happened because of the changed and peaceful attitude of the camp followers. We could not now provoke them to an open opposition. It was several months before we learned that Quay had opened the eyes of the blind.

AN IRASCIBLE JUDGE.

Judge ——, now deceased, presided at the trial. He was a man learned in the law, a book worm. Ordinarily conservative. Standing high among lawyers as a jurist and among Presbyterians as a churchman, severely orthodox and of good report in all the relations of life. What we are about to write is an illustration of the warping influence on character of the liquor system in American politics, and how individual character and public opinion even in the Church of Christ of all denominations come through long years to mutually adapt themselves to low standards and ideals in morals and in religion.

That the judge would be dead against me I had reason to believe, and was not disappointed; and this for two or three reasons. First: Good old Rudolph Kelker was authority for the statement that as a young attorney he had shown his contempt for reform by shooting spit balls at reformers who appeared in court in opposition to applicants being licensed to sell rum, and he had given in the intervening years no evidence of conversion.

Second: He had for a quarter of a century been the silent but potential Quay boss of the County, quietly dominating politically all the smaller bosses, even as they seemed to dominate the rank and file of the party.

Third: I had some time previously criticised his granting of license to new applicants, after telling the remonstrants that they might as well save their strength, since he would not grant new licenses. The Judge, however, though himself for years a Presbyterian Church official, always had a warm side for the R——'s who were very kind to him, and it would have broken his heart to refuse one of these thrifty Italians any favor in his power to bestow. Seven of them were at one time connected directly or indirectly with the liquor trade of Harrisburg. So he shut the eyes of the remonstrants, held over his decision to a more convenient season and then granted the license. This however, did not in any way

lower his church standing, which was evidence that he was as good as his own church, or many other churches on that question.

SHAKES HANDS WITH HIS POLITICAL CRONIES.

When Governor Hastings and his bevy of witnesses, including Johncie De Lancy, who though claiming to be libeled dared not go on the stand and tell how, entered the side door near the Judge's bench, that worthy allowed the imaginary scales of justice to dip visibly, and the bandage fell from the eyes of the Goddess, as her representative walked down from his high perch and met this bevy at the door and shook hands warmly all-around, thus showing to the jury and a crowded court house that he was by force of political affiliation of a low down click rather than a high minded judge, intent on a square deal to every man. When a poor, shabily dressed laborer found General Washington kneeling at his side at the Communion table, in the little Alexandria church, and modestly essayed to rise and wait till another company should come forward, the great man grasped his arm saying: "Do not move, we are all equal here." And so it should be at the seat of him who personates the righteous judge of all the earth. But alas! Human weakness and prejudice must ever be reckoned with, even in the best men and in the most solemn environments. Judge —— was a good man, as the world and the church of his time goes. And we cite the foregoing facts only as an illustration of the deteriorating influences of the license system on even the best of men.

A NAGGING JUDGE.

When it was my turn to go on the stand, I mentally determined that I would take my time to tell my story, and hence my sentences were slowly uttered. The judge repeatedly said: *Sote voce* yet for me and most of those within the bar to hear. "Speak faster." "Well, go on." "Speak faster, I say," which I did not proceed to do, but gave him a look or two that said, "It is time for you to quit," which he did. I was on the point of saying "Your honor, I hear a voice repeatedly urging me to "Speak faster." I am sworn "to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." It is a solemn and responsible duty which none can discharge for me. And your honor; I ask the protection of the court from the insolent interruption." But he had quit the insolence in time to save us both from the humiliation of such a speech by me.

Further on in the trial and during my direct examination as a witness, Graham was objecting to my answering certain questions, the answer to which were necessary, provided I "told the truth and the whole truth," and I answered one or two questions requiring a simple yes or no, before Graham could formulate his objection. The judge at this

showed much anger and threatened me punishment if I did not go slower. He was hard to please, and possibly I was not the most accommodating witness in the world.

“WHICH ARMY?”

Graham's unfairness was frequently made manifest, especially so when on cross-examination he asked me when I came from the South? I answered “I had not been farther South than York, Pa., where I had served as pastor of a church, except, when, for a short time I was in the army.” While leaving the witness stand he asked with a voice I could not hear but the jury could: “Which Army?” implying that I had been a rebel. On arriving at my seat one of my attorneys repeated the question to me, and balancing myself on my tip toes I shouted out “The Union Army!” the audience cheered. Graham got crimson and the judge rapping for order threatened arrest if there was another demonstration.

THE JUDGE REVERSES HIMSELF.

We had not gone far in the trial of one of the cases, when the Judge ruled that the jury should be the judge of the testimony, and the next day possibly, when we offered loads of testimony he reversed himself by ruling it out and thus refusing the jury the opportunity of judging of the value of the evidence offered.

This incensed my attorneys, especially Mr. Murray, who was on his feet in an instant, his long, index finger once blunt and blistered from hard toil on his father's Clearfield County farm, but now taper and aggressive from frequently pointing the way out of the legal wilderness in the General Conference of the Methodist Church to which he is a frequent delegate, or as an advocate before the Supreme Court of his state; yes that long bony finger was now pointing straight at the Judge, and like a highly charged electrode it carried to the Judge this sentence: “If the court pleases, you ruled yesterday that the jury should be the judge of the testimony, and to-day you refuse to let that jury have the testimony.” Then the judge somewhat flushed amid his usual palor attempted to explain the unexplainable. But the finger was still pointing and like a thunderbolt the sentence rang out again: “Nevertheless your honor, you ruled that the jury should be the judge of the evidence and now you refuse to give it to them.” Then the judge muttered something about the gentleman becoming somewhat personal, when once more as a parting shot there rang out the sentence: “Nevertheless your honor, etc.” And then there was silence for a minute, after which business was resumed.

IT ALSO CARRIED THE SUPERIOR COURT.

Suffice it to say here that this one sentence more than any other one sentence among the many pronounced by Messrs. Murray, Jackson, and Stranahan, thrust into the faces of the seven judges of the Superior court with emphasis by each of these able attorneys brought from that body a reversal of the lower court on the one indictment on which I had been found guilty, and brought too, the right of a new trial which the state thieves never had the courage to prosecute. They had enough vindiction such as it was. The publication of the Superior Court decision, suffice it to say was unaccountably postponed till after the election of 1898; and I, as candidate for Governor thus had no advantage therefrom.

After the trial I never could even by accident meet the judge. Once I thought we were about to meet on the street and I was ready to bid him the time of day but he conveniently slipped into an intervening alley and quietly pursued his journey home. A year after, he remarked at a boarding house table in the hearing of one of my counsel though not intended for his ear. "That court trial was one of the greatest mistakes ever made in our County."

A GUILTY LOOKING JUDGE.

I still recall vividly the appearance of the judge on the morning that he pronounced the sentence of \$500 fine which as I have just narrated the Superior Court spoiled for him. When told to stand up, I walked as close to the judge as possible, and strove to look into his face, which grew deadly pale, and looked right and left and downward but not for an instance into mine. My response was "I thank you, sir," and turning to go to my seat, which, as a background, had a company of ladies, among them my wife, Mrs. Rev. De Yoe, Mrs. Frank Sites and Mrs. I. R. Poffenberger, while I was flanked right and left by other friends, a large bouquet of white roses and carnations was thrust into my hand by L. W. Turner, Esq. This I handed to my wife, who remarked, "Emblem of innocence." Then I looked for Turner to be turned into jail for contempt of court. But the judge seemed absorbed with his own inner consciousness or possibly the lack of it.

I should have stated perhaps that I was sued on only three out of the nine charges I had made, which was a tacit acknowledgment of the truth of the six. On the first indictment relating to the Soldiers' Orphan School, where we had proved that its superintendent had taken a bribe of \$25 in the purchase of a set of harness for the State, the harnessmaker putting \$25 more on the price than he otherwise would have done, I was found "not guilty but pay the costs," which I

promptly gave notice I would never do. The other indictment was never brought forward, and the one I was sentenced on was reversed. And thus ended a shake-up, that many have asserted saved the State many millions of dollars, it having put the thieves in a measure on their good behavior but not to the extent of preventing them from carrying out the \$5,000,000 loot prepared for by the burning of the capitol.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ELECTION-FRIGHTENED BOSSES.

Following the trial the Prohibitionists nominated me for State Treasurer. I made a canvass of the State, chaperoned by the Hon. Quincy Lee Morrow, of Maryland, and carried Harrisburg by over 300 majority, also carried this and eight other counties, getting majorities in every county save one in which as an itinerant I had ever lived. The story goes that on the night of election, Judge ———, Johncie De Lancy and a bevy of Republican politicians were receiving the returns at the office of the *Harrisburg Telegraph*, and when the first announcement was made, viz: Middletown, eighteen majority for Swallow, they looked bewildered, and when a dozen similar majorities had been called off, one by one they pulled their hats over their eyes and slipped down the dark stairs and out into the night, till not one of them was left to attest his interest in this particular election. Had the Quay machine anticipated such a crisis they could have easily prevented it by counting me out. Of course, it will never be known to what extent this was done without specific orders. But they could with timely warning have prevented my carrying a single county. At least that is my opinion.

SAM JONES' OPINION OF QUAY.

It was during this campaign that I met the peculiar but to those who knew him most splendid genius, Sam Jones. I was spending a week in Pittsburg going out for meetings every night to points within a radius of twenty-five miles. One morning, on entering the breakfast room of the Monongahela House, I spied Mr. Jones sitting at a table in a distant corner. Getting within ear shot I struck a position and exclaimed in the language once used by Dr. Talmage in introducing Mr. Jones, "This is the Rev. Dr. Samuel P. Jones, of Georgia," I believe. Rising and twitching his moustache, he answered with his characteristic drawl. "Y-a-as, and what are you doin' on this side the State?" "Conducting an educational campaign and incidentally running for State Treasurer," was my reply. "Y-a-as," said Sam, "don't you know that old Quay sets over the nest in Pennsylvania? and he can hatch out anything from a dominicker hen to an alligator?"

THE BOSSES BETTER PREPARED NEXT TIME.

In my candidacy for Governor a year later the opinion of Sam was verified. I had back of me not only the Prohibition party but the Citizen's party, composed of such splendid men as Herbert Welsh, Charles Richardson, Dr. Pasifer Frazer, David Wal-

lerstine, Dr. Edward H. Magill, Mr. George Strawbridge, D. Stuart Robinson, Enoch Lewis, Rev. E. T. Bartell, D.D., George Burnham, Jr., Philip C. Garrett, Finley Aker, Bishop Whitaker, of the Episcopal Church, who attended our Academy of Music meetings, and I think one of the hotel receptions tendered me, took a deep interest in the attempt to redeem the State from its long-continued disgrace, and at the same time set our resident Methodist Bishop and his adherents an example of non-partisan patriotism worthy a hearty imitation; which, we are sorry to say, most of them neglected to profit by, and many others. I also had the endorsement of the People's Party, as the issue was "good government"



Rev. Sam. P. Jones.

as well as prohibition.

My platform was a single plank, viz: "Thou shalt not steal." I had reason to expect that all good citizens and especially all ministers of the gospel would vote for me, but my mistake was corrected one day by an observing member of my own conference, who came, in a friendly way to my office and in the course of conversation dropped this question: "Doctor, do you expect the members of our conference generally to vote for you?" I replied, "I have no means of knowing what proportion of them will do so; I know they should vote for me, not on personal but on disciplinary grounds." "Well," said he, "I hear so many saying in substance, 'Why, who is he that he should be boosted and feted and banqueted over the State, to the accompaniment of processions and music by the band? He is just one of us.'" "Ah," said I, "human nature has not changed much in all these nineteen hundred years."

One of these banquets was held at the University Club, and was engineered by Hon. Herbert Welsh, before referred to. I consented to attend it if intoxicants were excluded. Hon Wayne



Rev. Bishop Whitaker.

MacVeagh sat opposite me at table, and if memory serves me it was on this occasion that Mr. MacVeagh proposed for my platform in the campaign the single Scripture plank, "Thou shalt not steal!" Sitting at the same table were the heads of several labor organizations for whose support of me Mr. Welsh was very solicitous.

Perhaps to no other one man is so much credit due as to Mr. Welsh for awaking the people of Pennsylvania, and especially of Philadelphia, to the importance of overthrowing the political corruption that stalked through the Commonwealth with brazen face and defiant step. His weekly paper, *City and State*, of which he was proprietor and editor, was a Damascus blade, cutting right and left at the pirates bent on looting the treasury.

That Mr. Welsh used a large part of his ample fortune in the furtherance of civic righteousness we have reason to believe.

The *Philadelphia Times* Midnight New Year banquet with the editor, Colonel Alexander McClure, as one of the speakers, was another occasion to be remembered. Congratulations were indulged in many of the toast responses to the absence for the first time of all intoxicating liquors in deference to the wishes of the guest of honor. This was the condition on which I engaged to attend and illustrates the fact that as Prohibitionists we need not compromise our principles or sacrifice them on the social altar.

In this campaign of the people's parties more votes were polled for me than in the preceding year, yet I carried but one county, and that Lackawanna.

A Philadelphia Democrat told me two years after that in his precinct I had received 105 votes, and that the election board had counted five for me and divided the hundred between the two old party candidates. This criminal juggling with the most sacred rights known to the sovereigns of a republic, renders almost hopeless the speedy or permanent establishment of any great reform.

The one county I carried embraces much of the anthracite coal field, with its foreign population. It was my boyhood home, and I prized the compliment highly. It was in Scranton, of this county, that, accompanied by Volney B. Cushing, of Maine, I delivered my last address of the campaign in the great armory, to an audience estimated at three thousand, while Dr. Reed, president of Dickinson College, was delivering an address at the opera house in the interest of Quay's candidate, Wm. A. Stone. The Doctor's pay for his services for the machine was the



Hon. Herbert Welsh.

office of State Librarian, with its large salary and emoluments, retaining at the same time the college presidency and its salary. At the time when some quasi reform politicians were urging upon Mr. Quay the expediency of nominating Charles Stone instead of Wm. A. Stone for the Governorship, Mr. Quay, it is said, paid the latter this high compliment in answer to the statement that "Charlie will do what you tell him." "Yes," said Mr. Quay, "but William will do it without being told." Concerning another man that Mr. Quay desired to reach and use, a henchman said: "He is very conscientious," to which Mr. Quay responded, "Ah, is he conscientious? Well, that means a little more money."

As Dr. Reed's Librarian term drew to a close, he became impressed with the belief that Elkin, now the Hon. Judge Elkin, who was then fighting Quay, would succeed, and he flogged to Elkin and abused Quay, as he had also abused George Jenks, the Democratic candidate for Governor, also Wanamaker, who in that gubernatorial campaign was a free lance, with anything to beat Quay for his motto; and in his abuse he did not forget me, representing the Prohibitionists and the Citizens' party. Elkin failed, and the Doctor went down with him. His next venture was to flop to Pattison, the Democratic candidate for Governor in the next campaign. He was very prudent this time, however, waiting till a few days before the close, when it looked as though the Democrats were sure to succeed, but he went down with Pattison.

THE DOCTOR'S HUMILIATION.

An incident pitied by some and amusing to others, though humiliating to Dr. Reed, occurred at the round-up of the Democratic campaign at the great meeting in the Philadelphia Academy of Music, where he with several others were scheduled to speak. At least one of the Democratic speakers declared, "if that turn-coat speaks I will not." The doctor was therefore left sitting at the rear of the program, if not of the stage, speechless. He had given his manuscript to the reporters and it appeared in the morning papers, while in another column was published the intelligence that the Democrats did not allow him to speak and explained the appearance of a speech never delivered. The Doctor's ambition to become a Methodist Bishop is generally known. The last effort at the General Conference in 1908 had its prelude in a multitude of letters sent to the delegates-elect by a man in the Doctor's employ, aided by the Rev. J. W. Hill, of Ogden University fake lots fame. When members of the Baltimore General Conference were buttonholed in the Doctor's interest they let him down as easily as possible, with the inquiry "Is not his old age against him?" Thereupon, a Baltimore bosom friend, a physician, rushed into the city papers with the statement that a "man is only as old as his arteries," and an examination of the

Doctor's arteries promises many years of active service. But even this did not elect him. Query: Is this testing of the arteries any improvement on the old farmer's method of looking at the teeth to determine age? Who will answer?

TURNED CALVINIST.

It was during the 1898 campaign that my political itinerary brought me to Wilkes-Barre for Saturday night, where I was compelled to remain over the Sabbath or travel to my home on Sunday, and as I never had, and never have, used public conveyances on the Lord's day, though I am under no pledge for the future, I remained in my native county seat over Sunday and was invited by Mr. E. B. Buckalew, Secretary of the flourishing Young Men's Christian Association, to speak in their large hall on Sunday afternoon. It was crowded with earnest hearers, and near the close I said in substance: "In these strenuous years, though I was born and raised an Armenian in theology, yet I have become something of a Calvinist. I am this much of a Calvinist; I now believe that God not only directs our steps but in so doing orders our way. In fact, I believe that everything that is, is right, sin excepted." At the close, the meeting was thrown open for three minute remarks, when a bald-headed man, wearing glasses and carrying a profundo orotundo voice, a triple combination of wisdom to be feared by the victim of his criticisms, arose and said, with a foreign accent: "I too was born and reared an Armenian in theology and, thank God, I never backslid." Well, thought I, that is a little rough to bear in my old native town, but then he committed no sin and "everything that is, is right, sin excepted," and I must grin and bear it. Then a dapper little sandy complected Irishman with a shrill treble note in staccato measure, dropping at the end of a sentence into legato, arose and said: "I too was born an Armenian in theology and, thank God, I never backslid," but I can endorse the speaker of the afternoon, when he says "everything that is is right, sin excepted; for it manes simply this, that everything is right except phawts wrong, and anybody can endorse that." Well, that's what it means, and everybody as well as anybody should be able to endorse it. It is good to feel with the Psalmist, "My times are in His hands" and to sing with William F. Lloyd:

"My times are in Thy hands,
 Whatever they may be;
 Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
 As best may seem to Thee."

The distinction between Armenian and Calvinist is now much more misty and obscure than in the controversial times of our fathers, when the principal amusement and exercise of the theological athletes consisted in publicly pummeling the other fellow or his straw image.

CHAPTER XXV.

MY ALLEGED TREASONABLE (?) EDITORIAL.

In the preceding chapters is given a somewhat detailed account of my conflict with the State thieves in 1897-8, but which was not confined to those years. Since they used certain preachers as tools to carry the fight against me into the church, and to prolong it for nearly a decade. The indirect means or pretence on which they dragged the church into the fight was found in an editorial published by me in the *Pennsylvania Methodist* at the time that Mr. McKinley's physicians were publishing to the world that his convalescence was so assured that they would have him back in Washington within a week. We devote a part of this chapter to that editorial, in the hope that it may have a careful reading and that the reader may form an intelligent opinion as to whether there was anything in it to justify my enemies in their threats to mob me and burn my property. The editorial is headed:

"THE LONGER CATECHISM FOR PLAIN PEOPLE.—ON PRESIDENTIAL ASSASSINATIONS."

Q. When is the most fitting time to draw moral lessons from great public calamities?

A. If we consult the politicians who, like vultures hover around the victim, on such an occasion, ever on the "make" through the sympathy racket, or the feelings of those most responsible, or the popularity, not to say personal safety, of him who draws the lessons, it would doubtless be indefinitely postponed. If we consult the greatest good of the largest possible number, the best time is when the public pulse is running high and the public conscience is most tender and susceptible to impressions. Thus did the prophets and priests of God throughout Bible history.

Q. What event occurred on Friday, September sixth, that created a profound impression throughout the civilized world?

A. The shooting of President McKinley at the Pan American Exposition at Buffalo, New York, by one Czolgosz, a murderous Anarchist, who claimed to be personally and alone responsible for the awful crime. The recovery of the President is probable and the punishment of the wretched murderer will be all too inadequate, not exceeding a few years'

imprisonment. Thus in forty years three out of six Presidents have been shot by assassins.

Q. What motive probably prompted the deed? Was it inordinate vanity, revenge for real or fancied injuries, unreasoning malice, or the expectation of reward?

A. All these combined. He had been schooled to believe that life's ills among the poor and unfortunate were owing to the oppressions or at least indifference of the governing classes practiced toward the masses, and that though he should suffer the death penalty for his crime, his name would go down to posterity covered with glory for having rid the earth of one of its alleged tyrants. There could have been no personal grounds for seeking revenge, for Mr. McKinley is the most amiable of men in his treatment of individuals, avoiding all antagonisms and adapting himself to present surroundings with remarkable facility, even on great moral, political and economic questions. His home life is said to be most beautiful.

Q. Is there no way of stamping out these nests of Anarchistic vipers found in all civilized governments?

A. Only as their theories develop into overt acts can they be punished, which is "locking the stable door after the horse is stolen."

Q. Does public sentiment have any influence in prompting men to take the lives of those in power?

A. Much every way. The partisan spirit, against which the Father of the Country cautioned American citizens frequently grows so intense as to develop into such criticisms of public men as if carried to their legitimate ends lead to personal violence.

The spirit of the age has in it a large contingent of brutality. The unwritten code of the nations, among which our own is foremost, is "Might makes right." "The survival of the fittest," which means the strongest. And "Nothing succeeds like success," regardless of the motive prompting and the methods employed to achieve it. On the pretence of helping the Cubans to rid themselves of the oppression of the Spaniards, protect them from starvation and give them the privilege of self government for which they had been long fighting, and at a time when hundreds of thousands of our own colored citizens were being treated no better, and hundreds of thousands of our white brothers and sisters in the slums of our cities were in want of the necessities of life, we, without the loss of a man, shot to pieces the vessels and the soldiers of an effete, decrepit old government in the waters of their own harbor eight thousand miles from our own country, took forcible possession of their islands and ten millions of their subjects and compelled that conquered government to accept two dollars a head for these subjects and their country, on penalty of invading the home country and overthrowing the government. We

hold these ten millions as our subjects against their will, thus ignoring our own basal principle of "government with the consent of the governed." We impose at the point of the bayonet on these Filipinos our ideas of government, till in our estimation they are capable of self government. Even as did King George the Third on the American colonies, and as do the Southern States on the negro, and England on the South African. We do all this because we have the power and they are powerless. It is the dominancy of brute force. Our excuse is "the interests of trade require this expansion, and these people will be bettered by our violence;" such was doubtless the argument of the assassin in firing the fatal bullet. He had the power, why not use it?

We thus added to the ten millions of blacks whom we stole from their native country as slaves, ten other millions of yellows, quite as ignorant as the blacks, and that too at a time when these blacks were being disfranchised, hunted and shot like wild animals on every pretence, or their bodies bound to trees, saturated with oil and burned alive, without our government interposing to give them a fair trial for their alleged crimes.

Q. Where else is this spirit of brutality seen?

A. In the utterances of thousands of pulpits and of the religious press, crying for war. In the combinations of capital seeking to prevent or starve out combinations of labor, in which the government musket favors the rich and shoots down the poor. In the applauded statement of the preacher occupying the pulpit of the church in which Mr. McKinley stately worships in Washington, viz: "Had I been with the President and in possession of a pistol I would have blown the scoundrel to atoms." In the enlargement of our army and navy preparing for war. In the vote that elected a vice president, whose attitude has ever been that of "a bully eager for bloodshed." In the prize fights, bull fights, and college slugging matches known as football, the latter being used as the most drawing advertisement. And, in the boss system in politics which ignores reason, argument, human rights, constitutions, and by purchased votes combined with brute force at the polls, feeds itself fat on the hard earnings of the masses. The bosses, corporations and trusts with rare exceptions electing our officials from President down and frequently controlling them in the interest of personal greed after they are elected.

Q. What were the antecedents and associations of the would-be assassin of the President?

A. According to public prints he is an American boy born of a Russian father, who has for forty-two years been a voter. The young man was educated in our public schools, and in his father's saloon where anarchists met and discussed the best methods of assassinating rulers, is a member of the Knights of the Golden Eagle, a beneficiary society, which admits only American citizens of good character, and he

was harbored in a Buffalo saloon for three days prior to the awful deed. In fact, Booth, the assassin of President Lincoln, and Gitteau, the assassin of President Garfield, both got their inspiration from the flowing bowl. While the Haymarket bomb throwers and murderers of Chicago laid all their plans in the saloons. It is also true that three-fourths of the criminals in prison, and of those detained in insane asylums, and of the inmates of our almshouses, and of the habitués of trampdom are the product of the liquor traffic.

Q. What relation does our Government sustain toward this traffic?

A. That of protector, chief patron, direct beneficiary, and indirect victim and sufferer. The United States Government accepted \$183,429,-571.67 revenue from the business as a tax last year a gain of \$10,000,000 over the previous year; and taxation always implies protection though the pretence is regulation. Most of this money comes from the earnings of the poor. The rich have such influence with the courts as enables them to drive the saloon and all its abominations from the fashionable residence districts of our towns and cities, and thus in a measure to save their own children from contamination and ruin. They thus banish the traffic to the more densely peopled districts of the wage earners and bread winners, who because of their poverty are helpless to protect themselves and their children from the ravages of the monster. The rich, and the representatives of our government, our pulpits, banks, and factories, thus look on and inquire, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

The liquor traffic is the greatest anarchist of the centuries. It defies law, morals, preaching, hopes, fears, prayers, tears, petitions and remonstrances alike. It badgers, bullies, and murders the representatives of law and order in Prohibition communities, and with equal facility defies the laws enacted for its regulation in license States. Gladstone said it was the author of more misery than war, pestilence and famine combined. It is the school of anarchists that is fast neutralizing the teachings of the home, the Sabbath School, and the pulpit. It cultivates burglars, highway robbers, murderers and assassins.

Q. What has been the attitude of the present National Administration toward this school of assassins?

A. Of the most friendly character. No saloon-keeper, brewer or distiller if at the head of government could have done more for the traffic than the present administration has done during the past five years.

Its representatives have had the unqualified political support of these assassin schools. The Chief Executive has been the guest of the great brewers, distillers and saloon-keepers, and they have found as hearty a welcome at the White House, as have statesmen, ministers and Sunday-school workers. Under his fostering care as commander-in-chief of the

army and navy, the army canteen has flourished, sending back to broken-hearted mothers thousands of debauched sons who left the parental hearthstone with clean hands, clear heads and pure hearts. The cries and groans of these mothers have never reached the White House, being drowned in the huzzahs of the assassin makers, mingled with the curses of their victims. American saloons and brothels by the hundred have been planted in the new possessions, and regulated and protected by the head of the army who is the head of the government. The abandoned women are examined by the army surgeons who give them health certificates for a consideration, and thus have we inaugurated in heathen lands the same process of manufacturing assassins as is in existence at home. The humblest citizen should have the same protection as the highest. Referring to the favor shown to powerful monopolies, syndicates and trusts by our national government, and by the political bosses who dictate its policy and grow rich from its tax-ridden subjects, a valued exchange has this to say:

"The public welfare is the highest law. In the meantime it might be well to employ our powers of introspection, and to endeavor, without self-deception, to answer the question whether we have not begun to drift away from our democratic moorings and in the direction of conditions that may produce a home-grown brood of anarchists in the future. Any policy that tends to create favored elements enjoying exceptional commercial or other protection under the law should be anathema in a free republic. A fair field and no favor, with equality of opportunity for all and unrestrained operation of the law of competition, are the prerequisites of our national safety."

Let prayers continually ascend for the recovery of our President, and for the return of our country to a recognition of the Word of God as the statute book of the realm.

However, our prayers in this trying ordeal should be most earnest and importunate, not so much for the removal of the temporary effect of our National sin, as for the destruction of the sin itself, for "righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people."

CHAPTER XXVI.

REV. MR. WETZELL'S TREACHERY.

A member of the Central Pennsylvania Conference, who, to save the feelings of his most excellent wife and family shall in this account be known as Rev. Mr. Wetzell, was pastor of one of the smaller Methodist churches in Harrisburg. In his earlier Christian experience he had the reputation of being very conscientious, having given up a job rather than desecrate the Sabbath. This is said to have raised up friends for him who aided him in securing an education. He professed complete consecration and sanctification in his early ministry, and following the teachings of the book of discipline and of the bishops, became a voting prohibitionist, which was much to his credit especially in view of his boyhood home surroundings. His hair-splitting drastic measures however in his pastorates, and on the Conference floor, had rendered him unpopular and relegated him to pastorates much below his ability as a sermonizer, and caused him to be restive, complaining, and as alleged by some of his Harrisburg officary exceedingly dilatory in his pastoral work. His members complained bitterly of his neglect of his work, and of his ill natured flings. He was seen often about the hotels mingling with republican politicians, and claiming in a controversy with a candidate for legislative Chaplain that he as a new recruit could do more for the party than could his rival. These conditions were explained by his subsequent conduct. On the death of Mr. McKinley he wrote an article for the Harrisburg Star Independent, misrepresenting my editorial published in the Pennsylvania Methodist and embraced in the preceeding chapter and leaving the impression on the public mind that it was a brutal and wholly unwarranted attack on the dying president. That it was a justification of the assassin and the assassination, and suggesting that the Board of Directors of the Methodist Book Rooms of which I had been Superintendent for ten years should follow the example of other employers and dismiss me at once. In the inflamed condition of the public mind caused by the death of the President this vilification by the Rev. Mr. Wetzell aroused much public indignation against me; which however quickly changed to contempt for the vilifier on the part of those who had read my editorial.

FAILURE TO GET UP A MOB.

On the night that Mr. McKinley died, vast crowds surged through Third Street, Harrisburg, watching the bulletin boards and giving ex-

pression to their grief. Mr. Wetzell was now assisted in his work by three others. The first was Johncie De Lancy of the Governor's Cabinet when the old Capital burned, and by his own testimony, recently before the investigators of the five million new Capital steal the transmitter if not the inaugurator of the foot and pound rate method of selling furniture to the State, by means of which millions have been stolen from the tax payers. He had been my prosecutor for libel three years before, and was by me as before stated defeated him and his administration pals in the Superior Court. The second was the Rev. John Wesley Hill, pastor of Grace Methodist Church, who had been openly charged with perjury by the judge of a western court and with defrauding many in an Ogden lot deal. He had also secured the position of trustee of the American University, its agent being authority for the statement, by getting an impecunious friend to subscribe to the institution \$10,000 on condition that Hill be honored with a trusteeship which amount it is hardly necessary to state was never paid. Hill still holding the honor however. The third was Hill's bosom friend, named Copeland, exposed by my paper as having for twelve years played the religious impostor in the South under a variety of aliases and was defeated by me in his attempt to lecture from my pulpit during a vacation. I objected on the ground that a man should serve at least a short probation in morals before setting up as a teacher of morals to decent people. He had secured by deception the name of Bishop Levi Scott to a fake ordination certificate, which the fake preacher used to further his imposturage. This was the quartet as shown in a subsequent church investigation, who helped on by some saloon keepers attempted to excite the crowd against me by their loud talk to each other. One of them would rush through the crowd across the street to another of the quartet and exclaim in loud tones: "Say did you hear that a crowd has started up to Swallow's house to lynch him?" No I had not heard it but he deserves it," and but for the fact that most of the crowd were my friends who had carried most of the wards in the city for me on the prohibition ticket in 1897, my property in my absence, at Mt. Gretna would have that night been sacrificed. On my return to the city next day I spent several hours in a vain endeavor to find even one man willing to acknowledge that he had participated in the farce, or had any desire to do me an injury. Well the quartet could not start the mob, but they could and did fill the columns of the papers next morning with the false statement that I "had been threatened by a mob because I had attacked the dying President."

The following was the testimony in a subsequent trial of one of the witnesses, Mrs. J. E. D——— residing on North Sixth Street, Harris-

burg. It was first embodied in a letter written to me under the date of October 3d, 1901, and subsequently reproduced in her testimony at the preliminary investigation under the Presiding Elder.

REV. WETZELL "WOULD TAR AND FEATHER DR. SWALLOW.

"In company with my son I stood near the Harrisburg Evening Telegraph office on Friday evening, September 13th when bulletins were being posted giving the condition of the President. A large crowd was present. A short time before this the band had been mobbed. My son is very young, and being home on a visit from Princeton University I waited on him as he wished to stay a little longer. I stood about two feet from a man who said: *"Dr. Swallow ought to be tarred and feathered and rode on a rail, and I would not stay under the same roof with him five minutes, and if he came along here now I would help tramp him into the pavement.*

I did not at that time know the man, but believed him to be a minister of the gospel from his dress, though his language was that of a street tough, intent on inciting the mob to deeds of violence. On coming home I described him to my husband who said: "Why that is the Rev. Mr. ———, pastor of Vine Street Methodist Church." Subsequently on Sept. 25th, it being Wednesday evening, I went to his prayer meeting not to remain to be led in prayer by such a man, but for the purpose of identifying him. All were strange faces to me except his; I knew him the moment I looked through the door and saw him. The identification was complete. I am sure he is the man who used the violent language.

(Signed) MRS. J. E. D. ———.

This is the woman who was grossly insulted by the Rev. Mr. Wetzell as brought out by Dr. Powick at the Bellefonte trial, and whose aged father sought to punish Mr. Wetzell with a club.

I showed in the Pennsylvania Methodist, that the Rev. Mr. Wetzell was not wholly disinterested in his desire to have me removed from the Superintendency of the Methodist Book Rooms, and in other ways exposed the animus of his attacks.

GRAND ARMY DISGRACED.

Having failed to get up a mob, the quartet conceived the brilliant idea of holding an indignation meeting in the name of the Grand Army of the Republic, for the purpose of voicing the contempt in which they held the author of the editorial entitled: "A Longer Catechism on Presidential Assassinations." Saturday night following the death of Mr. McKinley was first named but more time was necessary to "work it up," and it was postponed one week. In the meantime cards of admission and invitation were issued in great abundance and people were urged

to attend the Board of Trade meeting as a "memorial to the dead president." Many went for that purpose, and discovering when there that it was gotten up to black-guard and if possible blacken the reputation of a private citizen withdrew early in the proceedings. A Major Brown who had done doubtful service during the civil war, had once bravely and boastingly taken a rebel flag from a locomotive at the Chicago World's Fair, both being on exhibition, and been compelled to return it on the threat of prosecution, presided bravely, and made a self-satisfying speech. He had for many years been an office holding henchman in the politics and policies of the redoubtable Matt Quay and was now trying to get even with us for our having exposed the stealings of the Quay regime. He was very severe in his denunciation afterward of Rev. Mr. Hill and others for having given him encouragement in getting up the meeting and then conveniently absenting themselves. The Rev. Mr. Wetzell did double duty. He not only attended in person introducing his wife to Mr. Johnnie De Lancy who was present and carried a big stick with which to make up for any deficiency in the applause, but he also wrote a long letter which to preserve historic accuracy we herewith produce in part.

Omitting the full signature of Mr. Wetzell that as before stated the innocent wife and children may not suffer unnecessarily from the misdeeds of the husband and father.

"Sergeant C. M. Kishpaugh, Chairman of Committee, Harrisburg, Pa.

I appreciate the courtesy of your invitation to me to speak at the mass-meeting to be held to-morrow night, etc. * * *

Pity is it that in the midst of peace, both these foul sentiments, viz: unholy hatred and devilish enmity should be exhibited by one of our fellow citizens against not a fallen foe, but a friend and brother, the Head of the Nation, as he lay in his blood, and within the very shadow of death. If holy love for a smitten opponent would have led you to *drive away* an unnatural comrade who would have given abuse when you were giving sympathy and medicine (referring here to the treatment given by the blue to the gray in the Civil War. S. C. S.) You are safe in following that same holy impulse in *pushing off this brutal civilian*, who in excess of narrow and blinded partisanship sought to pour venom into the wounds made by an assassin's bullets."

(Signature) _____

HARRISBURG, Sept. 20, 1901.

Now as evidence that the Rev. Mr. Wetzell was still as much intent on raising a mob to do violent and unlawful deeds as he was on the night that Mr. McKinley died; and that his use of his phrases "*drive away*" and "*Pushing off this brutal civilian*," were so intended. We

herewith reproduce the deposition of Rev. Dr. Tucker, State Secretary at the time, of the Anti-Saloon League.

Q. Please give your name, residence, and occupation.

A. H. A. Tucker, Harrisburg, Minister. Member of N. W. Indiana Conference.

Q. Please state the date and place and subject matter of any conference you may have had with Rev. ——— concerning S. C. Swallow.

A. I met Rev. Wetzell on Second Street, Harrisburg, the day of the funeral services for President McKinley. I was going to the Presbyterian Church to attend the funeral services and learned that Mr. Wetzell was going to the Grace Methodist Church to attend the funeral services. When I met ——— he asked me if I had heard the news. I said: "I keep track of some news." He wanted to know if I had been in Harrisburg enough to be familiar with the local news. I said no, that I had been staying in Philadelphia most of the time. He asked me then if I had heard about the criticism on Dr. Swallow. I said that I had not heard much, but that my conviction was that a good deal had been said for which there was no authority. He then asked me if I had seen his articles in the Harrisburg papers and I said: "No." He then gave me two or three letters that he had published in the Harrisburg papers and asked me to read them. The letters he gave me were clippings from the papers. We went on up to the Post office, and up as far as the Pine Street Presbyterian Church, and on the way he said that "*Dr. Swallow's article published in the Pennsylvania Methodist was full of treason, and that a man who would write such an article should not only be driven out of town but out of the country.*" I replied that I had not read the articles in full then, but that I would familiarize myself with it at once, and hoped that I would not find it as bad as he thought it was. We parted at the Pine Street Church, and that was about all that was said."

The resolutions adopted by these indignant patriots a few of whom were old soldiers, and a few more mere dummies in soldier's clothes were, ironically speaking, of a highly patriotic character as well as quite refined in their verbiage. They doubtless expressed quite fully the sentiments of the Rev. Mr. Wetzell, the state thieves exposed by me in the Pennsylvania Methodist, and the bevy of liquor sellers who had hissed on the indignation gathering as something entirely in harmony with their injured feelings. But I must not forget to reproduce here these resolutions that the reader may know just how wicked I was in publishing the editorial on Presidential Assassinations. After reading the resolutions let the reader turn to the editorial again and see if he can find

any sentence that would class me with Czolgosz, Giteau, Benedict Arnold, or Judas Iscariot.

RESOLUTIONS.

"Whereas—One Silas C. Swallow, a citizen of Harrisburg, claiming to be a minister of a fervently religious church, distinguished for its patriotism and loyalty, has in the most brutal manner assailed President McKinley in the discharge of his duties, and with defamatory and outrageous falsehood assaulted him as he was approaching the portals of death through the fatal shot fired by an assassin. And *whereas*, this Silas C. Swallow, in violation of the sentiment which should characterize a minister of the holy gospel, so defamed, so belied and so assailed the faithful and dying president, be it, therefore, *Resolved*, That Silas C. Swallow, editor of the so called Pennsylvania Methodist deserves to be pilloried as an enemy to these United States of America, and that his name should only be mentioned with those of Judas and Cain, Benedict Arnold, Wilkes Booth, Giteau, Czolgosz and other traitors, assassins, liars and vile traducers of character who have blackened the pages of the world's history. *Resolved*, "That this assemblage convened under the auspices of the McKinley Veteran Patriotic League, denounce Silas C. Swallow as one unfit to enjoy the blessings of American citizenship, as one who should be shunned by true patriots and lovers of this Heaven-blessed country. *Resolved*, That we call upon Congress and the legislatures of the several states in their respective spheres, to enact such laws as will free the land from anarchists, their devotees, and such hypocritical characters as Silas C. Swallow has proved himself to be. And *Resolved*: That these preambles and resolutions be printed, given to the public, and a copy thereof sent to the ministers of this Methodist Conference, to the end that good loyal citizens may shun a man so disloyal, so treasonable, so defamatory of character in his public utterances and publications as is this creature who bears the dishonored name of Silas C. Swallow."

After reading the resolutions addresses were made by Major Brown and two others. The resolutions were then adopted by a rising vote of those who favored them and were not too drunk to get up, the Rev. Mr. Wetzell according to his admission in the subsequent church trial voting with the mob.

Then the audience joined in singing "Nearer My God to Thee" and "America" and adjourned. Was ever religious hymn and tunes prostituted to such base purposes?

"THE HAIR OF THE DOG HEALED THE BITE.

A large number of my friends who were present at the indignation meeting for the purpose of defending me, but when they saw the comparatively small crowd that was intent on mischief, that it was made up largely of state speculators and their friends, liquor men and their friends, a few veterans some of them with an unsavory record in the army and others of them sots ever since they got out of the army; when they saw that the few reputable men in the fiasco were men who had never read the Pennsylvania Methodist editorial, and were howling simply because their fellow soldiers were howling; and saw still further that the violence of the managers was such as to defeat the object of the meeting more effectively than if my friends opposed it; they made no defense; and the vilifiers went on to their fall, which came in the resolutions. For even the managers of the mob lamented the next day that their language had been so extreme as to turn the city against them and raise up friends for me.

At the expiration of seven years I wrote letters to several of those who were active or passive participants in the indignation meeting enclosing copies of the editorial about which they had howled so lustily seven years before, and but one answered my letters. As an illustration of what a change comes over the spirit of men's dreams, read the two letters.

HARRISBURG, October 5, 1908.

Mr. D. W. Cox, 1013 North Front Street, Harrisburg Pa.:

My Dear Sir and Brother: I am writing a book. In part it is reminiscent; a sort of omnium gatherum; or selections, collections and recollections of seventy busy years.

I came across an account of a meeting held in the Board of Trade Auditorium shortly after the death of President McKinley. This meeting passed some resolutions condemning me for an editorial which had appeared in the Pennsylvania Methodist at a time when the physicians were saying that they would have Mr. McKinley back in Washington within a week. The editorial gave great offense to some of my friends which I greatly regretted, but was never advised as to just what sentences in the editorial were objected to.

If memory serves me you were interested in the proceedings of the meeting or at least in calling it, and hence I inclose a copy of the editorial with a request that you mark with a pencil in parenthesis those sentences that you then thought justified the resolutions in comparing me to Judas, Iscariot, Benedict Arnold, Giteau and etc. My object in this is to en-

able me to look at the editorial from the view point of my friends who differed with me so radically at that time.

I inclose a stamped, and directed envelope, for the return of the editorial together with such comments as may occur to you in connection therewith.

As I passed through the slavery controversy and the Civil War that followed on the Abolition side of the question, and took as active a part in the defense of the government during that great struggle as the Physicians representing the government would permit, owing to my physical disability, and have for nearly forty years been in the thick of the fight for another emancipation from a worse slavery than that of the Africo-American, I feel anxious to see these questions fairly from the stand point occupied by others that I may thus be able to give them all what Mr. Roosevelt calls "A square deal."

Desiring a prompt reply, I beg to remain

Yours fraternally,

SILAS C. SWALLOW.

And following is the answer to the foregoing by the secretary of the veterans.

HARRISBURG, PA., Oct. 7, 1908.

Rev. S. C. Swallow, Harrisburg Pa.:

My dear Sir: Your letter of the 5th instant, in regard to a meeting of the McKinley Veteran's Association held in the Board of Trade Auditorium, shortly after the death of President McKinley, is received.

The McKinley Veteran's Association was formed for campaign purposes and for part of the time of its existence I was its Secretary, and was present as Secretary at the meeting to which you refer, the call for which was made by the President of the Association.

I did not see the resolutions until offered in the meeting, nor the editorial until you sent it to me this week, consequently I do not feel called to enter upon a criticism of the matter.

Yours truly,

D. W. Cox.

A FRIGHTENED PASTOR.

However, some of my pastoral brothers, one in particular was more short-sighted than even the mob itself, and pursued a course of conduct toward me that gave him an unnecessary fall and a settling jolt. He was then pastor of Ridge Avenue Methodist Church. The church attended by my wife, and by myself for the eight years in which I had then been superintendent of the book room. The church too of which I had been pastor for the five years preceeding my appointment to the

book rooms. A few days before Mr. McKinley's assassination this pastor had asked me to preach for him on a Sabbath that would bring it about two weeks after the assassination, and I had consented. During the excitement incident to the attempt of the Rev. Mr. Wetzell to lead the state thieves and the liquor men in a mob assault, the pastor came to me in great trepidation and asked me to cancel the engagement. I replied "I did not invite myself to fill your pulpit in your absence and if the engagement is canceled you must do it." I asked him if he had read the editorial which Mr. Wetzell had so misrepresented? And he answered in the negative. I asked "had you not better do so and then fearlessly settle the question of my preaching on the merits of the case, instead of on the clamor of an unreasoning mob?" But he claimed to be frightened by the excitement and to be acting in the interests of peace. On a second visit he inquired "What text will you use if you preach?" I answered "Isaiah 28-18." Which reads "And your covenant with death shall be disannulled. And your agreement with hell shall not stand." These words were spoken of the liquor traffic in Isaiah's time, and so applied to the license system, and are equally appropriate now." He replied: "You can't preach from that text in my pulpit." I answered "It is only for you to say, but since I am not responsible to man but to God, for both text and sermon, I will preach that if I preach anything." He pleaded with me again to relieve him by canceling the engagement which I refused to do. It was perhaps that very evening, that he wrote me a note annulling the appointment.

I at once engaged the Board of Trade Auditorium, where the mob had one week before played hari kari, for the next Sunday afternoon, and it was crowded to the doors. Rev. Mr. Hartzler, now Bishop Hartzler of the United Evangelical Church (not Hartzell), was present and assisted in conducting the service. I preached on the covenant with death and the agreement with Hell and it was published in full in the papers next day and has since appeared in the Christian Herald of New York. The members of the frightened pastor's congregation were not so easily scared as was their pastor and a large proportion of the entire congregation including most of the official members not only listened to the sermon but called at our home a few evenings after, where amid the strains of band music, wife and self were kept shaking hands and receiving assurances of sympathy and support till a late hour of the night. It is hardly necessary to state that our brother, the frightened pastor was not among the number. Surely his fright should have worn off by this time.

Ah! it was not the mob that frightened him. What then? Why this. He had already been honored with some General Conference and Episcopal recognition, and did not wish to jeopardize his chances of

further promotion brought from the top, and verily he had his reward. Was it any wonder that my wife refused to be further ministered to by a man capable of such cowardly ambition? but so it was. She had hitherto great confidence in his profession of sanctification though doubting his wisdom in prating about it so constantly as to wear his people out, but his cowardly conduct caused her and a host of others to lose that confidence. Poor fellow! The deep waters of family affliction through which he has since passed, combined with the thought of the Lord's great mercy in forgiving all our many personal sins, mistakes and blunders, long since prompted me in forgiving him the personal injury he attempted me, we could hope unintentionally.

CHAPTER XXVII.

WETZELL PREFERS CHARGES.

The work done by the Rev. Mr. Wetzell as agent of the state thieves, coadjutor of several Bishops, and aide de camp to the liquor league, having thus far proved a sort of boomerang, something else must be done to earn a clerkship on capitol hill. So in October he trumped up against me fifteen charges of lying all personal in their character, and demanded that the Presiding Elder summon a committee and investigate them at once. These he alleged had been published against him in the Pennsylvania Methodist. Please note the trivial character of them as here stated briefly. Not forgetting that the then presiding elder to be known in this account as Mr. Deputy entertained them without the disciplinary effort faithfully made on his own motion to adjust them without a trial.

1—That I had published he was a defeated candidate for superintendent of the book rooms.

2—That he had been an aspirant for the place.

3—That he had been secretly laying his wires to supplant S. C. Swallow.

4—That he had on the night of the President's death tried to incite the rabble to mob me.

5—That I had proof in my hands of the above.

6—Insinuating that Wetzell had attempted to get a mob to destroy my property.

7—Publishing that Wetzell had not the courage to attend the Indignation meeting. When in fact he did attend as well as write a letter.

8—That Wetzell had attacked me in a circular.

9—That it was generally understood that the expense of the circular was paid by unworthy state officials.

10—That Swallow had sent a telegram to the new Voice identifying Mr. Wetzell with the state thieves and others.

Just before the Harrisburg investigation he added five more charges by inserting in five of the old charges the words "willfully and maliciously." Then at the Bellefonte Conference trial he added five more, making twenty lies in all that he charged me with.

Suffice it to say then that he did not prove to the satisfaction of the fifteen ecclesiastical jurymen at Bellefonte, that I had lied in a single

instance of the twenty he enumerated, and spent five days in trying to substantiate. I admitted the publications but proved their truth. That left Mr. Wetzell himself a twenty fold liar; a twenty fold false accuser, and would have immediately put him on trial in some other churches, I wot of; but not so in the Methodist church as dominated by the corrupt influences of a license political party. This brings us to the first investigation at Harrisburg in October 1901.

JUDGE AND JURY.

It was presided over by the so called Rev. Dr. Deputy the then presiding elder of the Harrisburg district, he having summoned the seven ministerial brethren to sit as a committee and determine whether my offense in my defense against a wicked combine had been sufficiently grievous as to demand my suspension from all ministerial and church membership privileges till the case could be regularly tried at the next session of the Central Pennsylvania Annual Conference. On that committee was one preacher who had ordered supplies for his Sunday school from the book rooms of which I was superintendent, and refused to pay for them on the ground that they were for the school which had the use of them and should pay for them. The school refused to pay for them on the ground that the preacher's order was unauthorized by the Sunday School Board. My correspondence with the preacher in which I held the one who ordered the supplies responsible for the debt, which we never collected, rendered our relations somewhat strained. Another member of the committee had refused my appeal to interfere, in a case where one of the members of his church had written an article for the Daily Commonwealth of whose Board of Managers I was president, and another member of his church, a Quay elected Congressman, was suing me for it claiming \$50,000 damages resultant from the said article. I had held that it was his duty as pastor of the man who wrote the article, and also of the man who was suing me for it, though I never saw it till in print, to bring these members together and relieve me from the necessity of an expensive defense; which however I did not have to make as the suit was withdrawn. This the pastor with considerable bitterness at my appeal had persistently refused to do; standing defiantly by his refusal to the last. And now, here he was a member of the committee that was to give me a clean bill of health or condemn me to disgrace. The member of the committee who assumed to act as its mouth piece and direct its deliberations was either a candidate for or had received the degree of Doctor of Divinity at the hands of Quay's College President Librarian, who had toured the state as stump-speaker with Quay's candidate for governor, viz: Wm. A. Stone, when I was a candidate on the prohibition ticket only two years before, for which service he received

by the grace of Quay the appointment of State Librarian. The daughter of the presiding elder who presided at the trial was a clerk in the state library by the grace of Quay's man Governor Stone. The prosecutor, Rev. Mr. Wetzell was a candidate as the sequel proved and is still proving, for anything that the ex-capitol fire superintendent, might see proper to give him for his valuable service in attempting as he threatened to Rev. Mr. Tucker, to drive me not only out of the city but out of the state. This was to be my punishment at the hands of Mr. Wetzell as the agent of the state thieves backed by the liquor dealers, and supported by three or four Methodist Bishops, for the part I had taken in exposing the stealings of the Quay machine and the incendiary origin of the capitol fire. In the midst of our state conflict one of these Bishops came to Harrisburg as the guest of Rev. John Wesley Hill who as the result of a direct appeal to Quay had been appointed Chaplain of the State Senate, after promising to use his influence to secure it for Rev. J. Patton Moore, a poor superannuate not getting three thousand dollars salary from a rich congregation. The Bishop was by Hill introduced to a night session of this most corrupt legislature that ever disgraced a legislative hall, and proceeded to make a flippant partisan address, so coarse and low as to cause his auditors to howl with delight.

Such was the prosecutor and such the influential members of the committee summoned to decide whether the ministerial superintendent of the Harrisburg Methodist Book Rooms was so bad a man as to render it dangerous to the church to allow him to preach an occasional sermon if invited, or partake of the communion, or even attend class meeting for the five months intervening between the investigation and the next session of the Annual Conference.

The reader will probably ask: "Did you avail yourself of your disciplinary right to challenge these members of the committee for cause?" I answer, "No." Being conscious of my own integrity, and knowing the trivial puerile character of the charges, and further having still a modicum of faith in the desire of Methodist preachers to deal fairly. I made to the committee the following little speech:

"Mr. Chairman and Brethern of the Committee: With some of you I have had business and political differences leading to a degree of asperity that would justify me in challenging for cause, but I shall deny myself that privilege. Four years ago I was about to be tried by the Dauphin County Court when one of the pannel of jurors challenged himself off of the jury on the ground that he was a wholesale liquor dealer; and that, as I had, as a prohibitionist interfered with his business he was somewhat prejudiced against me, and hence could not render an impartial verdict." He was excused from serving on the jury, and hastening to him and shaking his hand heartily, I said: "I believe you

are an honest man though a liquor seller." Now I am quite sure that Methodist preachers are not less honorable than liquor sellers and if any of you have reason to know that for any cause you cannot be impartial in this case I trust you will imitate Mr. Hanlen, the liquor seller, and challenge yourself off of this committee. But as none of them did so the investigation proceeded. That my confidence in the fairness of some Methodist preachers was sadly shaken during the most farsical of investigations will appear later and the reasons therefor.

Rev. Dr. William Powick now Presiding Elder of the Philadelphia Conference, my counsel in the case, fittingly discribes the investigation as,

A POLITICAL TEMPEST IN AN ECCLESIASTICAL MUSH POT.

In his summing up of the case, he declared that these charges are honeycombed with malicious intent and have not an inch of honest ground to stand upon. The whole history of the case is a circumstantial demonstration of the truth of what I say. Indeed it raises a strong presumption of conspiracy on the part of men who tried to crush Dr. Swallow in the courts for his exposure of their crimes, but signally failed to do so, to use this prosecutor to crush him in the church. * * * It is my conviction, that the false and foul attack in the news papers by this prosecutor opened the eyes of the politicians to an unexpected opportunity to use a Methodist preacher to do for Dr. Swallow in the church, what they had tried but failed to do in the courts; and this was the moment of the birth of the conspiracy I suspect."

BIRDS OF A FEATHER.

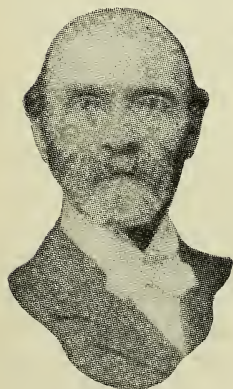
It appeared in evidence that the tool of the gang, my prosecutor in the courts, Mr. Johnnie De Lancy was unacquainted with my prosecutor in the church, until he was introduced to him (by Dr. Hill) on the night of Mr. McKinley's death, and after the incendiary attack by Wetzell in the newspapers. To think of the pastor of the leading Methodist Episcopal church in our capital city introducing De Lancy as his "friend." And further that they could be on such intimate terms as to justify him in shouting after him in the crowd: "Hill, you had better go and look after it yourself." And to think of any Methodist preacher prosecutor becoming so suddenly familiar with this discredited politician disowned as a Catholic by Bishop McGovern, as to visit him at his home by night and at his office on the hill by day for introduction to other members of the "gang," consulting in regard to the plot which led to this prosecution. Yet, all these facts are in the record of evidence that was taken,

PERSECUTION BY PROSECUTION.

Another illuminating sidelight in the motives of the prosecution, is the fact, that the formal charge and specifications were first published in the newspapers of Harrisburg, then sent to the Presiding Elder, and finally, a few days, later, were served on the accused. If it be true that actions speak louder than words, what depths of malice does such a course of procedure proclaim? What could be more evident than that the purpose was persecution rather than prosecution; notoriety rather than purity. Is it any wonder that counsel in the case declared in his summing up that "it is a burning shame and disgrace to the church that its judicial machinery should have been set in motion at such foul behest. I would a thousand fold rather face at my conference charges of maladministration for refusing to entertain such charges than to face the record of this case."

The one missing link in the chain of evidence to prove the political nature of the tempest while it was yet raging was shortly afterward thrown in my face when this same gangster appointed this same Methodist preacher-prosecutor, to a political job at a salary of \$1800 a year, afterwards increased to \$2000, which he still holds. And that the ecclesiastical mush pot was a willing receptacle for the tempest, would seem to follow from the fact that this same political-preacher-prosecutor has ever since been annually appointed to a pastoral charge near the capital city by the Bishop who has presided at his conference.

PRESBYTERIAN FAKE PEACEMAKER.



Rev. William Moses

A rather serio-comic episode occurred the day before the investigation of these charges began. I was seated in my study going over the case with my counsel when the door bell rang. Upon opening the door one of our most faithful preachers, Rev. Wm. Moses walked in and handed me a paper, and desired to know whether I would sign it, saying that it had been sent to the Presiding Elder by a *Presbyterian* minister who had been praying for the peace of the church. It was a basis of amicable adjustment of the case without formal investigation. I asked whether Rev. Mr. Wetzell would sign it, and being told that he would not replied that it was of no use for me to do so. Upon retiring

to my study I said to my counsel, Bro. P. I guess I can't have you for my counsel because the discipline will not allow it. "I always thought

you were a *Methodist* preacher." He smilingly replied "what's the matter now."

I told him what had happened but added, "I noticed that the proposition was in your hand writing, and yet Presiding Elder Deputy had told the bearer of his message that it came from a Presbyterian preacher." Then we laughed together. He showed me a copy of the letter, written by him to the P. E. assuring him upon his honor as a Methodist preacher that, after a careful examination of the evidence available for the defense, he was convicted that for the prosecutor to press the case would settle nothing but would drive a plowshare through the Conference and also lead him as Elder into the jaws of ecclesiastical death." This was a true prophesy for the Dr. left the district before his term expired. Mr. Powick submitted a suggestive basis of agreement upon his own personal responsibility and suggested that for the sake of the peace of the church and the welfare of all parties the P. E. should bring them together for an amicable adjustment of their differences. He also showed me the reply of the P. E. thanking him for his interest and promising to act on the suggestion, but adding "of course neither of the parties to this litigation can know where this proposition originated." The P. E. then waited till the day before the investigation and sent it by the hand of a third party with the false statement in his mouth, that it came from a Presbyterian preacher whereas that Presiding Elder knew full well that it came from a Methodist preacher. The folly of labelling the handwriting of my own counsel with such a statement is only another illustration of the fact that "truth is stronger than fiction" in more senses than one. When the writer of the proposition appeared the next day as counsel, and the P. E. Custodian of it was asked by me how he came to say it came from a Presbyterian minister he replied, "Oh, ahem! that matter has been explained." But it never was explained.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

NO ROOM FOR THE DEFENDANT.

Upon arriving at the scene of the preliminary investigation, it was found that we were five or ten minutes later than the time appointed to begin. But so eager were the prosecutors for the fray, they were already in session. Indeed the opening devotions were half over. They seemed suprised that we appeared at all. It looked as though they expected a walk over in default of appearance. For they were gathered in a small class room without a vacant chair or table for our accommodation. So we had to stand without until the reading of the scriptures and the prayer were ended. Some of the committee on inquiring a few days later, how long the defense would probably need to complete its case, let a small sized kitten out of the bag by saying they understood when summoned in the case that it would require only a few hours, so that they did not even bring their pajamas. So it seemed they had reckoned without their host.

Finding to their evident dismay that I proposed to be heard in my own defense they finally agreed to adjourn to a larger room where it would be convenient to breathe more freely, and find chairs to sit on and a table to write on.

CHARGE MADE UP OF MUTILATED QUOTATIONS.

The first step taken by my counsel after organizing was to demur to the indictment, by calling attention to the evidently malicious and lying nature of the specifications, and their utter irrelevancy to the charge of lying. The charge was based upon certain matters which had been published in the Pennsylvania Methodist. The specifications professed to quote the statements complained of, but in several instances mutilated them, omitting certain qualifying words so as to alter the sense and sometimes substituting other words, so as to make it appear that I had published what I did not publish nor intend. But the ruling of the Presiding Elder was "it makes no difference what those papers contain, we are here to try these specifications."

TURNED MY SECRETARY OUT OF THE ROOM.

Another rather amusing incident shows the judicial calibre of the P. E. judge. A most venomous letter found on another page had been

sent by the prosecutor, Mr. Wetzell to the indignation meeting, described elsewhere, called to denounce me in the Board of Trade Hall. This letter was not only read at the meeting but afterwards was printed and circulated. I happened to know that it got as far as California for I received information from that far off golden gate to this effect. But it happened that although I had heard something of its contents I had not seen a copy of it, but in the course of his testimony the prosecutor, Mr. Wetzell read it to the committee with considerable gusto, as though proud of his billings-gate. So after he read it in evidence, I demanded a copy of it. But the prosecutor absolutely refused. Appealing to P. E. Deputy for an opportunity to examine and copy it, Mr. Wetzell insisted that he had not offered it as evidence. We in turn insisted that, as it had been read as part of his testimony, it was in evidence whether formally offered in so many words or not. The P. E. however ruled against us saying, that we could not get a copy until it was offered in evidence; and the prosecutor persisted that he had not offered it and would not offer it. But in repeating our contentions the P. E. asked: "Well if Brother Wetzell will not offer it in evidence why don't you offer it." Counsel at once replied: "I shall be very glad to do so if I can lay my hands on it." Imagine our surprise when the P. E. Replied: "Why don't you offer it anyhow?" Whereupon, instantly seeing the point, counsel said "all right I offer that letter in evidence." "Ah, now" said the judge, "now you can get a copy. Brother Wetzell, the letter is in evidence now, so you must hand it over," and he did. My lady secretary copied it and was ordered to leave the room, which she did.

Dr. Deputy evidently never saw the far reaching effect of this ruling, for at the next Conference he preferred charges against me on account of a published statement that I had been embarrassed by the exclusion, at the instance of the prosecution, of the young lady I had employed to take down the evidence for me. This statement he alleged was not true, because she was excluded for copying a paper (it being the letter referred to as having been written by Wetzell to the Board of Trade meeting) "which belonged to the prosecution"; whereas the record showed that through his blunder in ruling it really belonged to the defense. Is it any wonder that the prosecutor, Mr. Wetzell, recently wrote an article in the *Christian Advocate* on the farcical nature of church trials?

It is worth while now to call attention to the possibilities of malice and dishonesty that inhere in the judicial procedure of Methodism, and how under the forms of law and in the exercise of official prerogative the innocent may be crushed and the guilty spared at the mere will of the administrators; and how on account of our cumbersome and archaic

terms, a verdict of acquittal may naturally be construed into one of conviction by the uninformed.

For example, suppose a charge of lying were supported by some such specifications as these:

- 1—In maliciously publishing that the sun rose yesterday.
- 2—In maliciously publishing that it rose in the east.
- 3—In maliciously publishing that it rose at seven in the morning.

Now mark; although the charge is lying, not one of the specifications allege that the matters complained of were false, as is so essential in a charge of lying, but only malicious. Now it is evident that if it is proved that the accused did in fact publish the statement the specifications must be sustained, i. e., the accused is guilty of publishing the statement complained of, and the fact must be stated in its findings. But it is evident that whether the statement published was true or false, i. e., whether the specifications sustained the charge of lying or not, still remains to be proved. So that even though the specifications be sustained, yet if after it is sustained it does not in its turn sustain the charge of lying, the verdict must be one of acquittal. But persons not familiar with our clumsy mode of procedure often interpret such a verdict to mean that as certain specifications under the charge of lying were sustained, although the charge was not sustained, the accused was "guilty of lying in a few instances but that they were not sufficiently numerous to constitute a general liar." And this is the precise declaration in my own case of no less distinguished a journalist than Charles Emory Smith aided by the Rev. Wetzell in a most false and foul and foolish attack upon me in the columns of the *Philadelphia Press*, for which he was afterwards indicted in the criminal courts, and for which he would have answered at their bar had not death called him hence.

It was precisely this, that was foreseen and sought to be forestalled in the summing up of the case before the investigating committee by my counsel in these words. "I repudiate the insinuations that to insist that the form of charges prescribed in the discipline by order of the General Conference (requiring that "falsely" be inserted in the specifications under a charge of lying) is to insist upon mere technicalities. Forms protect rights, and to avoid proper form is often to jeopardize the most precious rights. I ask why did the prosecutor so studiously avoid the use of the prescribed form? I think I understand the method there was in this madness. The effort was to prove one crime by charging another." Or in the language of my counsel "the purpose was to fasten the charge of lying upon Dr. Swallow by an effort to convict him of what might be construed not as a lie but as a libel. He knew that Dr. Swallow would not lie. We all know that while he is encompassed by the limitation and infirmities to which all are subject, that no man can fasten

upon him such a crime. But this prosecutor also knew that if he made a general charge of lying the public would never stop to read nor to care what were the specifications, not one of which includes the charge of lying and not one of which could sustain such a charge, it would be all the same in its effect upon the public mind. The impression would be made that Dr. Swallow had been convicted of lying when the specification did not even charge lying nor deny the truth of the matters complained of. This I believe was the trick. * * * Though it were true that the form of a charge is not essential, we must all agree that the substance is. We may not care whether the grocer ties up our sugar in a round or square package. But we do care whether what he ties up proves to be sugar and not sand. And this prosecutor has gathered up a lot of loose and in part lying allegations; while failing to put in the word "false" and printed on the outside of the lying label "lying" but when we open it, we find not a single charge of lying because he omits the word "falsely," but something else. It is a case of playing to the galleries; an illustration of the methods of the mud slinging politician."

The committee kept under the watchful eyes of the Presiding Elder while they made up their verdict, and led by their self-constituted foreman who shall be known as Brother Martinel were not long in finding a verdict of guilty and suspending me from all ministerial duties and church privileges till the next Annual Conference, five months hence.

COMMITTEE TELEPHONED THEIR FINDING TO WETZELL IN TIME FOR THE MORNING PAPERS.

Notice was sent me by mail of my suspension and reached me on the morning after the suspension, and after it had appeared in the papers of the Country, as a telephone message had by resolution of the Committee been sent to Rev. Wetzell as soon as the committee found its verdict and thus the papers had it with flaring head-lines such as "*A preacher found guilty 'of lying.'*" "*The fighting parson unfrocked.*" "*Dr. Swallow condemned,*" etc.

MRS. SWALLOW BROKEN BY THE FALSE VERDICT, BUT FINDS COMFORT IN THE WORD.

Mrs. Swallow never very strong physically, but a giant in moral courage aged visibly under the stroke. Her hair seemed to suddenly take on an additional tinge of gray. Her voice was at times tremulous, and the occasional tear hastily brushed away were all indices to her grief and to her keen sense of the inexpressible outrage which she knew as none other could know, had been committed under pious forms by men claiming to be brothers.

As was her custom, she on the morning of this trying ordeal, went

to her well-worn Bible, and opening it with a prayer that the first passage on which thumb and eye rested might be a source of comfort found her right thumb resting on this passage: *"No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper, and every tongue that shall rise against thee in judgment thou shall condemn."*

For this is the heritage of the servants of the Lord, and their righteousness is of me saith the Lord.—Isaiah LIV-17.

Thus her pace was quickened, her peace assured, and the faith of both of us became "the substance of things hoped for."

PASTOR AND PEOPLE DISAGREE.

The officary of Ridge Avenue Church, Harrisburg, with whom I had spent five years as pastor and then ten years as co-laborer in the ranks differed with the findings of the committee and with the cowardice of their pastor who it will be remembered had cancelled my engagement to preach for him, and done it at the instance of Mr. Wetzell's mob, as the following indicates:

"Whereas a Church Committee of investigation, found a verdict of "guilty" against one of our number, Rev. S. C. Swallow, who was also our honored pastor for five years. Nevertheless resolved: that we the quarterly Conference of Ridge Avenue Methodist Church, Harrisburg, Pa., Representing nearly 800 members, in quarterly Conference assembled, hereby testify our unwavering confidence in Dr. S. C. Swallow's character, for truth and veracity, and for all those heroic virtues that inhere in a noble manhood.

Signed:

I. R. Poffenberger,	Harry Leonard,
John M. Seibert,	Jacob O. Shaffner,
Aaron M. Steever,	Mrs. Emily W. Miller,
Landis Bratten,	J. H. Rohrer,
A. G. Boyles,	Harry Kuhlwind,
Ira A. Wert,	J. E. Miller,
John Wise,	J. Schreffler,
Frank J. Hess,	R. D. Kulp,
Harry C. Jordan,	John J. Hess,
Anne K. Horting,	Wilmer Crow.
W. G. Rauch,	

CHAPTER XXIX.

A SORROWFUL EXPERIENCE.

The reader may ask what are the feelings of a man professing and enjoying the privileges of Christianity for a half century, when suddenly deprived of these privileges by the fake verdict of a packed church jury, which verdict he is morally sure will be reversed, and he be cleared when the real trial comes at Conference? To this question I answer, by herewith reproducing two editorials published by me a week after the fake suspension.

"MY SIN—THY SIN."

All the controversy now on, including personalities, denunciation charges, counter charges, evidence and conviction, are but side issues to the greatest question of the centuries. They all find their source and their culmination in the political perfidy of State and church officials.

The sin of the editor—if any, consists in having insisted most vehemently, persistently, logically, and yet religiously, that inasmuch as the church has for years said in its book of laws, and through its Bishops, that "No political party should receive the support of Christian men so long as it fails to put itself on record in an attitude of open hostility to the saloon," every Methodist who votes for such a party unchurches himself in fact, and should be unchurched in form. To this arraignment the church hierarchy has had no answer, except the casting of stones.

The sin of those denouncing, persecuting and now prosecuting the editor, consists, first, in the persistent violation of this provision of the book of law, and second, in allowing themselves to become enraged to the extent of answering arguments with political mobs, denunciations, charges, trials, and an unjust conviction. It is the history over again of the slavery controversy. Let no one lose sight of the great issue. It is not now, shall the saloon go, but rather can a perfidious church stay? The existence of the church is involved.

Still more directly the issue is, can the church afford to cannonade the official acts, involving the moral character, of its most conspicuous layman while living, and canonize this same layman who performed the acts whether dying or dead? The editorial that gave rise to the charges, trial and suspension of this editor is a negative answer to this

question. The mere incident of an assassin's bullet does not change from wrong to right the acts of its victim, nor sanctify the character of him who performed the acts. The church must be consistent in maintaining its moral standards as found in its conspicuous examples, or increase immeasurably the deadly contempt in which it is now held by the masses.

"CHURCH PRIVILEGES."

How true that "Blessings brighten as they take their flight."

The editor's church membership dates back full fifty years. He was converted at an old time camp-meeting amid the groans and tears and shouts of a half hundred penitents, punctured with the hallelujahs of half a thousand shouting self-sacrificing, old-fashioned, Puritanical Methodists. Most of them have gone to their "mansions in the skies," about which they sang so lustily, including his father and mother, who lived and died in the faith.

Now the editor is suspended from all "church privileges." We never knew till last Sunday morning how precious were these privileges. We learned it all when unjustly deprived of them. For fifteen years, five in the pastorate of Ridge Avenue Church, where hundreds of precious souls were converted, and ten as superintendent of the Book Rooms, we have been in the habit when not preaching somewhere, of attending Father McWilliams' Sunday morning class. It was always a "feast of fat things."

As we sat in our library on last Sunday morning, reviewing the nearly sixty years of remembered life, we seemed in imagination to see the heavenly smile of the faces of father and mother, to hear their songs of thanksgiving, and to feel the loving touch of their calloused hands as on either side they clasped my own and led me down the sunlit lane to the village church for prayer, or sermon, or Bible study. Then came trooping up along the avenues of memory the thoughts breathed in the song of William Hunter

"There is a place to me more dear
Than native vale or mountain;
A place to which affection's tear
Springs grateful from its fountain.
'Tis not where kindred souls abound,
Though that is almost Heaven;
But where I first my Savior found,
And felt my sins forgiven."

Alas the years of teaching; the struggle for an education; a short service in the army which fought the great battle for equal rights and

the life of the republic; my ordination into the solemn and responsible duties, obligations and privileges of the gospel ministry; the fact of never a year in the active service without a revival; the long lines of matured probationers received into full membership; the love feasts, and cottage prayer meetings attended, the sermons preached, the churches and parsonage built, and heavy church debts paid, and I seemed in a half hour to live over again a half century. And in that half hour demonstrate in time one great bane or blessing of eternity found in the "indestructibility of memory." The bane or blessing dependent of course on a bad or good life.

Then I thought how worthless all my work, and how infinitely worthy the crucified Christ. I remembered the declaration of my old friend, Dr. Henry Slicer. When dying there came a temporary shadow across his spiritual sky. His son Tom attempted to dispel the mist by referring to his pre-eminent services to the church through so many long years. The veteran's eyes moistened with the tears of love for the revealed Saviour as he gasped up to a shout: "Not my works of righteousness, but my Jesus must save me or I am lost. And glory to his name he does save." Then followed the reflection. "Well here I am suspended for four months not only from ministerial service, but from all church privileges. Such a stretch of church discipline as I have already felt, might construe it a contempt of the ecclesiastical court that tried me, if I even accept the kind invitations of Methodist pastors, to occupy a pew in their churches during the four months till Conference. Hence I decided to take no such risk. Then came the question, if it covers privileges in the Methodist Church, surely the verdict reaches with greater force to the privileges in the churches of other denominations. They should be guarded from contamination with a dishonored Methodist with greater care than should Methodist churches.

However, I decided to take my heart stricken wife and Harold, my little eight year old nephew and drop into the back seat of a Baptist church near by. The pastor was reading the Scripture lesson as we stepped from the vestibule into the aisle, and the words that first fell upon my ears were those of David "I said in my haste all men are liars," and I mentally soliloquized thus: Even if the unsustained, unjust and maliciously libelous verdict against me were true, how large the company to which I would belong, on the hypothesis that what David said in his haste were true.

The first hymn began: "Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?" and the second, "Jesus, I my Cross Have Taken." The sermon by my good friend, Brother Anderson, was concerning the persecutions of the second century of the Christian era, and was extremely eloquent in pathos, as the preacher pictured the malice of the persecutors and the suffering of

the persecuted. He more than intimated that there are opportunities for martyrdom in the dawning of the twentieth century, and that there are weapons more potential for inflicting pain on human hearts, than any forged of iron or steel for piercing the bodies of the victims of prejudice.

The questions asked by our bright little nephew on our return from church were calculated to suggest both amusement and sorrow. "Uncle, why didn't we go to our own church? Don't you like our church any more? Where will we go next Sunday? Don't our preacher like you any more, uncle?" and etc., etc., etc., are specimens.

Now suspension from "church privileges" covers a wide range of opportunities, duties and responsibilities. One of the bright young men of the city, for whose salvation from the bondage of rum we have labored most earnestly, came to tender his sympathy on account of what he called "the bum verdict." "Say," said he between his hiccoughs, "if you die during the four months of your (hic) suspension, you can't go to Heaven, can you? Cause you are too bad to go to church. Say, he continued, "you (hic) darsen't try to save me now, dare you?"

The case had its ridiculous aspects, as well as its pathetic side.

CHAPTER XXX.

* THE CONFERENCE LOVED DARKNESS.

The five months of fake suspension passed and we now came to the trial proper at the Conference at Bellefonte in March 1902.

For counsel I had Rev. Dr. Powick, who had done such heroic service in the preliminary investigation, now a presiding elder. Rev. Dr. Richard H. Gilbert, posessor of one of the brightest minds in Methodism, and Rev. J. H. Bickle, who has since distinguished himself as superintendent of different mission fields in the far west. It is worth living to have been associated with three such manly men. And yet they were not equal to the task of preventing the annual Conference under the influence of a dullard Bishop, from giving itself a record that will be through all the future a cause for shame, and a source of sorrow to its principal actors. I well knew I need expect neither mercy nor justice from Bishop Walden, for I had long since learned how incensed he had been at my editorial arraignment of him for having pronounced an indiscriminate eulogy on a dead Cincinnati brewer, one Fleishman, without one word of censure for his murderous business. The Bishop and the brewer were brother Masons. A tie that binds many men more closely than moral principle, and leads even Bishops sometimes to ignore the latter in their reverence for the former.

When men are bent on evil they usually operate in the dark. "Men love darkness rather than light because their deeds are evil." I hesitate to assign this as the reason for the cover of secrecy which the conference persistently sought to throw around its trial of my case. I can easily understand why a man accused of nasty vice would desire to be tried secretly and how the conference would insist upon it even if he were lacking in the good taste which would suggest it. But it is not so easy to understand why a conference should insist on secrecy on such a case as mine when it was the only thing we feared and desired the conference to spare us from. As the published minutes show the Bellefonte Conference fairly bristled with executive sessions. The public being excluded, the next step was to put forth every effort to suppress the proceedings, especially from the newspapers. Authority was therefore given exclusively to the secretary of the conference to furnish such reports to the press as he deemed proper, and as the sequel shows the

Bishop was the real censor. When the facts leaked out and were published precisely as they occurred, certain members reflecting the Bishop's spirit were so incensed that they brought in resolutions on the subject, which were adopted by the conference, declaring that the published reports were garbled, that "the spirit of this conference has been most brotherly and kind" and "that we deeply deplore the misrepresentations that have been made."

"KINDNESS" BETTER DESCRIBED THAN DEFINED.

It will readily appear that kindness is a relative term that is capable of definition by degrees. Like many other terms it can be better understood by description. Paul could not find a definition of love that was either accurate or adequate, so he described it in the 13th chapter of 1st Corinthians. An attempt is made at the beginning of Heb. 11th to define faith but immediately the futility of the task appears in the gliding into descriptives, which is always more intelligible and effective. We have no definition of the love of God; but numerous are the descriptions of it, and any definition must be large enough to account for all the facts and actions it exhibits, both its goodness and its severity. So a right understanding of the brotherly "kindness" of the Bellefonte Conference can be had only by a description of its operations. Here as elsewhere, "By their fruits ye shall know them."

A VOTE TO PERMIT WHAT NEEDED NO PERMISSION.

The first occasion that came for the exhibition of "brotherly kindness" was when the record of my case was presented in the executive session and I arose to address the conference and was immediately stopped, until "On motion of G. D. Penepacker, S. C. Swallow was permitted to address the Conference." In what respect this sort of "brotherly kindness" differs from the gratuitous insult under other circumstances of a motion to permit a man to walk on the public highway or to breathe the atmosphere of heaven is not at once discernable. The idea of calling a formal granting of permission to a man to do what he has an indubitable right to do, in every court in the land to which he may be amendable must be experienced to be appreciated.

DISCIPLINE TRAMPLED UPON.

Another opportunity presented itself for a second exhibition of its declared specialty. This was when my "appeal" was presented "from the errors of law and administration made by the P. E. Dr. Deputy in his conduct of the preliminary investigation." Such an appeal is distinctly provided for in par. 229, sec 2 of the Discipline which explicitly declares that such errors "*are to be corrected by the president of the next Annual*

Conference on appeal in open session." But no sooner was it offered that the "brotherly kindness" of (Prof. J. H. Morgan of Dickinson College) rigorously protested against hearing it on the ground that "as no conviction had been had, no appeal could be. "But in answer to this the law of the church was read showing that this special kind of appeal was explicitly provided for, so its reading was commenced again. "The brotherly kindness" of another member, since deceased, then rose and declared that the Conference did not want to hear the case opened on the floor of the Conference, to which it was responded that the defence was only standing upon its constitutional rights, and that it was not a question as to whether the Conference *desired* to hear it, but whether the accused desired to present it, which he did. Its reading being therefore resumed "the brotherly kindness" of members exhibited itself in protests and objections galore. Each seemed to desire to exceed the other in his "kind and brotherly" determination to smother the appeal. Finally counsel demanded a ruling from the chair in protection of his constitutional right of appeal. But the bishop promptly ruled that it was for the Conference to say whether it should be read in open conference or referred to the jury or "Select number." And that ruling in the face of the law was an act of maladministration so flagrant and with intent so vicious that it should have ended his career as a bishop.

This "most kind and brotherly" conference, therefore, referred the appeal to the "select number without reading" in utter contempt for the sacred right of appeal, which is guaranteed by the law of the church, thus tainting with fraud and hypocrisy every subsequent step of the prosecution.

AN EXCEPTION NOTED.

Counsel then rose and said Mr. President.

"I must now take a very reluctant step. In order to the protection of any rights that may hereafter appear to be jeopardized I respectfully enter an exception—

The bishop evidently nettled, interrupted with the petulant remark: "to the action of the conference in referring the appeal to the select number?" To which counsel replied, "No sir, not to the action of the conference, but to the action of the bishop in referring to a vote of the conference the question of my right to present this appeal. And I ask that it be noted in the record." "All right," said the bishop, "just as you have it."

BISHOP AND SECRETARY IN CRIMINAL CONFUSION.

Still another feature of this peculiar kind of "brotherly kindness" cropped out the next day when the minutes were read and no mention

was made of the exception which had been taken to the action of the bishop, when the following dialogue took place:

Counsel: "I have listened in vain for any reference to the exception I noted yesterday to the ruling of the bishop."

Secretary Wilcox: "Never mind brother, It's all right. You'll find it in the minutes of the afternoon session."

Counsel: But the matter occurred at the close of the morning session and ought to appear in the record of that session.

Secretary: "Be patient brother, you'll find that it's all right."

Counsel: "Well, we'll see."

The minutes of the afternoon session being read and no reference being made to the appeal, counsel again called attention to the omission.

Secretary, "Oh,— excuse me brother—— it's here somewhere." And amid a general flurry and examination of papers and significant gestures in which all at the desks took part he held up a paper and said: "O—— yes—— Here it is—— but it's stricken out."

"By whose authority," sternly demanded the counsel.

Secretary—after a whispered conversation— "Oh,—excuse me brother, it's all right. I'll read it just as it is."

And his "brotherly kindness" read it from behind the erasures. Erasures of a record of proceedings made as the sequel showed at the instance of the bishop for his own protection.

BISHOP'S SECOND EVASION.

When at length the "select number" convened for the trial of the case it was found that Bishop Walden presiding at the conference was the president at the trial. He soon found occasion to rule that "everything referred to it by the conference must be particularly passed upon." And yet when the appeal which had been refused a hearing by the Conference but had been referred to the "Select number" without reading, was called up, his "brotherly kindness" refused to allow it to be read or to hear a word concerning it; thus he trampled a second time upon the constitutional law of the church and the sacred right of appeal which it guarantees to every accused member of the church.

THE RECORD MUTILATED.

When a few weeks later, the official record of the case appeared in the published minutes it was found that this same brand of "brotherly kindness" appeared on the printed page. I was hardly prepared to believe that the record could be tampered with, and mutilated in the course of editing and publishing, but it was even so. The "brotherly kindness" that had seen fit surreptitiously to strike the exception from the record until by a spirited contest on the floor of the Conference it was restored,

had now seen fit to mutilate the record by the omission of the proper title of my appeal, so that it could not appear whether it was an appeal for justice or for mercy; and by this very mutilation of the official record the legal presumption was raised that it was an appeal for mercy; and not for justice or else it could not have been referred to the select number where it had no more business than before the supreme court of the ancient order of hypocritical pretenders to the grace of "brotherly kindness." Besides all this it has now become impossible to properly identify the nature of the appeal in carrying the case to the General Conference, and the bishop was thus by fraud protected from the consequences of the crime perpetrated through his collusion with the secretary.

THE BISHOP DRIVEN TO A RULING.

The record of the case, probably as a mark of "brotherly kindness" to the bishop, was also mutilated by the omission of all reference to certain written questions of law which were vital to the case, but upon which the bishop refused to rule as required by the law of the church. Howbeit, it was found possible at last in the secrecy of the proceedings of the select number for counsel to compel the bishop to rule upon one of them by refusing to take another step in the proceedings without such ruling.

The occasion was this: There was a supplementary charge of insubordination based upon my continuing to superintend the Book Rooms after my suspension. Whereupon my counsel submitted a question as to the contents of the decree of suspension. From what had I been suspended? First the bishop lost the question; then after securing a second copy he asked for time to consider it. When he said it was a very difficult matter to rule on; to which counsel replied that it was for this reason it was raised. Thus his "brotherly kindness postponed and evaded until in the secrecy of the judicial holy of holies, when at last pressed to the wall in a place where the accused could not get the benefit of the moral effect, he ruled that "the superintendency of the Book Rooms was a secular office to which a minister might be appointed at the request of the conference, but that such appointment does not erect it into a ministerial service nor a church privilege."

Counsel: "And therefore the charge falls with its own weight?"

Bishop: with evident reluctance, "The charge falls."

PROSECUTOR HOIST BY HIS OWN PETARD.

One of the serio-comic features of the trial was unexpectedly exploited when the prosecutor called one of the ministers who sat on the preliminary committee which suspended me, to prove that the cross examined of Mrs. D—— who had given most damaging evidence against Mr. Wetzell had not been completed. The evident purpose was to create

the impression that she might have broken down under further cross examination. After it had been shown by the witness that her cross examination had not been completed, and that the defense had failed to produce her for further cross examination, notwithstanding the demand of the prosecution, the following exhibition of "brotherly kindness" took place when our ministerial friend was himself cross examined: Counsel: "Do you remember why her cross examination was not completed?"

Witness: "Well no, not exactly. I simply remember that repeated demands were made but she did not appear.

Counsel: Do you remember that the reason that I gave for her non appearance for further examination was, that this prosecutor was sending detectives to her home to intimidate her from coming?

Witness: "Well, yes I remember that something of that kind was said."

Counsel: And do you remember the insulting questions with which Mr. Wetzell, the prosecutor began his cross examination?

Witness: "No, I do not recall any insulting questions; at least none that I would regard as insulting.

Counsel: Do you remember that he began by asking her whether she "lived happily with her husband?"

Witness: Yes, some such question.

Counsel: And you do not regard that as an insulting question?

Witness: No, not exactly insulting.

Counsel: And as you recall that she said, "Yes, I do, but I Didn't come here to be insulted?"

Witness: Yes, something of that kind.

Counsel: And as you remember how Mr. Wetzell, the prosecutor clinched his fist and leaned across the table and shook it in her face and said: "These men don't know what sort of a woman you are, but I'll show you up."

Witness: Well, I don't remember the exact words.

Counsel: And do you remember that when I protested against his being allowed to make such remarks, he paced the floor and like a baby shouted ba ba ba to drown my voice?

Witness: Well, there was something of that kind which I do not distinctly recall.

Counsel: And do you remember that the session of the committee then broke up in a row?

Witness: No, I do not recall any session breaking up in a row.

Counsel: Well, then, do you remember that it took several members of the committee to hold and quiet Wetzell, the prosecutor, and that just after, her father came in shaking a big stick, and demanding to know where the vagabond was that insulted his daughter?

Witness: I remember the old man with the stick, but I didn't know it was her father.

My counsel had repeatedly expressed a desire to bring this scene which had been witnessed by the earlier committee before the select number and the bishop, that they might see more clearly the spirit of the prosecutor and understand the animus of the whole case, but there seemed to be no way of lugging it in, until the prosecution blundered into the plan of proving that the cross examination of Mrs. D. was not completed. This opened the door for us and of course they could not complain when we entered it. As they proved conclusively that her cross examination was not completed, it was perfectly competent for us to show in the cross examination of their witness why it was not completed.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A SECOND EFFORT FOR PEACE STIFLED BY THE BISHOP.

There was another interesting episode in connection with the trial of which I was not aware until told of it sometime after it was all over.

One day during the trial one of my counsel was praying about the matter, when he felt overwhelmed with a sense of the shame that the church should be scandalized by a lot of charges and counter charges which were being initiated or tried, perhaps a half dozen cases in all. He felt impressed to wait until the evening session of the court and then to address the bishop saying that "it had been borne in upon me during prayer that we are a lot of fools doing the devil's work, and suggesting that he summon all the investigating committees and select numbers into the large room in which we met, and get down on our knees and pray until all parties agreed to bury the hatchet." But the thought occurred to him that he should speak to his associates in counsel, which he did. It was then thought best to see the bishop privately about the matter to get his views in advance. They accordingly called upon him together on their own responsibility, and stated that they were not at all afraid of their case, but felt that in the interest of the church and for the sake of its peace and its welfare, something ought to be done. The foregoing statement was then made to him and his views desired.

He declared that after these matters had been once referred to a select number by the conference, there was no power to recall them.

But, Bishop, they replied, "if all parties pray the thing underground and are agreed to a peaceable adjustment, who is there to object?" "You wait here," said he, "until I come back."

As Bishop Foss was entertained in the same house, the home of ex-Governor Hastings who had backed my prosecutors in the courts till squelched by the Superior court, it is presumable that he retired to consult with him about the matter. But upon returning he said that "matters will have to take their course." To which counsel replied: "All right, bishop, we feel easier now because the responsibility is not on us. We can now throw ourselves into the defense and will see what the result will be."

I feel that it is only just to the men who represented me that I should put in print their efforts to preserve the peace of the conference by

saving it from the persistent blundering of an administration that was willing to drive a plowshare through the conference for the forlorn hope of crushing a man who was only guilty of exposing its hypocrisy. Our counsel did their very best to protect the church from the judicial crimes into which it was being driven, but the administration was too blind to see it.

NOT GUILTY OF LYING BUT TO BE REPRIMANDED FOR TELLING THE TRUTH.

At length the dreary round of the judicial farce came to an end. The Bishop who held in his hands the destiny of the members of the "select number" and in a few hours was to appoint them to their fields of labor, sat up with them the greater part of the fifth night, insisting that even though they had promptly decided that not one of the original specifications on which I had been suspended was sustained, and that the supplementary charges of lying and insubordination were not sustained, yet I should be convicted of something. So, by about three o'clock in the morning, the following mongrel sort of a verdict was agreed upon: The Select Number find that the charges of lying and insubordination are not sustained by the evidence, but that the sustained specifications do prove him to be guilty of highly imprudent and unministerial conduct, for which we adjudge that he be called before the bar of the conference and that a public reproof be administered by the presiding officer."

HE BETRAYED LAW IN PRETENCE OF UPHOLDING IT.

It does not require a microscope to reveal the mark of the beast on the forehead of this verdict of "brotherly kindness."

It pronounces sentence upon a man whose constitutional right of appeal had been trampled upon by the presiding officer at whose instance the verdict had been formulated; and formulated, too, after declaring that the charges were not sustained, and by him who was to administer the reproof, and then to appoint the members of the committee or jurors to the churches they were to serve the ensuing year. "Thou that reproveth a man for 'highly imprudent and unministerial conduct,' dost thou defy the law of the church while pretending to administer it, and trample upon constitutional rights of appeal under the pretense of upholding the honor of the church which is thereby betrayed?" Surely this thou hast done, and done it to cover thy tracks around the grave of Flishman the Brewer.

A cursory examination of this verdict of "brotherly kindness" shows that it declares that some of the specifications were not sustained. The implication is, therefore, that the specifications were themselves false. Thus far it is clear even to a blind man that these could not justify a verdict of imprudence nor a sentence of reproof. But it also declares

that the specifications which were sustained do not sustain the charge of lying nor of insubordination. The implication, therefore, is that the matters complained of in them were true. There is, therefore, no escape from the logical result, viz: that it was so imprudent and unministerial to publish these particular truths that the accused ought to be brought to the bar of the conference and publicly reprovved by the presiding officer for publishing the truth—a kind of double barreled, “be damned if you do, and be damned if you don’t” arrangement.

A FAST AND LOOSE VERDICT.

Scrutinizing this verdict of “brotherly kindness” a little more closely, we discover another exhibition of its peculiar nature which entitles it to be branded *sui generis*.

It were a judicial crime to drag a man into court and force him to trial without acquainting him with the particular allegations to which he must plead. Every party to it would be an accessory before the fact to a conspiracy to defeat the ends of justice, and of course nothing so crass as this was attempted. But in what respect would this differ from the action of this select number in sifting a mass of criminal allegations and declaring that some of them were false and that the rest did not sustain the charge they were adduced to prove, and yet finding a verdict of guilty of some other charge not made in the indictment, and pronouncing sentence, without specifying the grounds which were supposed to justify their verdict and their sentence? If it were a crime to try him without a bill of charges, it were a double crime after declaring that a portion of the bill were false to punish him without making known the particular allegations that were false, and the particular features of the remainder which were relied upon to sustain their ambiguous verdict. A man is entitled to know on what counts he is convicted or acquitted. And yet there is one difference between the suppositious case and the actual one under review. In the first instance the parties to it would be accessory to conspiracy before the fact, while in the second they were accessories to conspiracy after the fact, for in common parlance the difference would be all the way from “tweedle dee to tweedle dum.” Still another difference we see is that in the first instance it would be a palpable prostitution of justice and decency that would bring down righteous indignation upon the perpetrators, while in the second they are protected by hiding the deceit between a logical maize and a verbal jungle. And the usual effect is to put a premium upon malicious litigation by protecting the accuser from the odium of false accusations through this unjudicial, not to say criminal, monstrosity to which the select number, through the illicit commerce of the Bishop, gave birth.

The closing scene in this melodramatic procedure was when, amidst

the crowds that had assembled to hear the appointments read, the Bishop withheld the report of the select number until about the last moment; the feverish anxiety and excitement rising every minute; just before the report of the thankatory committee, when it was read. The "brotherly kindness" of the Bishop evidently deemed it wise to crowd it into the latest possible moment so as to afford as little time as possible for consideration of the question of appeal, and thus drive me to an instant decision or forfeit my right. A number of my friends, including my counsel, instantly surrounded me and plead with me to stand up and take my medicine. But I remembered that I was a man before I was a minister, and that I might be a man after I was a minister, but that I could never consent to be a minister without being a man. So, to one and all I declared, that I would "never consent to allow a man who had indiscriminately eulogized a dead brewer in his funeral sermon, to scold a live Prohibitionist before a Methodist Conference." So I appealed—and the thermometer fell. The grand finale was reached in the closing item of business in which it was found necessary to sustain the reputation of the Conference by resolving just as the curtain fell "That the spirit of this conference has been most brotherly and kind."

CHAPTER XXXII.

WHY BE REPRIMANDED IN OPEN CONFERENCE.

I was to be reprimanded in open conference by the Bishop. But why in *open* conference? since all sessions hitherto in which reference was to be made to any of the numerous charges against brethren had been executive sessions? No one being present but members of the conference. Sergeant-at-arms, with numerous aids, being appointed to guard the door and windows to keep out intruders, and prevent eaves-dropping. Why? Why? They hang or electrocute murderers in private in this advanced period of civilization. Why make a public spectacle of a brother minister's humiliation at being "jawed" by a brewer-eulogizing Bishop. Why? Why?

Please remember it was the last morning of conference. The Methodists, and conference hosts of other denominations in the city, and Methodists from the surrounding country, and visitors from afar, were all present to hear the appointments as also the disappointments made by the Bishop. The seats were full, crowded. The aisles were full, crowded. Expectation was on tiptoe. The condition of the church doubtless resembled that of old Fanueil Hall, in Boston, when Colonel Robinson many years ago was about to deliver a political address, and in order to make the peroration especially impressive he balanced his commanding form on his patent leather tiptoes and exclaimed in an orotundo-basso voice "Fanueil Hall is full to-night." Then an impressive pause and silence. "Fanueil Hall is full to-night." Whereupon a little Irishman near the door sprang lightly into the aisle and exclaimed in true Hibernian treble. "So is Tiddy O'Brian." It required full ten minutes to restore the equilibrium of that audience and then it seemed better prepared for the drinks that usually follow a political exordium, in Boston, than for the balance of that particular speech.

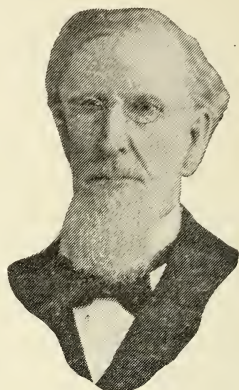
BELLEFONTE CHURCH FULL, SO WAS THE BISHOP.

"Well, Bellefonte Church is full this morning," and so was the Bishop full of his subject. Good old Lyman Beecher advised his theological students at Lane Seminary to "get full of your subject and then let water caper." It is sometimes no compliment to be full of one's subject. My old friend, Rev. John J. Pearce, to whose sermons I had listened with delight

when a boy, he having then just returned from the U. S. Congress, was once introduced to a church audience thus: "Bro. Pearce will now lecture on "hell," and I have no doubt that the lecturer is full of his subject." This put Bro. Pearce into such a fit of laughter as to render it difficult to speak. The Bishop was full of his subject and the spirit in which it was to be delivered gave it kinship to the subject of Bro. Pearce's lecture, for had he not boasted to his colleagues that if they would let him hold this conference he would settle the trouble and the member who made it.

VARIEGATED COUNTENANCES.

The audience was expectant, subdued, and the expression worn by different faces was as variegated as an October landscape. Rev. Mr. Wetzell seemed to realize that he had been convicted of lying on twenty points in the indictment he had forged against me. Had digged a pit for another and then tumbled in himself. But he tried to look pleased like the boy who whistles while passing a graveyard. Rev. Bro. Miltonka, D.D., the poetic proser, who had powerfully assisted in the attempt to dig the pit into which his client had fallen headlong, was ill at ease as his trembling hand indicated. Whether it was the awkward plight into which he had led his ward, or his own discomfiture as a discredited ecclesiastical barrister that produced his agitation may never be known. He certainly looked like *Paradise Lost* in prose.



Rev. John J. Pearce.

The Rev. Mr. Nightland, or better known as the Commodore, the son-in-law of my good friend Matt Quay's sub-boss of one of our counties and the defender of Dr. George Edward Reed's championship of Quay's candidate for Governor in 1898, and who had worked much harder to help Rev. Mr. Wetzell discredit me, than he has ever worked as president of a seminary whose chief burdens are borne by the dean, the treasurer, and the financial agent, but who never makes a speech in which he does not attempt to "shut the eyes" of the brethren to the "soft snap" he is enjoying by complaining of his heavy burdens as president. Yes, Brother Nightland was there, and he, poor fellow, wore a troubled expression, changing now and then to a smirk of satisfaction that he had helped to protect Hill, Deputy and Wetzell to the extent of a reprimand soon to be delivered against him who had so often reprimanded Matt Quay. He was not hissing lustily as during the debate in the State Methodist Convention in Grace Church, Harrisburg, some years before, when I had referred to McKinley's connection with

the canteen, in answer to the prophecy of a speaker that he was to be our next President. He had perhaps learned that only geese and snakes hiss and that "hissing and laughter are the fool's answer to argument."

Rev. Bro. Mortgage, a professor of a college, another attorney of the combine, looked apprehensive that something might yet happen to wrest even the partial victory of a public reprimand. The look was probably akin to that when trying to settle a fraternity feud and both sides pinch him. The secretary of the conference, the genial and accommodating Rev. Bro. Tomcox, who partially emulates the example of Paul in being "all things to all men," having earned the gratitude of the Bishop by falsifying the minutes of the conference touching our legal appeals and our filed exceptions so as to protect the Bishop from charges of maladministration looked complaisant but not exuberant.

The presiding elders, most of them married to Republican high license, seemed ill at ease at the thought of appointing as pastor, instead of putting on trial, a minister who had charged another minister with twenty lies and had only succeeded in proving himself a twenty-fold falsifier. But their chagrin was tempered with a degree of satisfaction that possibly the reprimand about to be delivered against the vindicated man would shut the eyes of the public to their offense in giving sacred work instead of justice to a false accuser. They were also complacent in the thought that they had earned the good will of the Bishop, on the scratch of whose pen depended their continuance in district work.

Bro. Bosserman, as usual, pursed his lips, wiped and readjusted both pairs of his bifogles, and seemed to wonder whether all this trouble that had come to the conference might not be a judgment on him personally for having re-established the commerce in presiding elders' districts which we had broken up in 1880. He watched intently the Bishop's finely carved mouth, apprehensive that at so critical a period the Bishop might possibly open that mouth and then put his foot into it.

Brother Deputy, whose Christian name indicates his prophetic mission, had, as presiding elder, entertained the frivolous personal charges of "an unsupported prosecutor, had ruled arbitrarily all on one side in the preliminary investigation, had persisted against our protest in remaining with the committee while they found their verdict, keeping the preachers under his eye whose appointments to churches he had the power through the Bishop largely to dominate at the coming conference; well, Brother Deputy, the prophet, looked as though he had had "his labor for his pains and his losses for his gains." In fact he looked as though he might have to leave his district before his term expired. And the look proved to be prophetic. Good man that he was and is, he could not stand judicially straight when the combined influence of Republican grafters and certain Republican Methodist Bishops blew its

soft and softening breezes in his face. We throw around him the broad mantle of charity on the ground that he had been hypnotized. We loved him before and we love him still.

Bro. Martinel who, in October, had led the immortal seven in finding a verdict of guilty and of a suspension of an innocent man on the contradicted testimony of his accuser alone, aided as he was by the State thieves to down the man who had exposed their plans for a five million steal out of a new capitol; well, Bro. Martinel looked sick, to find that the jurors in the regular trial had turned down flat the verdict of his well-coached seven, of the preliminary investigation, and not left an inch of ground on which he could stand.

Some time after, I was spending an evening between trains in the town in which he was pastor of a church where, as pastor a few years before, I had had my most signal victories in the ministry, and he was conducting a series of revival meetings. I found my way to the church and was permitted to sit with the lay brethren undisturbed, and when penitents were invited I was permitted to stand and sing with the laymen in front of the altar, while the dear pastor was out whispering to lady members of his congregation the sad intelligence that "Swallow is here for no good; he is bent on making us trouble. He will raise a disturbance." All of which was farthest from my thought. The meeting closed and old friends by the score pressed around me for a handshake, while the dear pastor soon got out of the church without the offer of a hand to the worshipping ex-pastor. Why all this? Simply because he had led the investigation committee in doing a former friend what he evidently regarded as an irreparable injury, and to be consistent with himself he must add another injury. But as is always the case, he did himself a greater hurt than he did his intended victim. It would have been amusing had not the weakness of the brother been so sad. Weakness is to be pitied rather than blamed. The Bible injunction to let an unworthy brother "be unto thee as a heathen" means that where church discipline ends, missionary effort should begin. Brother Martinel did not seem to so interpret the word. We throw the mantle of charity over what seemed to be malice, but might have been an incipient stage of the disease that afterward permanently wrecked him. And when we think of his present sufferings our cheek tingles with shame that we even felt hurt at his *unkindness*.

Bishop Walden seemed to be the happiest man in the church. He smoothed his beautiful gray hair, pulled down his vest, wiped off his chin, tucked snugly in the the ends of his once white neck tie, now soiled from an all-night struggle with a jury to induce them to "find something," followed the example of Brother Bosserman by carefully cleaning his specs and looking over the vast audience with the imperious air of

a victorious conquering hero, he arose in stately majesty, and looked impressively once again over the now almost breathless crowd. He began, "It is made my painful"—

A voice: "Bishop! Bishop! I appeal to the appellate court of the Methodist Church, from that part of the committee's finding that subjects me to a reprimand from you." "How is that?" inquired the dazed Bishop, not seeming to comprehend the fact that he was unhorsed and driven into a dark corner. "I appeal" was the answer of the prisoner at the bar. Then the Bishop sat down, and a hurried, whispered, but excited conversation took place between him and his colleague, Bishop Foss, who sat by his side. Then the Bishop arose again, this time not so majestically imposing as before, and with the corners of his mouth drawn down at an angle of fully forty-five degrees, he solemnly, sadly announced, "Well, that cuts out the reprimand." To which the prisoner at the bar responded laconically and in measured tones, "Yes, Bishop, that-cuts-out-the-rep-ri-mand."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

METHODISTIC JESUISTIC PREPARATION FOR THE TRIAL.

The conference was to have been held at Shamokin, it had been so decided by a vote of the session at Chambersburg one year before, viz: in 1901, but as the time for holding the conference of 1902 approached the report went out through the papers that contagious diseases prevailed there to an alarming extent, and the conference must be provided for elsewhere, and that the presiding elders must secure the place. Then came the report that Bellefonte had agreed to take it, and to Bellefonte we would go. Then I thought I saw, or at least smelled a large-sized colored gentleman in that Shamokin-Bellefonte wood-pile. My wife's relatives lived at Shamokin, I had been junior preacher there, I had hosts of friends there, I had received there a tremendously large vote in my last Prohibition campaign. Ex-Governor Dan Hastings, my alias prosecutor in the courts, lived at Bellefonte, the political forces there were all against me. I wondered whether Methodism as represented by my conference had sunk to the low level that this change would indicate? And I would answer my wonderings, impossible! impossible!

Then I wrote to friends in Shamokin, including the leading physician, connected also with the board of health, and got the answer that while there were a few sporadic cases of contagious diseases, they were mostly confined to the foreign element, not likely to be called upon to entertain conference guests, and that there was no reason on the score of health why the conference should not be held there. Then I remembered that territorially considered Shamokin had the claim, since the conference had not met there for twelve years, or since 1889, while it had met at Bellefonte in 1893, and since then had been at Tyrone, Williamsport, Clearfield, Harrisburg twice, and Chambersburg.

Friends in Shamokin openly charged that the change was a low-down political trick in which was seen the fine hands of two or three Republican Bishops, and our conference boss backed by the Republicans among the presiding elders. I preferred to reserve final judgment in the premises till I saw other manipulations when we should meet at Bellefonte, the town that boasted of having given to the State by permission of the party bosses three Republican Governors.

AN EX-GOVERNOR'S HOSPITALITY.

It was great. He entertained the Bishop who was to preside at my trial and his colleague and two, possibly three, of the members of my jury whose attitude would have most weight in swinging the jury this way or that, and if memory serves me, he also entertained the counsel of the prosecutor. Other members of the jury were invited in for occasional meals, and the ex-governor was toasted by Bishop Walden in a conference address, so that my former prosecutor in the courts was "in it." I leave the reader to judge as to the probable motive prompting the change of "venue," as the lawyers would term it, but surely the circumstances were much more suspicious than auspicious. And if the suspicions were well founded marks a black record that has few parallels in the history of either civil or ecclesiastical jurisprudence.

INTIMIDATION OF FRIENDS.

I had reason to believe that a majority of the members of the conference were at heart my friends. I had as a more or less successful pastor and presiding elder cultivated and rejoiced in their friendship. They had twice honored me with a good majority vote by which I was sent to our General Conference, the only law-making body of the church, and only five years before nearly one-half of the counties embraced in the conference territory had given me majority votes for State Treasurer on the Prohibition ticket. And yet, this conference session seemed to be almost solidly against me. It grew out of the fact that my enemies were clamorous, and my friends were passive. But why passive? One of them explained it in substance though not in precise words thus: "I am your friend, and you have lots of friends here, but their appointments for the next year depends on the good will of the Bishop. The kind of houses we are to live in, our salaries, school privileges, neighbors, everything for ourselves and for our wives and children depends on him and on the dictum of the presiding elders, who are also his creatures to be made or unmade at his pleasure. The Bishop is evidently hostile to you, and to your friends, and while it may seem cowardly in us, yet when we think of our wives and children we cower and are silent." I answered, "take no risks for me, for I have enough of this world's goods to supply the actual necessities of life, and Almighty God, who is more mighty than even this Bishop, will take care of the results of this conflict."

One of my friends, among the truest, purest and noblest of earth did get into a controversy with a ministerial tough, a pet of the Bishop, who had come to our conference from the West, where a judge had openly charged him in court with being a perjurer, but the tough's

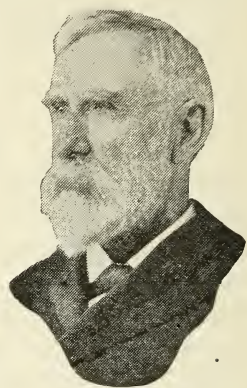
blackguard methods and threatening attitude led my friend to ask the protection of the conference. A committee was straight-way fixed up by the secretary and appointed by the Bishop, and it was out but a short time and brought in a report white-washing the tough and leaving my friend hanging by the eyebrows. And such would have been the fate of any member of that session of the conference presided over by that Bishop.

A CONTRAST.

In sharp contrast with the behavior at the Bellefonte Conference was that of the Conference held at Berwick in 1905. I was among friends. Bishop Fitzgerald, my personal friend, and an outspoken Prohibitionist, presided and preached on Sunday morning a sermon descriptive of the compensations of personal sacrifice for the sake of moral principle. Having myself to preach at the same hour in a neighboring church, I did not hear it, but it was highly spoken of as "Christlike in its teachings."

Wife and self were invited to dine with the Bishop and the presiding elders at the palatial residence of Mrs. Lizzie Jackson, whom I had married to Colonel Clarence Jackson two days following my own wedding in 1866. The Bishop and five presiding elders were all homed during conference under her roof. At the table the Republican presiding elders were telling their experiences as visitors to Mr. Roosevelt's inauguration a few weeks previous. Bishop Fitzgerald modestly remarked loud enough for all to hear, "Dr. Swallow, if you a Prohibitionist, had been elected President instead of Mr. Roosevelt, I would certainly have been at your inauguration, but as you were not elected, I was conveniently absent."

And then there was silence for the space of at least a minute in that presiding elder's heaven. And this is again from the other side another evidence of the episcopal power; not influence, but power, a power that unless hedged about and limited is destined to produce sycophants instead of men.



Rev. Bishop Fitzgerald.

EPISCOPO-PHOBIA.

After my vindication on the charges of lying and insubordination by my conference, and the report of the committee at the instance of the Bishop, that I had been guilty of unministerial conduct, and pending my appeal from the sentence of an episcopal reprimand, the pastor of Ridge

Avenue Church, Harrisburg, who had been so badly frightened, or so sadly ambitious as to cancel his invitation to me to preach for him, and thus barred me out of my old pulpit without giving an adequate reason, neglected notwithstanding my vindication to invite me into his pulpit without the sanction of a Bishop. He was still so imbued with the idea that his future and further promotion hinged on the good will of two or three Bishops that he could not even exercise his judgment touching ministerial courtesy.

He must write to the Bishop and wait for an answer. Meanwhile, other pastors were inviting me to take part with them in their public services, and my ambitious pastor's members signed and presented to him the following petition, which we herewith publish, together with some of its signatures:

HARRISBURG, April 30, 1902.

WHEREAS, Our beloved ex-pastor, Rev. S. C. Swallow, D.D., was by the late annual conference found not guilty of the charges on which he had been illegally, unjustly and cruelly suspended from "ministerial services," and church privileges in November last.

AND WHEREAS, The verdict being changed from guilty to not guilty, the penalty must also have been changed from suspended to not suspended.

AND WHEREAS, The penalty as removed, for having performed the marriage ceremony while under an unjust suspension, having been fixed at reproof, from which Dr. Swallow very properly appealed, therefore,

Resolved, That we request our beloved pastor to recognize on suitable occasions Dr. Swallow as a minister in our church by inviting him to take part in the services.

Resolved, That copies of these resolutions be furnished to Dr. Swallow and also to our pastor.

H. C. Jordan,
James Buck,
S. A. Ebersole,
J. H. Rohrer,
John M. Seibert,
C. Germer,
J. E. Miller,
Joseph F. Lentz,
John J. Hess,
A. Walborn,
John E. Peck,
Dr. W. L. Duff,
Amanda Reed,

Katharine Sourbeer,
M. McGann,
J. T. W. McLaughlin,
I. R. Poffenberger,
Lucy W. Buck,
Reuben Morrett,
L. C. Johnson,
Jacob C. Shaffner,
Laura Hertzler,
Ira R. Wert,
H. C. Gable,
Thos. H. McClune,
Hiram Hellerman,

Sallie Peck,
H. Sourbeer,
George W. Reed,

J. L. McGann,
B. Walters,
Addie E. McLaughlin.

The over-cautious pastor still hesitated though the feeling against him among his own members was intense. He wanted to hear from a Bishop in answer to his letter and the answer was delayed. Meanwhile I published the following editorial in the form of an open letter, which explains itself:

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

"The editor of the *Pennsylvania Methodist*, having learned that an application has been made by a member of our conference, to Bishop Walden as to whether the said member will do right or wrong in refusing to extend to the editor, ministerial courtesy, wishes to state in connection therewith that:

1st. I cannot accept from Bishop Walden, to whom you have appealed for a decision that will either support or reverse your theory as shown by your practice, that I should be ignored, or favored, in the form of a permit from him for you to extend to me ministerial courtesy. Nor am I willing to be thrust out by the proclamation of an episcopal decision on a subject that hinges entirely on the good or ill will of the individual pastor, as is shown in the fact that no other minister has thus far withheld such courtesy, one having called on me to lead his congregation in prayer, and several having invited me to fill their pulpits.

A question of courtesy to a ministerial brother who has not been expelled, is not suspended, and has been found not guilty of a suspendable offense is not a subject for episcopal decision but only a matter of choice or preference for the individual pastor. A Bishop is an elder elected by other elders to be superintendent of the general work. He is our creature, and remotely the creature of the congregation, and is not to be regarded with more respect or reverence than is demanded by the high order of manhood he may display in the performance of his duties in the varied relations of life. Let it never be forgotten in Methodism that a Bishop is *primus inter pares*, chief among equals.

I would not allow Bishop Walden to tender me through you the courtesy of recognition, nor put upon me the onus of its refusal for the same reasons that I would not allow him to reprimand me, viz:

The mouth that eulogized indiscriminately a dead brewer, cannot, with my consent, publicly either blame or praise a live Prohibitionist who for 25 years has sought to stay the tide of death produced by the brewer's business.

We cannot receive from him or his agents as a favor, that which we should have if at all, as our right, because, 2d, his actions at the late conference we think were not what they should have been.

Yours fraternally,

S. C. SWALLOW.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

KEEPING BOYS OUT OF MISCHIEF.

A few weeks before the session of the Conference of 1902, at which I was to be tried, I conceived the idea of bringing charges against the brethren who had been most active in the crusade against me. They had all been directly or indirectly beneficiaries of the Quaystone party of Pennsylvania, with all its black record of graft and liquor-steeped politics. They had all been intent on pleasing the three or four Bishops criticized by me for double dealing with great moral questions. They were all interested in the shaking by the Bishop of the ecclesiastical "plum tree" at the coming conference.

My object in bringing the charges was:

First. Because I knew them to be guilty of the offenses charged, and

Second. I thought it wise to give them something to think of besides hounding to his death a brother in the conference who had been guilty of no crime except loyalty to the teachings of the church, its Bishops, and its book of discipline.

Third. I believed it would help them to avoid a "pernicious activity" in carrying out their designs. Since "Satin finds some mischief still for idle hands to do." I wanted them kept healthily busy.

That the ingenuity of Bishop Walden would find some easy loophole for their escape I fully believed and was not disappointed. The charges were signed by myself, and then, fearing they might be tabled on the ground that I myself was under charges, John M. Seibert, a member of Ridge Avenue M. E. Church, had attached his signature.

BISHOP WALDEN'S STRATEGY.

The Bishop suggested a committee in each case to decide whether charges against these brethren should be entertained. This is permissible only where vague rumors, unclassified, unwritten, unvouched for, are afloat touching a member's character, such rumors being destructive to the peace of the church. Then it is sometimes the custom, though not the law, for an annual conference to appoint what has been vulgarly term a "smelling committee," to ascertain whether the rumors are so well authenticated as to justify the bringing of charges and the appointment of a court of trial, and of counsel for the church to conduct the trial,

But here were charges actually prepared and copies of these charges had been sent to the brethren charged weeks before conference. The charges were in due form, regularly drawn and signed, there were present at conference living witnesses, court records, depositions regularly taken, the offenders having been notified of the time and place of taking depositions, several of them in Dr. Hill's case of official members of his church. In fact, all preparation had been made in the most careful manner, no detail having been omitted, and the charges were of the most serious character.

Imagine the surprise of all members of the conference at all familiar with church law, when Bishop Walden, on the presentation of these charges arose and suggested to the conference that committees be appointed to examine these things and report to the conference whether, in the cases of these brethren, courts of trial should or should not be appointed. Perhaps never in the history of Methodist jurisprudence was there such a travesty of justice. Such an utter disregard of church law as that suggested by this Bishop. Of course there was soon found candidates for the episcopal plums to be distributed at the close of conference, who moved and seconded that the suggestion of the Bishop be adopted, and though the vote was small, large numbers fearing to vote against and hence not voting at all, yet it was decided "carried," and the committees were appointed.

A RUSE TO CAPTURE EVIDENCE.

I went before these committees and read the court records, and depositions of men who had been swindled in fake lot and stock deals in the Rev. J. Wesley Hill's case, and gave a brief of the testimony I would present in the other cases if courts were organized, but absolutely refused to comply with the committee's demands upon me that I surrender to their custody all the evidence in my possession, including transcripts from court dockets, affidavits, depositions, etc. I offered to submit everything and call living witnesses before a legally constituted court, but properly refused to surrender my evidence to my enemies in a fake court, unauthorized by law.

JOHN WESLEY HILL HIRES AN ATHLETE TO COMMIT A CRIME.

My exposure of Rev. John Wesley Hill, D.D., greatly exasperated him. At this writing he is the traveling companion of William Howard Taft, who denies the divinity of Christ, advises Yale students to get acquainted with the corner saloon-keeper for he has votes, opposed prohibition in Oklahoma, catered as Governor General to the planting of more than a thousand saloons in the Philippines, and is whooped up by multitudes of liquor sellers, including the journals of the liquor league. Mr.

Hill, as a promoter of worthless town lots and more worthless mining stock, also of a still more worthless drunk cure, and of still more worthless methods of getting members into his church, was the protégé of Bishop Fowler on the one hand and of the State despoilers on the other hand. His friends claim that he is promised a consulate in the event of Taft's election. He conceived the brilliant idea, after my publication of the Utah court records against him, also of his complicity with the Quay machine, of disgracing me by hiring Mr. Frank Stence, an athlete, a Harrisburg baker, who had been taken into Grace Church like scores of others without probation, certificate or confession of faith, to give me a horse whipping on the street in open daylight. He was to give Stence five hundred dollars, and Hill's friend Copeland was to give another five hundred dollars. Stence got under conviction, told a friend and he told another friend and it reached my ears.

I confronted Mr. Stence with it, and he admitted all. I could hardly credit it, and wanting confirmatory evidence, asked him to put to Hill, over the 'phone, the questions I would give him and let me hold the receiver and get the answers. By this method, Stence's story was confirmed in every particular by Hill himself. Stence afterward made affidavit to his story before Alderman Landis, and it was deposited in the safe of Mr. Smallwood, on Herr street, but was claimed to have been afterward destroyed at the instance of Masonic friends, both Hill and Stence being Masons. Hill is a legitimate offspring of the country's liquor system, coupled with the corrupt and corrupting practices of the dominant political parties. Whether he should be the more blamed or pitied is a problem. He is doubtless as good as the church leaders who back him.

The Rev. Dr. Gray, then president of Dickinson Seminary, who was chairman of the Rev. John Wesley Hill "smelling committee," is authority for the statement that the Bishop instructed the committee not to send the case to a court of trial unless they found evidence sufficient to convict, thus constituting this undisciplinary committee a sham court of trial without the right of challenge for cause having been accorded either the plaintiff or defendant, and having no power to convict the accused whatever might be the testimony.

To a member of another just such committee in a case where charges had been brought by one of these brethren against me, the Bishop said, "if the committee is satisfied without taking any testimony that he should be put on trial it is competent for the committee to so order." And it so ordered without giving me an opportunity to present my side of the case.

Of course none of the brethren except myself were put on trial, the whitewashing committees daubed on the whitewash furnished by the Bishop for the other cases, and called it a good job. They had to, or

take the risk or being discriminated against by the one man in whose hands were their ecclesiastical destinies. We lay up nothing against them more serious than the charge of cowardice, and Mr. Lincoln once said the bravest man might have a pair of cowardly legs.

‘NOT FOREORDAINED BUT PREDESTINATED—TWO HATCHETS.’

The machine, though Armenian in theology, had foreordained that I alone was to be tried, and God had predestinated that I alone should in the end, though long deferred, get a clean bill of health, while the others will carry to their graves and to the judgment the smirch of charges they dare not answer to, before a legitimate court of inquiry. And now and henceforth, I have the high distinction of carrying two little hatchets, one like Carrie Nation’s, with which to smash saloons, the clatter of which now in 1908 I hear from ocean to ocean, and from the lakes to the gulf, and the other like the George Washington little hatchet, as an evidence not that like him “I could not tell a lie,” but, better still, that while I could, yet I would not tell a lie. The latter little hatcher was given me by the committee of fifteen over which Bishop Walden presided night and day for five days with my court prosecutor, ex-Governor Dan Hastings, as his host and prosecuting promoter.

Charges against Rev. Dr. George E. Reed were sent to his conference, the New York East, which began its session at Torrington, Connecticut, on the day my own conference closed. He, too, I foresaw needed something to keep him out of mischief while I was struggling with the bulls and bears of the Central Pennsylvania Conference. He selected for his counsel a man equal to all emergencies, Rev. Dr. Buckley, who had openly boasted that the Republican party is a liquor party and I vote for it.” We charged Dr. Reed with “perjury” in swearing, as State Librarian by the grace of Matt Quay, to support the constitution and laws, but living at Carlisle, twenty miles distant from the library, instead of in Harrisburg, as the law requires. We also charged him with defamation of the characters of George M. Jenks, Democratic candidate for Governor, John Wanamaker and S. C. Swallow, it having occurred when Reed was stumping the State for Quay’s candidate, Mr. Stone, for Governor, he having charged Mr. Wanamaker with being a dastard, Mr. Jenks with lying, and Swallow with being a man of no character.

DR. BUCKLEY REPRESENTS CARLISLE A SUBURB OF HARRISBURG.

I said Dr. Buckley was equal to all emergencies. I telegraphed the conference that I would be on hand to sustain the charges with evidence as soon as I could get there after the close of my own conference, but when starting, learned through the daily papers that the case had been hastily disposed of early in the session of the New York East Conference.

and that Dr. Buckley had stated to the conference that there was no foundation to the charge, that Dr. Reed had not perjured himself by living as State Librarian in Carlisle instead of in Harrisburg, since "Carlisle is a suburb of Harrisburg." And yet Dr. Buckley had frequently traveled the road between the two places and knew that there were seventeen or *eighteen miles of farm land and three boroughs as well as the Susquehanna River, a mile wide, between the two towns.* But of course the preachers of the New York East Conference were not supposed to know the facts, and the trial was not set and no one was present to cross-question the Dr. and he smuggled his Quay beneficiary through with a rush before I could get there. Since that time, or shortly after, Dr. Reed's conference brethren have given the Dr., though a candidate for the episcopacy, a permit to stay at home from General Conference. They continue to send Dr. Buckley, and this is all an illustration of the depths to which otherwise good men will descend as the result of long familiarity with and support of the corrupt men and measures of parties wedded to the National Liquor Trust.

CHAPTER XXXV.

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

And now I come to the result of my trial in the annual conference, viz, that the Bishop should scold me without being able to tell "what for," and to my appeal to the appellate court, known in our law as the "triers of appeals." Each annual conference appoints every year seven of its members for this work. In case there is an appeal the Board of Bishops names three annual conferences, contiguous to the conference from which the appeal comes, the twenty-one triers of which become the court of appeal. New Jersey Conference was one of the three named in my case, and when I came to examine their printed minutes I discovered that they had two sets of triers. Bishop Andrews had presided at that conference at about the same time that our's was in progress and presumably appointed both of these, and if not detected and he was so disposed could draw the seven from either or both, a thing we hoped he would not do, but from past experience we had our misgivings. He was appointed by the Bishops to preside over the appellate court before which I was to appear. It was optional with me whether I prosecute the appeal or let it go by default, and take my scolding at the next session of my own conference. Believing that this breach of the law in the New Jersey Conference would render the result illegal, though it turned out that the error was that of the conference secretary and not of the Bishop, yet for this and other reasons I decided to let my appeal go by default. The "other reasons" referred to are found in the following correspondence that took place between Bishop Andrews and myself. It will be seen that I had not only been a little bit particular as to my scolder at the annual conference, but also as to the Bishop who should preside at the next bout in the ecclesiastical tournament.

HARRISBURG, PA., May 17, 1902.

Rev. Bishop Andrews, D.D.:

Dear Sir and Brother: Your favor of May 15th (registered) is before me and I hasten to reply by registered letter. I note with much satisfaction your desire, following my suggestion of a few days ago to conform strictly to the law of the church, because I regard it as highly important in judicial procedure, as in administration, and moral teaching, that we be governed not only by the spirit, but by the letter of the law.

We gave "notice for protection," to Bishop Walden at conference of our purpose to appeal to the judicial conference from the one sentence in the report of the court of trial, viz: that the accused should be publicly reproved by the Bishop. We did this for the following reasons:

1st. That we might be in a position to prosecute the appeal, if during the three months allowed us by the discipline we saw proper to do so.

2d. Because we questioned the civil right of any elder, even a superintending elder, to publicly scold another elder and desired time to examine the matter.

3d. Because we had not been informed of the sentence or sentences or paragraph published by us, or the act performed by us, or the omission of duty if any for which we were to be scolded, and no humane man would punish his boy, or even his horse or his dog without letting him know what it was for. And though I have written to Bishop Walden, to the secretary of the court of trial, and to every one of the fifteen men who constituted that court, not one of them has pointed out to me the offensive word, sentence, paragraph, article, act or omission. I have consulted the minutes of the trial but they fail to throw light on the subject. Several members of the court of trial agree in saying that they could have reached a clean, straight verdict of acquittal, without a string to it in thirty minutes after the evidence was in, and the pleading done, but that the Bishop dragged them around over the specifications from 10:30 at night till nearly 3 o'clock in the morning, culminating in the sentence of "a public scolding." And he was to be the scolder, probably thus avenging our criticism of him several years ago, for his indiscriminate eulogy of Brewer Fleishman and his helping to force Christian men to labor seven days in the week by himself riding on Sunday cars.

4th. The reprimand could not have been for anything I had published since the committee said that what I had published was true. They would not reprimand me for telling the truth. Nor could it be for marrying a couple while under suspension, since that would surely be an act of insubordination, if it was anything, and the report of the committee said I was not guilty of insubordination.

5th. I refused to be reprimanded by Bishop Walden, because his actions in reference to me during the conference were not right, square, equitable. (2) He had not kept his vow which he signed and you read at the General Conference in May, 1900, "to summon and pledge all our preachers and people to a more determined struggle against the liquor traffic." On the contrary, he had summoned and pledged some people by his example and inferentially by his precept "to a more determined struggle" to perpetuate through rum parties and rum politicians that very liquor traffic.

These were some of the reasons why I gave Bishop Walden notice

of an appeal. Now, the discipline says, par. 263, "When notice of appeal is given to the President of an Annual Conference, he shall proceed with due regard to the wishes and rights of the appellant, to designate three conferences conveniently near to that from which the appeal is taken, whose triers of appeals shall constitute a Judicial Conference, and to fix the time and place of its session. He shall also give notice thereof to all concerned."

As I wrote you several days ago, Bishop Walden has, 1st, not consulted my "wishes" nor, 2d, designated three conferences, nor, 3d, given me notice of the time and place of the sessions of the Judicial Conference.

True, you gave me notice, but that is not according to the law. I have not heard from Bishop Walden since at the close of conference I looked into his nervous, wandering, evasive eye and reminded him that in his closing prayer he had remembered every one except myself, for he had failed to pray for the "effective preacher without an appointment." He protested that he could not have given me an appointment because my character had not passed. But when I asked him if he had presented it to the Conference for a vote of passage, or of rejection, he seemed to realize the depth of the pit he had dugged for himself, not only at this point but at many others in the sinuosities through which he had led the Annual Conference in the defense of the guilty and the persecution of the innocent.

SWIMMING WITH THE CURRENT.

What we feared when you were elected Bishop has actually come to pass. It was then said by those who did not favor your election, that you were the protégé if not the protégée of the rich Methodists of New York and that nothing heroic for disciplinary Methodism or stern, persistent endeavor for striking the death blow to organized, ecclesiastical evils, many of which were then in their infancy, could be expected at your hands. This prophecy has been fulfilled. You have swam with the current, drifted with the stream, trained with the multitude, kept in line with the machine, but of course performed in a perfunctory way the little performances necessary to keep the peace but far from necessary in reaching the Scripture formula of "first pure then peaceable." Under your resident episcopacy New York Methodism, that is supposed to set the pace for the Methodism of the country, as well as furnish the timber for Bishops, has steadily declined in numbers, compared with the increase in population, as also in grace, aggressiveness, and spiritual force. A careful record of which has been made by Dr. Buckley, our great historian, biographer, bibliographer, and authority on cities and "suburbs." New York has greatly grown larger while New York Methodism has greatly grown smaller. The New York letter in the *Midland Advocate* says that there

was a decrease of 1,000 members in the New York East Conference last year. Saloons, brothels, Sabbath desecration, and political corruption have grown, but Methodism is shrinking under the posy policy.

DISTRICT COMMERCE.

I long since forgave you the posy parade of the elect, at the Cincinnati General Conference, but cannot yet find it in my heart to forgive you for re-establishing in the Central Pennsylvania Conference the commerce in presiding elder's districts which at great personal sacrifice we thought we had slain and buried more than twenty-five years ago.

This you did by permitting, sanctioning and legalizing the exchange made by Dr. Bosserman and Dr. Deputy of the Danville for the Harrisburg District four years ago, at the time when there were at least a dozen preachers who had never served as presiding elders but were worthy and well qualified for the place. Dr. Deputy had said at the Huntingdon Conference of 1885, when closing his four years as presiding elder of the Williamsport District:

"We recognize with gratitude the principle involved in the episcopal administration of our conference in recent years, which not only permits, but necessitates a FINAL valedictory at the close of a single term in this office of trust and responsibility."—Conference Minutes, page 41.

Strange after this that he should, after this FINALE, seek and fill a presiding eldership made vacant by the death of its incumbent? And yet again seek and find another by exchange? And one year after strive and succeed in hanging on to the district thus traded for, when Bishop Goodsell strove to cudgel him off with the pile of protests received by mail from different parts of the Conference? Yet so it was, Dr. Deputy being our authority for it. On this same page of the minutes, in Dr. Deputy's report to the Conference, is this sentence:

"Against the alien forces which threaten the Christian Sabbath the Methodist Church (indeed all the churches) ought to present an undivided front. So tremendous is this conflict, and so weighty its issues, that none but dullards or cowards dare maintain an attitude of indifference."

Dr. Deputy is now more than indifferent, he has joined certain Bishops in helping by Sunday travel to compel hundreds of thousands of railroad men to work seven days in the week, and yet would resent being called a coward or a dullard. He receives his reward in establishing the commerce in presiding elders' districts, after his "FINAL VALEDICTORY." There are many men in the conference who would fill the office as well as any of those who have filled it hitherto. How much of the decline in Methodist membership, zeal and piety is attributable to this ecclesiastical backsliding and perfidy in high places we may never

know. It is thus seen that Dr. Deputy was thoroughly committed to this rotation in office which he and Dr. Bosserman both admitted in 1878 was necessary to the breaking up of rings and cliques and an offensive system of bossism in our Conference. I was then presiding elder. I have since been offered the position but have kept my vow. I know how essential to the dominancy of the Bishops is the keeping of men in the office dependent largely on the Bishops for their appointments and promotion. To keep them in the presiding eldership by episcopal appointment, and in the General Conference in large numbers, because to that body the Bishops are primarily amenable for the use or abuse of their great power has always been the plan of the ruling spirits in the Board of Bishops. As soon as they fail to do this they have trouble, as seen in one General Conference in the censure for money grabbing at church dedications, etc., and in the censure of Bishop Walden for the arbitrary use of his power in the treatment of the laymen.

CORRUPT INFLUENCES.

It is alleged that another object in this trade was to place Dr. Deputy in position to co-operate with Dr. Reed, Dr. Hill, Johnsie De Lancey, ex-Quay protégé, and with lesser lights in consummating a long-cherished desire on the part of three or four or more of the Bishops and a much larger number of their ministerial dependents to strike down the editor of the *Pennsylvania Methodist* for daring to object to their usurpation of power, their abuse of legitimate authority, their re-electing, defending, and protecting theological heretics in our schools of theology, whose teachings have sent into the Methodist ministry an army of hypercritical unbelievers, who say "Oh, yes, Jesus is the Son of God as we are all sons of God." "Yes, Jesus was divine; we are all divine." Their oppression of poor churches by exacting large fees in addition to their large salaries for dedicating churches and other services rendered; their Sabbath desecration in the use of public conveyances; their false pretense oft-repeated and long-continued on the suppression of the liquor traffic; their apologies for political corruption and their intimacy with the wealthy corruptionists; and, last but not least, the ridicule they have heaped on men conscientiously advocating the practice of the Bible and disciplinary teachings on the subject of Prohibition and its cognate, Scripture holiness. I am profoundly thankful that this indictment in all its parts is applicable to but a few of those who wear the robe.

Yet a man who dares to point out these abuses must be downed at all hazards. To accomplish it, certain Bishops must be chosen to preside at the conference. The place of holding the conference must be changed, and the stationing of preachers as well as the appointing of presiding elders and electing of triers of appeals must not be lost sight of.

One of these Bishop's most subtle ministerial tools, whose subservency tended to wreck his church in Harrisburg, boasts that he visited the Bishops at their meeting in Pittsburg when preparing for an attack, and those who know, affirm that he travels on political passes similar to those furnished to Dr. Hill by the Quay gang. Whether this establishes the connection between the State thieves whose wicked deeds we have for ten years exposed on the one hand, and certain of our Bishops on the other hand, we leave our readers to judge.

AN ABORTIVE LAUGH.

You will observe, Bishop Andrews, that I have left it an open question as to whether you had in mind what I have alluded to when you, with much mental reservation, and some comments in private as to what your colleagues would think and say of the trade, transferred the here named Dr. Deputy, when he had yet another year to serve from the Danville to the Harrisburg District. Two or three things are not matter of conjecture: 1st, by the act you gave your administration a bad name, 2d, you have helped to wreck a presiding elder who, properly tethered, would have continued to be a useful member of the conference, 3d, you helped to smirch another presiding elder whose record otherwise has been clean, 4th, you have helped to retard Harrisburg Methodism, to the great grief of many good people. I do not say that you are alone responsible for this, or that such was your motive. Let me say in addition, however, that no member of the Danville Conference who was present when Dr. Reed, Quay's Librarian through moral perjury, made an uncomplimentary fling at myself in his conference speech, will soon forget how you, then occupying the chair, had a monopoly of the laughter that followed, nor how you tried to stampede the conference into an approval of the fling by continuing to laugh till your face was crimson. Nor will they forget your failure. Nor yet the hearty applause that greeted the complimentary reference made by Dr. Leonard to myself and to the effort to overthrow the State thieves in his speech possibly on the evening of the same day.

REFRESHED MEMORY.

Permit me, dear Bishop, to refresh your memory of a scene in the General Conference held in the great auditorium in Chicago only two years ago this very month. The room was crowded and silent to hear the reading of the Bishop's Quadrennial Address. You had written it, and now stood facing one of the most magnificent audiences ever assembled. Your presence was imposing. Your voice in tune, and your delivery superb. The document itself was by common consent regarded as one of the most statesmanlike from a Christian standpoint ever pre-

sented, and you were frequently cheered. Your condemnations of political corruption, of heretical teaching, of Sabbath desecration, and of the liquor traffic were resonant with strength and beauty. The following utterance was especially striking, viz: "AROUSSED AND INDIGNANT AT THE INEXCUSABLE MISCARRIAGE OF THE ANTI-CANTEEN LAW, AND AT THE INTRODUCTION OF LIQUORS INTO OUR NEW POSSESSIONS, WE WILL SUMMON AND PLEDGE ALL OUR PREACHERS AND PEOPLE TO A MORE DETERMINED STRUGGLE AGAINST THE ENORMOUS EVIL." The audience went wild with enthushaism. Cheer followed cheer, interrupting your reading again and again. It showed that our people were ready for the fray, and only lacked the leadership of the regularly constituted leaders, to throttle the liquor traffic and overthrow it forever.

RADICAL WORDS.

"After adjournment I met several of the Bishops. One asked me, "Was not that sufficiently radical?" Another, "Was not our utterance on the liquor question satisfactory?" etc., etc. To all of these inquiries I responded approvingly and even with expressions of delight. I said to one of them, "If that vow is kept the millennium is now at our doors. Before the meeting of the General Conference I had written a personal letter to each Bishop urging an aggressive leadership in matters of reform. Half of them had answered my letters, but as a rule evasively. Here was something better than we had hoped, and I hurried home and wrote a long editorial congratulating the Bishops and all the delegates on the heroic utterance of the Quadrennial Address and the expressions of approval with which they had been received. I then mailed to each a marked copy while they were yet in session in Chicago.

TREACHEROUS DEEDS.

Then we waited and watched and prayed and believed, and hoped, and owing to past experiences feared betimes. You know the rest. You know the attitude of most of the Bishops in the fall Presidential campaign. It was disheartening, degrading. You know your own indiscriminate eulogy of the one man responsible for the "inexcusable miscarriage of the anti-canteen law" by which our soldiery were debauched, and the heathen with the pretense of "benevolent assimilation" were degraded with American rum and American harlots, under the military protection of a Methodist commander-in-chief, whose life you held up to the young men of our country as worthy of their emulation and imitation, and that, too, after reading with unction at the General Conference, the statement "Aroused and indignant at the miscarriage of the anti-can-

teen law," etc., "we will summon and pledge all our preachers and people to a more determined struggle against the enormous evil."

Now, my dear Bishop, how many preachers and people have you summoned and pledged in these two years? You have held many conferences and addressed thousands of preachers and people, how often have you referred to your vow to "pledge" and how have you kept it?

I will publish this answer to your long letter with the request that any who may know of your having "summoned and pledged preachers and people" may write me. If you have kept your word you can sit as umpire over the Judicial Conference that is to try my appeal. If you have not kept your word, but have summoned and pledged preachers and people by your example even, to vote for those responsible for the "inexcusable miscarriage of the anti-canteen law," then I cannot trust you with my case, but will take my reprimand at the next conference if the Bishop has the nerve to give it. Men who sit as judges of their fellows should be honest men, true to their own utterances, true to the highest interests of the church and the world, and especially true to God and to the advancement of civic righteousness among men.

Yours with much love but with little admiration,

S. C. SWALLOW.

P. S.—The columns of the *Pennsylvania Methodist* are open to your reply.

OPEN LETTER TO BISHOP ANDREWS NUMBER TWO—APPEAL WILL NOT BE PROSECUTED.

My Dear Bishop Andrews: I have concluded that I will not prosecute the appeal from that part of the verdict rendered at conference which found that I should be openly reproved by Bishop Walden, and for the following reasons:

First, and mainly because of the apparent juggling that has been in progress for several weeks in making up the judicial conference to try the appeal. It may be all straight but it looks very crooked. You presided at the New Jersey Conference. When the Minutes appeared the following names as triers of appeals are found on page 14, viz: D. B. Harris, E. C. Hancock, J. G. Reed, J. A. Dilks, S. M. VanSant, Henry Belting, T. S. Hammond.

On page 20 we find these names as triers of appeals, viz: S. H. Hann, E. C. Hancock, Percy Perinchief, N. J. Wright, B. C. Lippincott, A. H. Eberhardt, W. P. C. Strickland. No conference is entitled to two sets of "Triers of Appeals." My case was referred by the Bishops at their meeting in May to the twenty-one men composing the Triers of Appeals of the New Jersey, Newark and Wilmington Conferences, and

Camden, June 10th, was fixed as the place and time, and you were appointed to preside.

It has transpired since that you notified parts of both of the two sets of triers, found in the Minutes of the New Jersey Conference. It may be all right. There may be some explanation for this apparent crookedness in the empanneling of a jury, but it is not an explanation that can possibly explain. That is, it would not hold in civic jurisprudence, and in matters ecclesiastic we should be not less careful than are the children of this world.

Other irregularities connected with the "triers" of the other two conferences may not be mentioned here and now, but may be referred to hereafter.

I shall hold myself in readiness to accept in Christian humility at the proper time and place and from the proper person, administered in a proper spirit, after proper explanations, a properly worded reprimand.

After writing the foregoing, we received through Bishop Andrews the following letter:

150 FIFTH AVENUE, N. Y.,

June 7, 1902.

Rev. Dr. Swallow:

Dear Brother: I acknowledge the receipt of your notification that you will not prosecute your appeal before the Judicial Conference on Tuesday next.

You allude to "apparent irregularities connected with the appointment of the triers of appeals of the New Jersey Conference." There was no irregularity in the appointment of these triers; there was a mistake in the publication of them in the minutes of the New Jersey Conference, as is explained in a letter from its secretary, Rev. J. H. Payram, dated May 14, 1902, of which I send you a copy below. The error in the summonses sent out on May 12 was immediately corrected upon receipt of this letter.

Respectfully,

EDW. G. ANDREWS.

COPY OF N. J. CONFERENCE SECRETARY'S LETTER.

Bishop Andrews:

Dear Brother: I regret to say that one of my assistants, not fully understanding the resolution presented to the Conference—that the standing committees of this year be the standing committees for the next (1903)—put the names of the triers of appeals of last year under Question 24 (Disciplinary Question), page 18-20 of the minutes, instead of placing the names given this year and properly given in the minutes, page 14.

I did not discover the mistake until it was too late; the minutes were out and I could not correct the mistake.

As the brethren named under question have been called to meet in Camden, N. J., June 10, they are perplexed to know who are the triers of appeals for this year.

If you wish, to save you the trouble, I will inform the brethren who are the proper persons of the call and let the others know that they are not the triers of appeals this year, though they were last year.

I sent you a copy of the Minutes, which I presume you received.

Yours most respectfully,

J. H. PAYRAM,

Sec. N. J. Conference.

Query: Why were new men named to constitute that board in that conference when, as a rule the same men are appointed from year to year? Was it guessed that I might appeal and did the political complexion of the new men suit the Bishop better than those of the old board? It is all a guess.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

EXPECTED TO SEE A RED-HEAD.

The Conference of 1903 met in Eighth Avenue Church, Altoona, where I had been pastor prior to my presiding eldership. Bishop Cranston was to preside. He had but recently lost by death his most amiable and in all the relations of life faithful companion. Mrs. Swallow and I had sometime before engaged rooms at that always delightful hostelry, the Logan House, and were pleased to find that Bishop Cranston was also a guest. I had met him years before, but of course he did not remember me. He was under the very natural and altogether excusable impression that I had red hair, and was somewhat surprised that it was black while the eyes were blue.

He repeatedly expressed an aversion to delivering a reprimand to a brother minister. This trouble was not the result of his blundering, and he naturally shrank from loading up responsibility for the blunders of others. And while he did not so state, I think he questioned the legality of a reprimand, as does Bishop Baker, who was the recognized authority on, and exponent of Methodist law, and his writings are still so regarded. In fact many lawyers regard a public scolding as so unauthorized by our book of discipline as to render those who plan and executed it liable in civil action for such damages as a jury might determine. We had now reached a place where the four or five conference leaders of the fight against me were being censured by many preachers and most laymen who knew the facts, for having precipitated the church and conference into an inexcusable sin and crime for which long years could not atone.

A BROKEN TRUCE.

On the second day of conference there was, under the genial influence of the Bishop, a sort of unuttered truce among all belligerents, but a few days after, as my opponents discovered a trend toward my escape from all censure or reprimand, they broke out in a new fury, grew red in the face and ranted like wild men. This was especially the case with the man who had assumed foremanship of the preliminary investigation, the generally genial Martinel, and had found me guilty and suspended me from all ministerial duties and church privileges in October, 1901. He

seemed to be afflicted with a species of hydrophobia, a dread of the cold water man if not of the cold water itself. And it has been thought by some that this self-generated excitement through several years lay at the foundation of the subsequent physical collapse that seems to be permanent, and in which he has the sympathy of hosts of friends not excepting the writer, who, while he loves the persecutor has no admiration for the persecution.

BISHOP CRANSTON, THE PEACEMAKER, THREATENED WITH CHARGES.

Near the close of the session, Bishop Cranston, in a speech full of tenderness, and love, and reconciliation, a speech in every way worthy of his great brain and loving heart asked the conference to excuse him from the disagreeable task incident to a public reprimand. Here, then, were conditions most unique. The prisoner ready for his punishment, the executioner pleading to be delivered from the awkward, unsavory, and undeserved dilemma thrust upon him by blundering administrators of church law; the leaders of the mob still thirsting for blood; the conference long since tired of the whole wretched farce into which it had been eagerly inveigled by false leaders, impatient for a vote; and the outside public more than nauseated by the meaningless strife so long forced upon their attention by the untempered malice of the hair-brained and hair-splitting wranglers. Well, the vote to excuse the Bishop was taken and was unanimous, or nearly so. The prisoner at the bar voted modestly against it, as he had great curiosity to know what an episcopal reprimand looked like in the day time, and was also anxious to interrogate the reprimander as to what the scolding was for, since Bishop Walden, at whose instance such a verdict was brought, and the members of the court of trial to whom I had applied, could not tell. My recollection is that though the vote was practically unanimous, the after conduct of several of the brethren indicated that they could not have voted in the affirmative, for they indulged for more than a year in mutterings and smothered charges against Bishop Cranston for maladministration, in not doing what the Conference excused him from doing.

And thus ended in its legal aspects one of the saddest chapters that ever disgraced a church. It began by a conspiracy of State thieves and liquor dealers intent on destroying the influence of a man who had led in the destruction for a time, of the thieving practices of the one, and the thieving business of the other. It was made possible by the bribe of position and salary offered a Methodist preacher, who was backed in his warfare by at least three Methodist Bishops, who had been stung into retaliation for my having repeatedly published what they said, and in contrast what they did concerning the greatest moral questions of the ages.

ALAS! NOT ENDED.

Did I say ended? What a mistake! The shores of eternity will send back the echo of the bitterness, the sorrow, the heart burnings and to not a few the deep degradation engendered as the result of a call to church leaders to obey their own law, coupled with the treachery of a Methodist church villifier, willing to be the go-between of State thieves on the one hand, and their old party allies among church dignitaries on the other hand. And yet it was all the incident of a great struggle for better things in church and state. A struggle in which many have already gone to their death, and many more will go: for a great national crime long tolerated, at all times conquerable by the church if she would, can be washed out only as was slavery, in the blood of the martyrs to the cause. The church in most of the world's great struggles for better things has furnished the martyrs, and literally or figuratively also furnished the fagots and the fire with which to burn them; and furnished, too, the leaders of the rabble who apply the torch and mockingly sing their hypocritical *Te Deums* to the human ghouls whose gloved hands of steel applaud the hirelings who do their bidding.

BISHOP BERRY DECEIVED.

At the 1907 Conference held at Tyrone, Bishop Berry announced preliminary to reading the appointments that Rev. Mr. so-called Wetzell's engagement in secular affairs would ordinarily be sufficient reason for not giving him an appointment in the Conference, but as this was to be his last year's clerkship and he wished to have this year to close up his secular affairs he would appoint him. The next spring Mr. Wetzell was just as anxious to hang on to both the secular and the ecclesiastical as ever, and as a majority of the presiding elders favored him, and Bishop McDowell took the position that so long as he was continued by the conference in the effective ranks the Bishop must appoint him, he was appointed and is still at the end of six years giving a seventh of his time to the church. His friends boast that he has such a hold on certain Bishops that he can command the situation indefinitely.

PHILADELPHIA RECEPTION.

On Tuesday evening of the third week in April, 1902, a reception was tendered Mrs. Swallow and myself by about one hundred and fifty Philadelphia Prohibitionists, and other friends from nearby towns, at Mosebach's Casino. Lee L. Grumbine, Esq., of Lebanon, was toast-master and speeches were made by him, and by Homer L. Castle, of Pittsburg; Rev. E. E. Dixon, of Lehighton; Wm. Rhoads Murphy and

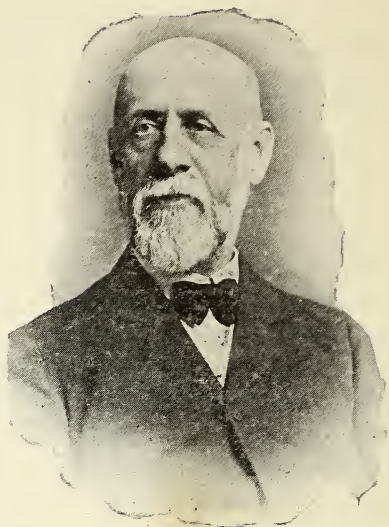
Rev. Dr. Charles H. Mead, of New York. Among the many strong sentences uttered by Dr. Mead were these:

"To condemn or attempt to condemn the man who defends the General Conference Resolutions against the liquor traffic is to condemn the church which sent him forth. Dr. Swallow believes the declarations of the Church to be true. So do I. Whether the General Conference meant what it said I do not know, but, judging from the actions of many high ecclesiastics, I should say not."

* * * The church cannot win, and ought not to win so long as it denounces rum politics in the General Conference and upholds rum politics at the ballot box." * * *

"If the committee of fifteen had condemned him and sent him forth into the wilderness, I would have gone

with him, for if he had been lying so had I. And the church is no place for me if it was no place for him." "He was fighting our battle and I would have shared in his humiliation had he been thrust out, as I now share in his triumph."



Rev. Dr. Charles H. Mead.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

ABORTIVE APPEAL—FISH AND FLESH OF CORRUPT ADMINISTRATIONS.

We have heard from our childhood of certain partisans who make "fish of one and flesh of another." It is a quite common practice in the conscienceless walks of life, where greed and graft are the highest aims of mere "time servers." But such things are not looked for in the church. The children of God were distinguished by Paul by their superiority to the spirit and practice of this present world: for he declares that those who "walk according to the course of this world," that is in harmony with its spirit and practice and merely keep ahead of its moral ideas, are "dead in trespasses and in sins." They may have a name to live, but they are dead. They may have their names on the Conference roll, but they are dead. They may wear the robes of ecclesiastical office, but they are nevertheless "dead in trespasses and in sins" and need nothing so much as the quickening of divine grace and power. This was the feeling of a minister of high standing and wide experience among us who said at the close of the Bellefonte Conference, "if I had been told that such things were possible in a conference of Methodist preachers as I saw and heard with my own eyes and ears, I would not have believed it. I never saw so much unadulterated devil to the square inch in my life. Fish of one and flesh of another seemed to be its ruling idea."

ONE CRIME BEGETS ANOTHER.

But a still greater surprise awaited him when the action of the ensuing General Conference exhibited the very same distinguishing feature. The bosses "having gone to their knees in blood find it easier to go over than turn back." I know it seems well nigh impossible to believe such things. But every presumption and profession, all our speculations and opinionations must yield to the actual realities. Inexorable fact is God's great trip hammer that remorselessly grinds every contradictory fiction to powder. And it everlastingly refuses to be brushed aside or stayed from its unswerving processes by our fondest idols or our most persistent predictions. I need therefore to point out but two or three facts which were exhibited just as I describe them to show, not that the church is corrupt and going to the dogs, nor that it is so prejudiced that it is determined to send every obnoxious member of it

to the dogs regardless of the moral equities of the case, but that there is an element of leadership in it that is capable of administering even our judicial system so as to make "fish of one and flesh of another." However unbelievable it may seem, our administration is betimes so corrupt that it does not scruple to manipulate the whole polity of Methodism so as to protect its parasites and satellites and at the same time destroy those who, true to their vows and consistent with the declared principles of their church, are determined to bring the hidden things of darkness into the broad light of day. Whether such things are going on in the church is a question of fact and not of mere opinion.

HERE ARE SOME FACTS.

After the Bellefonte Conference was over and the mutilated record of the case appeared in the published minutes and the whole situation was studied in the light of the connection between the rejection of the appeal and the mutilation of the official record my counsel felt that I ought to complain of these wrongs to the General Conference. While I fully sympathized with their feelings, I felt sure that there would be no use in doing so. I really had no faith in the administration and adjudication of any issue in which the exposure of the intimate relations that existed between ecclesiastical leadership and rum parties were in any way concerned. I felt sure that the leaders of our church who were chafing under the exposures I had made of their inconsistency in extolling the maxim "it can never be legalized without sin" and their turning around and electioneering and voting for the sinner, would be fully equal to the task of managing things at the General Conference so as to defeat the purpose of any complaint that might be made to that body.

MY COUNSEL'S FAITH TURNED DOWN.

But notwithstanding such declarations to my counsel—who had more faith in the administrations—the complaint was made: first against Bishop Walden for refusing to hear my appeal from Presiding Elder Deputy's errors of law and administration, both in the open session of the Conference as the law explicitly provides, and afterwards in the select number to which it had been unlawfully referred by the Conference through the Bishop's illegal ruling. And, second, against Secretary Wilcox for mutilating the official record of the case in the published minutes of the conference by omitting the proper title of the appeal so that it did not appear whether it was an appeal for justice or for mercy, and also for omitting certain written questions of law which were vital to the case but upon which the bishop either refused or neglected to decide as required by law.

But as one of the committee on judiciary to which the complaint

was referred was a Presiding Elder of the Central Pennsylvania Conference in which the wrongs were perpetrated, and as the General Conference was held in California—so far away that no one appeared to prosecute the complaint—no one need be suprised, certainly I was not; that this committee reported that “as all these matters had their proper place for hearing in the trial before the select number at the Annual Conference, we find nothing on which to act.”

A MODEL OF EVASION.

This very remarkable report is worthy of very careful study. If we were seeking a model mode of evading a batch of very troublesome issues under cover of adjudicating them, and of contradicting the explicit law of the church under the pretense of interpreting it, and of denying the right of appeal while professing to administer it, and to ignore a complaint of corrupt administration in the form of reviewing, and of condensing a mass of falsity and absurdity unto the utmost limit of brevity, it would be impossible to find a more perfect specimen than is afforded by this remarkable report.

1—It is remarkable for the unique distinction which marks it off from the other reports of the same committee in similar cases. In those they prefaced their findings with an outline of the subject matter of the complaint so that he who runs might read the relevancy of the decision to the complaint, and be able intelligently to estimate its justness. But in this report all was reversed. There was not a syllable in the report that gave the slightest clew to the contents of the complaint. It might have been a complaint at the length of the prayers with which the sessions of the select number opened or against the carpet on the floor of the room in which it met, for all any reader of the record could see, and it was absolutely necessary for every clew to the nature of the case to be suppressed or the utter irrelevancy and injustice and absurdity of the decision would have been spread all over its ugly and deceitful face. No committee would have had the temerity to sign such a report had the substance of the complaint been attached.

2—It is remarkable for the skillful and plausible manner in which it cradles every issue it professes to pass upon, and of concealing the logical implications of their findings in the case. For example, they declare that the matters complained of “had their proper place for hearing before the select number.” But, the chief thing complained of was, that it had been refused a hearing before the select number as well as before the Conference. It was not a question as to which was “the proper place for hearing,” but a complaint that it had been refused a hearing in every place and by every official and in every instance and at all times. So that the report perpetrates a judicial farce. It adds

the insult of mockery to the injury of injustice. But the logical implications of the decision are still more remarkable. If we credit the committee on judiciary, for the sake of argument, with telling the truth in their report, it follows as clearly as day follows night that the proper officer to hear a complaint is the one against whom it is lodged: for the one complained against was the president of the Conference who was also the president of the Select Number before which it had (not) its "proper place for hearing." Carried to its legitimate logical limit it means that the burglar who robs my house is the proper man to preside at his own trial and to adjudicate his own case.

3—This report is also remarkable for the anonymous manner in which it flatly contradicts the explicit law of the church. What committee would dare to come out into the open and begin a declaration that the proper place for hearing an appeal from errors of law and administration made by a Presiding Elder in his conduct of a preliminary investigation is before the select number, in the face of the explicit declaration.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE ONE MAN POWER IN METHODISM.

We have frequently referred in these pages either directly or indirectly, to the subject, generally as applied to the work of our general superintendents otherwise known as bishops, the ordination of whom has been argued against by Methodists, ridiculed by ritualists after whom the ordination ceremony is patterned, and objected to by even some of the bishops themselves. The defense of the church is that it is a consecration. That the ordination is to an office and not to an order as among the episcopalians, and that we believe with most other denominations in but two orders in the ministry, viz: deacons and elders. And yet there is a stately ordination service including the laying on of hands, rivaling in some of its ceremonials the ordination of elders and aping in most of its details the service employed by the Anglican church. We like the Episcopalian for their consistency in claiming that the episcopacy is a distinct third order and not merely an office, but we do not like them well enough to turn up our pantaloons because the cable reports: "It's raining in London." It is very misleading and in effect a sham to use a stately service accompanied by the laying on of hands for the setting apart of elders, and call it an ordination, and use a similar service including the laying on of hands for the setting apart of bishops and lest it be mistaken for an ordination, put a foot note in the discipline saying "this is not an ordination but only a consecration."

SASSANGER VS. SAUSAGE.

An old lady attempted to correct her husband's pronunciation of "sassanger," to that of "sausage." She refused to help his plate till he called it properly. After securing the prized intestine stuffed with pieces of meat, by complying with the condition, he twirled the piece on his one tine fork and said: "Well Mariah this looks like sassanger, and it smells like sassanger, and it tastes like sassanger, and I'll be hanged if it ain't sassanger." This ordination, consecration, installation seems patterned after the little boy who drew the horse and had to write underneath: "This is not a mule."

The effect of this stately ceremonial is to invest the office with a dignity and its incumbent with an influence wholly at variance with its

declared intent. And the weakness of human nature in strutting about in borrowed plumage is such, that few men elected to the office live beneath their privilege in appropriating to themselves all the prestige inhering in a superior order. Why not consecrate the presiding elder who is special superintendent of a limited territory as well as the bishop who is general superintendent of a larger territory? And why not devote one page of the book of discipline to ordaining the sexton on whose sacred duties depends so largely the temper, spirit, devotion, and really the religious character of the preacher and the entire flock. A foot note could be thrown in stating that this is not an ordination but only a consecration or installation to insure the absence of gas in the pulpit, dust in the pew, and to secure an abundance of pure air in both.

Albeit this ordination consecration, installation of bishops invests them with an influence, which, added to their disciplinary power to appoint without advice if they choose to do so, every one of the 17,000 pastors, and every one of the 500 presiding elders, without the right of any one of the 3,000,000 members to successfully object, causes what a bishop says to go unquestioned because he is a bishop. Not only so but this one man power finds expression in the lower orders of the ministry, as also among the laity. The presiding elder voicing the bishop's power renders his voice omnipotent with "*the preachers under me,*" as the situation is so often phrased by the presiding elder himself.

THE PASTOR INFECTED.

The pastor in turn wears the mitre and wields the sceptre in his congregation. He generally nominates the trustees, the stewards, the dozen committees of which he is chairman and the members of which generally show their high esteem by allowing the pastor to do all the work. The heads of all departments of church work are generally nominated by the pastor and he does much of their work. If there are good collections the pastor gets all the credit. If a revival, the pastor had it. If a church is built, the pastor built it.

THE LOCAL CHURCH BOSS.

But this investure of concentrated authority, this trend toward the employment of the one man power, filters down through presiding elder and pastor to the one man who as representative holds the scepter in the local congregation. He is understood to have the ear of the presiding elder and through him of the bishop. He goes to conference annually unauthorized by any one except the general consent that he has influence. And no other member of that church having a social or financial pull, it would not be worth while for any one to try. He chooses the new pastor, as well as removes the old one possibly at the end of his

first year. He dictates everything connected with the local church because he has influence with the appointing power.

A CONCRETE CASE.

Let us take a concrete illustration of a Bishop controlled church. This church has been mad for a quarter of a century because it was put in a certain conference without the consent of the boss. That is to say, that this local church boss has been mad and that in effect means the whole church. He must have for pastor men transferred from other conferences and he gets them. He is not interested in Methodism in general but only in his own church. His pastor objects to giving certificates to members moving into the neighborhood of weaker churches because his boss objects. A recent year book showed members residing in six different states. The visiting bishop generally stops with the boss, or if a number of bishops come at one time as at a meeting of the Board they are doled around for homes by the boss. Sometimes giving preference to homes in other denominations, or even to outsiders.

The city in which this boss ridden church is located has had only seven Methodist churches, for nearly twenty years. The population has increased 30,000 in the nearly twenty years and every other denomination has had an increase in new organizations, some as high as three. But Methodism not one. Three different times has a city church extension society been organized only to die in its birth throes because the Mother church with over 1200 members, and its unused thousands of bequests in bank, given for the purpose of extension; through its boss gave the movement the cold shoulder. In the last attempt the pastor stated to the Methodist preacher's meeting that if the church of which I am pastor is made to feel that you regard her as the leading Methodist church, deserving and receiving the respect due her from the other Methodist churches of the city, I am sure she will respond to this expected leadership. All understood him to mean if the boss got the respect he wanted. This led the last organized and still infant city church extension society to appoint a dignified committee with a Doctor of Divinity, an ex-secretary of the General Conference as chairman, to wait on the officary of the Mother church and assure her of the respect of the other churches, and invite her to lead the movement for locating several new churches to accommodate the increasing population. To insure success they went first to the church boss to inquire when the officary would have a meeting? He in turn inquired why they wanted to know and they told him. He then frankly informed the committee that his church would "have nothing to do with the movement." The committee referred to the willingness of the bosses pastor to cooperate for the planting of new churches. To which the boss responded: "Well, he didn't talk that

way to me." The committee in the presence of said pastor made substantially the foregoing as their report to the ministerial association, and the pastor listened to it and to the surprise of some was as silent as the grave. In explanation of it afterward a brother pastor said: "He is afraid he will lose his job, and so keeps on his knees when the boss is around." And yet this boss is a typical representative character. His counter part is found in most of the thousands of Methodist churches to-day, that without law have a voice in choosing their pastors. They are in touch with some of our Bishops and successfully block the wheels of progress so far as planting new churches is concerned. Progress with this class of men means Cathedrals for churches, paid quartet choirs, a proselyted or gobbled up but not necessarily a converted membership, only one fourth of which attends with any regularity the church services, and all having an easy time.

METHODISM WILL BROADEN.

The one man power in Methodism renders it an aristocracy if not a monarchy. It successfully antagonizes the idea of the greatest good to the greatest number and pulverizes the Apostolic church ideal which was and is the hearty co-operation of the largest possible proportion of the membership engaged in the one work for which the church was instituted viz: The conversion and sanctification of immortal souls. The time will come and it should be near when Methodism will broaden out; become more Catholic, more democratic in the distribution of opportunity, of duty, and of responsibility, and then the occupation of the church boss will be confined to the many "who serve most," and not to the few who have a pull with the bishops, and "Lord it over God's heritage."

ARCH BISHOP BUCKLEY.

Even while we write, May 1908, there comes to us from the General Conference in session at Baltimore an echo of the conflict being waged for liberation from the ecclesiastical bosses.

A memorial is presented asking that the Annual Conferences be permitted when a presiding elder is to be appointed to name by a majority vote several eligibles, and from the number thus nominated by the Conference the presiding bishop shall make the appointment. Dr. James Monroe Buckley known to many as the Methodist Archbishop because of his relation to many of the bishops, and his monopoly of the floor of the General Conference, interrupted the reading of the resolution with a point of order. The bishop presiding sustained the objection and once more the voice of the preachers as to who should immediately superintend their work is stifled. The bishops make the presiding elders, and they in turn constitute a majority of the law making body of the church.

Practically the bishops make the laws, apply them, and execute them. Such a monopoly of power in Church or State is seen no where else the world over, except perhaps in Turkey, Russia and Speaker Cannon's chair.

In 1880 an application was made by a number of elect ladies to the General Conference to have that princess among women, Miss Frances E. Willard, speak for ten minutes at one of the sessions. Dr. Buckley led the filibustering for two hours that prevented the General Conference from honoring the request. But then this was mild compared with his filibustering for twenty five years to prevent women from becoming members of the General Conference. That reform was finally victorious, and the Dr. has had the excruciating pleasure of sitting in several quadrennial gatherings, with the dear ones against whom he fought so successfully for nearly a quarter of a century. It required a hot contest for nearly a half century to get laymen into the General Conference, and it will require much time and labor to get them legally into the Annual Conference. They are there now illegally, unofficially, and as special but irresponsible pets and spies of the powers, but they will yet be there legitimately and with self respect.

If Methodism is to gain in membership more rapidly than one per cent per annum; if she is to keep pace with the increase in population; if she is to challenge the respect and support of the more intelligent centers of population and gain rather than lose as she has been losing, there for a quarter of a century, she must give the people a more potential voice in her business management as she does now in her prayer-meetings. In money spending as well as in money paying. In law making as in law obeying. With laymen in the Annual Conference by law, instead of as now by intrusion. With laymen in the bishop's cabinet having equal voice with the presiding elders and bishops in appointing preachers. And with presiding elders elected or at least nominated by the preachers, and laymen should eliminate much of the growing friction in stationing preachers, and eliminate too the feeling rapidly growing that Methodism is a scion of the autocracy and monarchy of the seventeenth century and not of the democracy and republicanism of twentieth century.

Less than half of our churches and they the stronger ones are now represented though unofficially in the Bishop's Cabinet by unauthorized self-appointed lay leaders. And the strong do not in this matter strive to bear the infirmities of the weak, but pick and even contend for, the best for themselves and the weaker churches take what they can get. The bishop takes the next train for the next Conference, and possibly never returns, though he bosses the job from a distance till the next semi-annual meeting of the bishops. Mistakes made in the appointments are laid by the presiding elders at the door of the safe-distant bishop who

if written to, ignores the complaint or lays the blame on the presiding elder or the officious unofficial layman. This gives rise to criminations and recriminations and bad blood as in Pine Street Williamsport, the Trenton, N. J. cases and a score of others. A majority vote of a stationing committee composed of the bishop, the presiding elders elected or at least nominated by the Conference, and a committee of laymen selected from those elected by the quarterly conferences, would minister mightily to the integrity and open handed manliness, and not to the hypocritical deception and cowardice of Methodist ministers and laymen.

We now have the form of connectional co-operation without the spiritual substance; even as found under monarchical forms of government. This is shown clearly in the enforced and perpetual idleness of most of our fifteen thousand American Methodist local preachers. Concerning which Mr. H. Emmerson has recently said some very plain things in the local preacher's (English Wesleyan) Magazine. It would be well for us to ponder prayerfully some of his statements. He says:

"NO DOLLARS NO PREACHING."

I am now able to see how difficult it is to maintain the order of lay preacher in America. There is no connectional Methodism as we know it in England. Each Church is on its own footing. Really it is Congregationalism or Presbyterianism. They have their own pastor in small as well as large centers; therefore local preachers have no status or distinct sphere, many of them never conducting a public service or preaching a sermon. Local preachers of the Methodist Episcopal Church of America are much the same as lay preachers in connection with the Baptist and Congregational Churches of England, doing much the same kind of work in the same way; and if American local preachers are to be engaged, it can only be done by organizing themselves into an evangelizing agency, and making an attack on the citadel of darkness, independent of their churches. That there is great need for it a casual visitor with his eyes open will soon see. The proportion of people attending public worship is infinitesimally small, compared with the millions of people who never can be reached by existing religious agencies. In the East there is great scope for organizing and developing additional agencies, without involving large additional costs, so that the people may have the gospel preached to them by men whose hearts have been fired, who "believe and therefore speak" of the things God has done for them, and for the service expect no fee. I do not hesitate to say that to the average American this would be a new feature, and I believe, would produce a new effect. When I told them that five-sevenths of the preaching in Wesleyan Methodism in England was done by unpaid agency, they were amazed, and naively told me that, in America, if there were no dollars there would be

little preaching. I do not believe that. But the fact remains that all the preaching in the United States is done by paid pastors; hence it follows that millions never do and never can hear the sound of the gospel. The work of local preachers is practically confined to taking occasional services, as supply for the pastors, or conducting open-air camp meetings in the summertime and taking services at the union workhouses and penitentiaries."

Nor do I believe the no dollars no preaching theory given to Mr. Emmerson. It is not a matter of small import that in American Methodism there are nearly 15,000 laymen supposed to be consecrated to the work of God with church vows upon them to preach the word and that with no pay except the well done of the church and of the Master, willing if planned for to preach every Sabbath of the year and on the streets at night between Sabbaths, and yet no provision made for their employment. Our country work has been largely abandoned in the older Conferences, and our energies concentrated in the cities and at points there not always where most needed. The circuit work and the school house or chapel canvass for souls has been in these Conferences too generally supplanted by the station work of village town and city, where Cathedrals must be built to meet the fastidious tastes of men and women who beginning poor, have been lifted to affluence by the industry economy and liberality prescribed for them by the Bible as interpreted by the Methodist book of discipline put in their hands at Conversion. Cathedrals eloquent, high-salaried preachers and paid choirs may be all right in their place, but while we do this the other should not be left undone. It would be well for the church to inquire whether what our discipline describes as "softness and needless self indulgence," has not had much to do in eliminating the circuit system and its important adjunct, the local preacher. Millions of foreign heathen annually crowd our shores who must be Christianized and Americanized by local preacher's help, or without it they will heathenize and debauch our loved America. If we cannot Christianize the heathen here, where we can surround them with Gospel light and warmth, can we do it where the one lone missionary is surrounded by millions of idol worshippers? The Episcopalians in our cities are doing much for the evangelization of the foreigner and their institutional churches are said to be a potent factor in this work, and this leads to my experience.

IN AN EPISCOPAL PULPIT.

On invitation of Rev. Dr. William S. Rainsford then rector of old St. George's on Gramercy Park in New York, I was made one of five in a course of lectures from that pulpit during the winter of I think 1900. Washington Gladden of Columbus, O. and Dr. Lyman Abbott were in the course. Dr. Rainsford evidently had a suspicion that if left un-

tethered I might dash off on my temperance or prohibition hobby, and hence assigned me the topic: "Serf Slave and Wage Earner." Arriving at the church, I found a large audience before me, the men being in the body of the church and the women in the galleries.

I ventured the question as to the complexion of the audience; to which he responded: "Religiously, there are Episcopalians, Methodists, Baptists, Jews, Catholics, Presbyterians and Nothingarians. Politically, there are Republicans, Democrats, Populists, Socialists, and I presume a few Prohibitionists. Pierpont Morgan is on the lecture Committee and you have a fine audience." And I had not only in size, but in appreciative denomination, and in the rising vote invitation at the close of the lecture to come again.

"Did I ride my hobby? Well I should say so. An inmate of an insane hospital asked a visiting preacher if he knew the difference between riding a horse and riding a hobby?" Answered in the negative he replied, "I know the difference. One who rides a horse can get off, but one who rides a hobby never can get off." I talked of Russia's serfdom and compared the ease with which by a scratch of the Czar's pen twenty millions were liberated as compared with our bloody war and the waste of a million lives and billions of treasure in the emancipation of our four millions of Africo-American slaves. Nor did I forget to speak of the bondage of the slave to drink and of our Government as a profit sharing partner in the poverty and crime making liquor business. I discussed the relation of Capital and labor as the "Chang and Eng" of either prosperity or adversity, even as they twain should co-operate with, or antagonize each other. But I did not forget to picture the marvelous prosperity of a country freed from the liquor curse, and the two billions of dollars spent annually for liquor and caring for its results if that money was once turned into the legitimate constructive marts of trade. Dr. Rainsford notwithstanding his loose notions of the drink habit, inherited from his Native Dublin, and strengthened by his student life association at old St. John's College is a man of might, and the antiquated St. George's resurrected by him into an institutional Church will be his monument if he never has another. We learned to love the big Irishman and to wish him abundant success in his great work for the poor of New York, native and foreign born.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE CASTLE, STUART, EMERY CAMPAIGN.

Let us now return to our discussion of the political situation in Pennsylvania. In the spring of 1906, Homer L. Castle, of Pittsburg, State Treasurer Wm. H. Berry of Chester, and I were sitting one evening in the office of the State Treasurer discussing at length what politically would be the best course for the prohibition party to pursue in furtherance of the cause of prohibition.

The Democrats had nominated Mr. Berry for State Treasurer the autumn before, simply as a forlorn hope; without any expectation of electing him. The prohibitionists had placed him on their ticket because he had been with us up to the silver division in 1896, having once before been our candidate for State Treasurer. Mr. Castle had taken the stump with Mr. Berry, in his 1905 campaign, had exposed the complicity of Republican leaders with the Enterprise Bank in Pittsburg, resulting in the failure of the bank and the suicide of the cashier, and had been a large factor in the election of Mr. Berry as State Treasurer. This was followed by the exposure of the five million steal in connection with the building of the new capitol and further in the conviction of four of the conspirators.

STATE TREASURER BERRY'S OFFER.

After much deliberation Mr. Berry remarked in substance, "If it would not be considered immodest, I think I could suggest a plan by which the prohibitionists could put the democrats and the Lincoln Republicans in a hole," I replied, "Tell us your plan." To which he answered, "Nominate me for Governor at your coming convention." Though Mr. Castle was fairly entitled to the nomination from the standpoint of recent service, and of party expediency, yet in view of the statement of democratic and Lincoln republican leaders, that while they would not accept Mr. Castle, the prohibition candidate, as their candidate for governor, they would be willing to nominate him for Lieutenant Governor, Mr. Berry's suggestion struck both Mr. Castle and myself rather favorably. But said Mr. Castle, "Suppose those parties refuse to nominate you, and refuse also to nominate a candidate who is sound on our dominant issue and satisfactory to the prohibitionists of the state: what then? Mr.

Berry responded "In that event you and I together can make music in this state for the whole crowd."

MR. BERRY'S MORE HEROIC OFFER.

On the morning of the prohibition convention which antedated the conventions of the other parties, in the Commonwealth Hotel, I asked Mr. Berry again the question that had been asked by Mr. Castle: "Suppose the two parties refuse to nominate you after we have done so, and put on a man not four square on our dominant issue, what will we do?" He answered, as he had done to Mr. Castle and myself: "We will carry it to the people and fight it to a finish there." He reiterated this statement in the Commonwealth Annex in the presence of a large number of prohibition leaders on the evening of the same day.

Next day we placed in nomination Wm. H. Berry for Governor, Homer L. Castle for Lieutenant Governor, Wm. Creasy, a Democratic Legislator, standing always for reform measures and favoring prohibition in the abstract, for Auditor General, and Elisha A. Corey, of Luzerne, a Lincoln Republican who in the Legislature several years before had introduced and advocated State Prohibition, for Secretary of Internal Affairs. The democratic and republican papers of the state were loud in their praises of our ticket and in the main of our platform. The ticket especially seemed to meet the approval of all the reform elements of the state, and the prospect of its acceptance by both the other parties was very encouraging.

However, the Lincoln republican convention met in Philadelphia and nominated Lewis Emery Jr. of McKean county for Governor, Mr. Creasy for Auditor General and afterward joined the democrats in placing on their joint ticket the two just named and a Mr. Black for Lieutenant Governor, and a Mr. Green for, Internal Affairs; thus ignoring Berry and Castle. With Black and Green on their ticket they certainly should have caught the negro and the Irish vote but did not. The Lincolmites put a local option plank in their platform which the democrats refused to do.

Though ignored by the Lincoln party, Mr. Berry hoped for something from the democrats. I had a pretty good opinion of Mr. Emery as a fighter of the corrupt ring though I knew nothing of his attitude toward our dominant issue. Prior to the democratic convention I said to Mr. Berry in my office: "How would it do for the prohibitionists to nominate Mr. Emery in case you finally decline not to stay on our ticket?" He answered, "You cannot afford to do so, for on the night of the Lincoln convention, etc." He then detailed what had occurred and further said that the newspaper reporters have it, and would bring it out if he were nominated by the prohibitionists. Subsequently Mr. Nicholson, State superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League, brought the statement that

Charles Emory Smith of the Philadelphia Press had admitted to him the occurrence but excused it on the ground of an empty stomach.

Of course the action of the two conventions left the prohibitionists all at sea, unless Mr. Berry would stand by us, which he finally refused to do, casting in his lot with Emery. The Prohibition State Executive Committee to whom was committed the task of filling vacancies, met in Pittsburg and were pretty evenly divided on the question of Emery's indorsement.

A letter received by Mr. Likens, editor of the People's Tribune of Uniontown, while at the committee meeting, in which Mr. Emery stated that he contributed to breweries as he did to churches, schools, and hospitals; that he kept liquor in his house for family and guests, and admitting that his son was an official in a local brewery company, went far toward opening the eyes of those who had been blind to the narrow escape we had made. On motion of ex-Mayor Mansell of Williamsport we adjourned to meet in Harrisburg. Mr. Berry and Mr. Corey met with us and by gentle persuasion strove to secure the endorsement of Mr. Emery, but his attitude on the liquor question coupled with the statement of State-Chairman McCalmont that letters received from prohibitionists all over the state showed that a large proportion were opposed to Mr. Emery's endorsement, determined the committee to nominate Mr. Castle. Professor Patton was nominated for Lieutenant Governor. Mr. Creasy for Auditor General and Mr. George Hoffman for Secretary of Internal Affairs.

EMERY'S WIFE AFFLICTED.

It should be stated here that early in June I had written a confidential letter to Mr. Emery stating the leaning of prohibitionists toward him because of his, as we then believed, gallant and self sacrificing fight with the Standard Oil Octopus and his hostile attitude towards the Quay oligarchy when he was a member of the legislature, but the prohibitionists were desirous of knowing how he stood on our dominant issue, the Prohibition of the Liquor traffic. Receiving no answer to this letter I had written him another letter in July referring to the reports current that he had been instrumental in getting a brewery in his own town of Bradford, that he encouraged drinking, and had been intoxicated in Philadelphia and suggesting that we were not disposed to accept rumors that he could possibly with success contradict or explain. He did not answer this letter, but referred to it with bitter complaints in his letter to Mr. Likens, pretending that it was a great insult to his wife, etc., etc. All this had occurred prior to his rejection by the Prohibition Committee.

Mr. Emery was greatly angered and made his boast that he would divide the prohibition vote, and he was in a measure successful, for sev-

eral prohibition leaders secretly if not openly wrought for his election, and at least one has been angry ever since that he was not elected. The local option plank in the Lincoln party platform caught many of our people, though in answer to questions Mr. Emery had said that he was favorable to an "equitable" local option law, the very word a western politician had used to deceive temperance people, but well understood by the liquor interests for as soon as elected he favored a bill compensating the liquor men for possible loss where local option carried. This was "equitable."

STANDARD OIL ATTACK.

The Castle, Stuart, Emery Campaign of 1906 was an exceedingly bitter one, Mr. Emery succeeded in turning the fight against the generally hated Standard Oil Company, and was pretty successful in making many believe that those opposed to him were paid allies of the Oil Company. Most of the Philadelphia Newspapers led on by Charles Emory Smith of the Press had formed a combine ostensibly to defeat the corrupt republican machine; but the fact that Smith and most of the others, when Lewis Emery, Jr., was defeated, slumped back to the support of the machine showed their insincerity.

As an illustration of the methods employed by the supporters of Mr. Emery take this. A report went out through the Newspaper Combine that the Prohibitionists of Schuylkill County had met and passed resolutions calling upon the Prohibition party to expell from its membership Homer L. Castle and S. C. Swallow for having received \$50,000 from the Standard Oil Co. in pay for opposing Mr. Emery. We put a detective on the fraud, and he found that two men, both supporters of Emery, had been led to put the lie through the papers by a stranger whose personal appearance as described by them, corresponded exactly with that of Mr. Wetzell referred to elsewhere in this volume. In fact he gave to them his name as Wetzell, a flour agent. No convention had been held, no resolutions passed and no money received by us. Here is another illustration. A man was put partially under the influence of liquor, taken from Philadelphia to Media and his affidavit secured to the effect that I had received a check from Senator Bois Penrose for \$5,000 to pay me for opposing Emery, etc.

A detective is authority for the statement that the liquor sellers of the state who were secretly backing Emery raised \$5,000 to pay Philadelphia papers for publishing twenty columns of this personal abuse against me. The Rev. Mr. Wetzell was found in the office of the *Philadelphia Press*, one hundred and five miles from the Capitol Hill office of his employer, and to a friend of mine was loud in his defense of the Press. The Halls, Democratic politicians of Elk County, and at the

time of this writing, viz: April 1908, engaged in a fierce fight against the local option forces of their locality, claimed to have been instrumental in Emery's nomination by the Democracy, and spent money lavishly as did the millionaire candidate himself, to secure the knifing of anyone who vigorously opposed him.

Nevertheless Mr. Emery was defeated and it was demonstrated that though the Prohibition forces were divided, yet by the most determined effort they cast their normal state vote, and though a Republican gang candidate was elected Governor, no man who places the brewery and the church on a parity need henceforth aspire to be Governor of the Keystone State.

As stated before the campaign was exciting, hard fought and to Mr. Emery disappointing beyond description. His friends fell into print the day after election with the statement that "The Prohibitionists didn't do it," and this was the best possible evidence that the Prohibitionists did do it.

The anger of Charles Emery Smith at having his hopes of going to the United States Senate, as a protege of the new deal was unreasoning; and found a paid for expression in the columns of the *Press* of which he was editor, so libelous, so foul, and so malicious that I at once entered suit against him in the Philadelphia Courts, believing that as he had temporarily been antagonizing the Philadelphia Machine I might secure justice.

THE SALE OF 200,000 CHURCH FORUMS.

It should be said here that the only ground for Mr. Smith's vituperations heaped upon me, was found in the fact that I had, with more or less success, during the campaign, opposed his candidate for gubernatorial honors, because of his relation to the brewery, and that in line with this, that I had sold to ex-Magistrate Hughes, claiming to represent himself and two or three other private individuals, 200,000 copies of the campaign number of the Church Forum, a straight Prohibition magazine of sixty-four pages, devoted to the defeat of both Mr. Emery and Mr. Stuart, and to the election of Homer L. Castle, the Prohibition candidate, and the whole Prohibition ticket.

This sale of the magazine was in harmony with an offer I had made to Lewis Emery, Jr., Mr. Smith's candidate and to all other candidates, in hope to thus get the old party men to not only read, but to help pay the bills for the circulation of Prohibition literature. The arrangement was made with the ex-magistrate after the manuscript was in the hands of the printer; after Mr. Lewis Emery had written his letter to Mr. Likens putting the brewery on a parity with the Church; after I had written a letter to Lewis Emery which some people claim in conjunc-

tion with his foolish letter, to which mine was an answer, defeated him. In fact, after the Prohibition party through its Executive Committee, had rejected the overtures of the brewery candidate's friends, to foist him onto the Prohibition ticket. Yes, after the battle had been set in array, and the issues clearly defined.

A DEGENERATE EDITOR.

That Mr. Smith should pile up and apply to me column after column of ribald epithets, such as "liar," "villain," "unabashed liar," "hypocrite," "leper," "impious and blasphemous hypocrite," "a hideous and loathsome thing," "deserving to be scourged in the public pillory," "ingrained and incorrigible in his mendacity," "deserving to be stripped of the cloak of decency and sancity under which he masquerades," and all this based on nearly a dozen erroneous, not to say lying statements published in the same column by this same Smith; in fact errors or lies easily proven such in part by his own columns; we repeat that Mr. Smith should do this has been the wonder and amazement of Mr. Smith's friends and admirers, who hitherto regarded him as a levelheaded, refined gentleman, of much culture, and of high aims in life. In fact a man not capable of stooping to such mean, vulgar billingsgate as was found in those nearly twenty columns of the once great but now fallen *Philadelphia Press*. It led one of his former admirers to say, "I am sorry for Charlie, he is the only man permanently damaged in the fight, and he did it himself."

It should be stated in this connection, that such was the power of the Republican machine of Philadelphia, and such its disposition after Mr. Charles Emery Smith and the Press had slumped back to its support that it was successful in preventing my suite against Smith getting before a grand jury from October 1906 to April 1907, fully six months. And then when I presented my case together with copies of the Press which contained the libel pointing them out and proving them by a comparison of the news items in the Press and its own editorials, the foreman of the grand jury asked a number of questions that only could be asked by a man who had been thoroughly coached by the other side, and concluded by asking for my presentation of other witnesses. Having been informed by my own attorney, and also by the indictment clerk in the district attorney's office, that no other witnesses would be needed, I did not have them present, but sent in the inquiry to the foreman on what particular count or counts in the indictment he wished further evidence? I received the very courteous answer, "That is our business." Seeing that it was useless to waste time on such a gang I went home and wrote to Mr. Rotan, the prosecuting attorney, asking him to ascertain from the grand jury foreman on what point they wished further witnesses, and

he replied that they wanted all of my witnesses. I then determined not to drag 25 witnesses to that grand jury and I then kept quiet till July when Mr. Smith and the gang supposed I had dropped the matter, and there was a new grand jury, and then I slipped down, presented my case, and in ten minutes had a true bill, an account of which is herewith presented as taken from the Harrisburg *West End Reporter*.

CHARLES EMORY SMITH, EDITOR OF PHILADELPHIA PRESS, STANDS INDICTED
FOR CRIMINAL LIBEL BY GRAND JURY.

The Grand Jury in the case of the Commonwealth vs. Charles Emory Smith, ex-Postmaster General and now editor of the *Philadelphia Press*, recently found a true bill on the charge of malicious libel.

The prosecution was entered by Dr. S. C. Swallow about the first of last November, on the eve of the gubernatorial election, and grew out of articles published by the *Press* aggregating nearly twenty columns, all of them very abusive of Dr. Swallow and the Prohibitionists, one of them hurling such epithets as "liar," "hypocrite," "knave," "leper," etc. The provoking cause of this vituperative outbreak on the part of Smith was the prospective defeat of his gubernatorial candidate, Lewis Emery, Jr., whose boast that he contributed to breweries as he did to churches, schools and hospitals, arrayed against him the leading Prohibitionists of the State, who worked with renewed zeal for the election of Hon. Homer L. Castle, the Prohibition candidate.

When Dr. Swallow brought suit against Smith for criminal libel it was freely predicted by the friends of the latter that no Grand Jury would ever indict him for criminal offense, in view of the high position he had occupied in the President's Cabinet, and these friends, backed by the liquor trust, set to work to make good their prediction, and Dr. Swallow reports that some of their manouvers would, if published, be quite as sensational as touching Philadelphia justice as anything ever written by Lawson concerning trusts. Nevertheless, at the end of eight months Charles Emory Smith, editor of the *Philadelphia Press*, ex-postmaster General and advocate of the election of a man who put the brewery on a parity with the Church and school, stands indicted by a jury of his countrymen for criminal libel, and while he may be able through the law's delays to postpone the day of trial, yet it will surely come.

While the indictment of criminal libel was pending against Mr. Smith sudden death came to him and summoned him to answer at the bar of the Judge Eternal for a crime committed largely as the result of carelessness, but more as the result of having been misled by a man who had on him the sacred vows of the ministry and whose grievous

SMITH CALLED TO THE BAR OF GOD.

illness subsequently, it is to be hoped, sobered him into repentance for at least some of the sins and crimes that had befouled his clerical life, given as it had been so largely to villification for a price, a part of which was contributed by bishops. On the death of Mr. Smith, and prior to the funeral, I wrote the following letter to the prosecuting attorney of Philadelphia. It explains itself.

DEATH'S NOLLE PROSEQUI.

HARRISBURG, *January 21st, 1908.*

To Hon. Samuel Rotan, Prosecuting Attorney, Philadelphia.

My Dear Sir: Having been for more than a year successfully resisted in my efforts to secure the trial of my commonwealth indictment against Charles Emory Smith, for the twenty purchased columns of abuse, prepared by a renegade preacher, and by the *Press* heaped upon me in the last Gubernatorial campaign. And, an untimely, and by us all a lamented death having entered a Nolle Prosequi. And, now, while all hearts are tender, while we are thrown on the sublime philosophy of Earth's Greatest, who taught "vengeance is mine saith the Lord." And before the asperities of the battle, sure to follow in the irrepressible conflict between prohibition and licensed crime, is revived, I desire you to Nolle Pros. my suits pending against the lesser offenders who copied the *Press* attack.

Life is all too short to waste time in court conflicts over personalities, when great principles and mighty problems are clamoring for vindication.

Yours for the war, or for life,

S. C. SWALLOW.

THAT CHURCH FORUM AGAINST STUART.

The charges suddenly made by the Philadelphia *Press* and copied by its Satellites but dropped as suddenly never to be repeated, that I sold the two hundred thousand copies of the Campaign number of the Church Forum to the Republican gang because of its attacks on Emery's brewery-church views, and its advocacy of the election of Stuart is easily refuted by a reference to its pages. There is no doubt that Judge Hughes, who bought the large edition, as a friend of Stuart, believed that a wide distribution of this particular number containing so much antagonistic to Emery would help the chances of his candidate, Mr. Stuart. But by referring to page four it will be seen that we also opposed the election of Stuart. "It is up to the priests and preachers and church officials to

say in November whether they will vote for Mr. Stuart who is President of the Philadelphia Union League Club where \$50,000 worth of liquor is sold annually without license, and in violation of law; or for Mr. Emery who puts the brewery and the church on the same basis in his contributions, and who on his own admission drinks, treats, and defends the practice; or for Mr. Castle the clean, conscientious, total abstaining Prohibition church-man. Yes it is up to the church to confirm or refute at this election the charge of base hypocrisy."

Again page 47: "Can any man opposed to the liquor business vote for Mr. Stuart so long as he continues president of the Union League, in which nearly \$50,000 worth of liquor is sold annually without a license?"

Again page 59: "It requires as strong a stomach to take Emery, the product of the Donnally gang so long the Philadelphia Democratic ally of the Quay-Durham machine, as to take Stuart the protege of Boise Penrose."

A PROHIBITION LECTURE BUREAU.

I used a large part of the profits from the sale of the two hundred thousand copies of the Church Forum in a Campaign Lecture Bureau, which had as high as twenty canvassers in the field at one time, lecturing and distributing Prohibition literature. Among them were Dr. Chas. H. Mead, Hon. C. E. Newlin, of Indiana; Prof. F. A. Sprenkle, Rev. Vernon Harrington and wife; Rev. Oliver Hemstreet, Rev. Samuel S. Cannel, Rev. G. F. Boggs, Mrs. Jennie Manival, Rev. A. S. Williams and many others whose names do not readily occur to me at this writing.

I furnished the money with which to pay the speakers and Mr. McCalmont the State Prohibition Chairman placed them in the field. They however reporting to the bureau daily. Mr. McCalmont found difficulty in placing the speakers for meetings owing to the disaffected local prohibitionists who led by one or two disgruntled Emery advocates were busy trying to make it appear that I had sold out the party. This was a good excuse for them to do nothing but growl during the campaign, and say bitter things without evidence to sustain them after the campaign.

And yet the fusion papers and politicians persisted in affirming that that campaign issue of the Church Forum was in the interest of Stuart's election. And, saloon paid plug uglies came from Philadelphia and hawked the Philadelphia *Press* through the streets filled as it was with abusive epithets, and our Christian Mayor Gross and his mayor ruled police simply "winked the other eye" as they saw this violation of the law going through two full days. Mr. Gross's initials are E. Z. and pronounced "trippingly on the tongue," form a word exactly descriptive of his "Easy" administration. Committees from the preachers meetings of

Harrisburg were appointed from time to time to wait on Mayor Gross and plead with him to enforce the laws especially against Sabbath desecration and violations of the liquor laws, but in every case brought back the report that though profuse in his promises, he never fulfilled them.

He could make a great bluster by running frantically through the Patriot building to prevent a half-dozen boys witnessing a hanging in the jail yard, scolding and ranting like a fish-woman as he ran. He could join a court house mob of toughs in a Democratic meeting when they were clamoring against one man who was answering a question propounded to him personally by one of the speakers. He could even go so far as to order the Hon. Mr. Newlin, a distinguished lawyer of Indiana out of the Court house at the close of the meeting, when the latter was nearly at the door holding a quiet conversation with a friend. Brave Mayor E. Z. Gross.

The secret of it all was found in the fact that he had a bee in his bonnet for higher political honors and wanted the slum vote. He believed as he had a right to believe that if put on the G. O. P. ticket the church people would vote for him anyhow. As a pretender, Gross was a great success as a Mayor.

RECEPTION A SUCCESS.

Two weeks after the tirade of abuse by the Press, aided as it had been by the connivance of Brother Ez's police, a reception was tendered Mrs. Swallow and myself in the Harrisburg Board of Trade Auditorium, the following account of which is taken from the Harrisburg Telegraph. We star and cut many of the paragraphs and eulogistic of the author of this volume, not because of any lack of our appreciation of kind words uttered while we may hear them, but because a record of them is unnecessary here.

CHAPTER XL.

The following from the Harrisburg *Telegraph* is the reception before referred to:

"Last evening between three and four hundred people were present at the Harrisburg Board of Trade Assembly Hall at the reception tendered Dr. and Mrs. Swallow. The hall was tastefully decorated with flags and palms. From the platform the Kurzeknabe Orchestra enlivened the occasion until nearly 9 o'clock.

The receiving line, which consisted of the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Swallow, Rev. William J. Lockhart, J. Henry Spicer, Thomas H. Hamilton, and Edmund B. Hartman, occupied one side of the room, where the many guests were received, after which they registered their names and residence in an autograph album, provided as a souvenir of the occasion for the guests of honor. Each guest was presented with a souvenir bird button, on which was represented the Swallow bearing the American flag to a Robin with a white ribbon in its beak. The significance of this was that Mrs. Swallow's maiden name was Robins. In the form of a horse-shoe around the birds were these lines:

"When the Swallows homeward fly,
They will Carroll through the sky,
Down with bar, saloon and still,
Peace on earth, to men good will."

An additional souvenir of the occasion was handed to each guest in the form of *The Church Forum* for September. It was the campaign number containing over sixty pages, 200,000 copies of which were sent out during the campaign. It contains cuts of the candidates with a brief statement of what each stood for. It also contains a splendid sermon accompanied by a cut by the Rev. Dr. Jas. Henry Potts, editor of the *Michigan Christian Advocate*, of Detroit.

Many guests from a distance sent in special letters of regret and many out-of-town friends were present in person. Among these last were: Rev. S. S. Carnill, Rev. John J. Stauffer, Rev. A. S. Williams, Rev. Mr. Parker, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Johnson, Mr. Michael Smyser and others from York, Pa.; Mr. A. D. Smith, president of the Cornwall & Lebanon Railroad; Mr. E. H. Molley, R. M. Rhoads, J. K. Romber-

ger and Mr. Walter Kreiser and others from Lebanon, Pa.; Mrs. Jennie Manavel and Mrs. Dorey, of Williamsport; Mr. and Mrs. John D. Burns, of Chester; Mr. H. F. Dittman and Mr. George Hoffman, of Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. Charles L. Rummel, of Shippensburg, Pa.; Mr. F. M. B. Sours and sister, and others from Mechanicsburg, Pa.; Rev. W. H. Snyder, wife and daughter, Prof. and Mrs. J. K. Sprengel, Mr. and Mrs. Speakman, Rev. J. W. Young, M. D., and others from New Cumberland, Pa.; Mr. and Mrs. James Shelley, from Lucknow, Pa.; Rev. L. O. Wiest, of Dauphin, Pa.; Mrs. A. W. Schalack, Pottsville, Pa.; Mr. J. W. Wolf, Mr. John Sayford, and Miss Hattie Wolf, of Camp Hill; Mr. George P. Simpson, of Westmoreland County. However, the great bulk of the guests were from Harrisburg and vicinity.

At 8.45 the orchestra stopped and the guests were seated and the program was commenced. The Daily Quartet, of Philadelphia, Pa., captivated the audience at the start with a selection, after which Rev. Lockhart, the presiding officer, read letters of regret from many persons at a distance who could not be present, prominent among these were letters from Rev. Dr. R. H. Gilbert, presiding elder of the Danville District of the Central Pennsylvania Conference; Hon. Homer L. Castle, Rev. W. Moses, Mr. C. W. R. Smith and others.



Rev. W. J. Lockhart.

Rev. Lockhart then made a short address punctuated by sympathetic applause on the subject, "Character Indestructible."

The choir of the Ridge Avenue Methodist church then sang "The Glory Song." This was the most acceptable event of the evening so far as singing goes. It was well rendered.

Prof. H. D. Patton, of Lancaster, late candidate for Lieutenant Governor on the Prohibition ticket, then spoke on the subject "A Man's a Man for a' That." His talk was full of a mingling of anecdotes and serious comments. A letter from Rev. Dr. R. H. Gilbert was read amid great enthusiasm. Mr. George Hoffman, late candidate for Secretary of Internal Affairs, of Philadelphia, then gave some laughable reminiscences of the campaign. Mrs. Annabel Morris Holvey, of Pittston, W. C. T. U. State Press Superintendent, followed with the subject, "He Laughs Best Who Laughs Last." Laughter and applause interrupted this speech many times. Rev. Powick, of Allentown, then addressed the meeting. His close connection with the Swallow church trial made his utterances of special interest. His caustic references to Rev. Mr. Wetzell were greeted with many evidences of disfavor toward the latter by the entire audience.

At this time an unexpected but pleasant interruption occurred. A gentleman appeared at the door and requested to see Dr. Swallow. It developed that he was Rev. Earnest A. Boom, pastor of the First Baptist church, of Merchantville, N. J. During the afternoon representative Prohibitionists of New Jersey met at Camden to formulate a telegram to be sent to the meeting, but instead sent a special messenger in the person of Rev. Mr. Boom, who arrived on the Chicago Limited during the progress of the meeting. He was called upon for a message and delivered a most excellent impromptu speech.

Dr. Swallow in behalf of Mrs. Swallow and himself, then briefly and earnestly thanked the committee of arrangements, the guests from abroad and those from home for their kindness and hearty expressions of sympathy and love. The response he had expected to give, was not delivered, owing to the lateness of the hour, but this impromptu response was well received. He exhorted all present to greater fidelity in prosecuting the work in which all were interested and made some feeling comparison between the persecution heaped upon the abolitionists back in the fifties and the Prohibitionists of today. He then led the audience in singing America, after which the audience was dismissed with the benediction.

The program was interspersed with many selections from the Dailey Quartet. It was after 11 o'clock when the meeting closed, and many guests still lingered in mutual congratulations over the success of the reception. A much larger hall would have been filled as many came to the door and observing the crowded condition of the hall, retired."



Rev. E. A. Boom.

Subsequently Mrs. Holvey sent to my address an engrossed library hanger containing these lines:

"A SHORT SERMON."

"There's only one way of meeting life's test.
Just keep on a strivin' an' hope for the best;
Don't give up the game an' retire in dismay,
'Cause hammers are thrown, when you'd like a bouquet.
This world would be tiresome, we'd all get the blues,
"If all the folks in it held just the same views;
So finish your work, show the best of your skill,
Some people won't like it, but other folks will."

If you're leadin' an army or buildin' a fence,
Do the most that you know with your own com-
mon sense.

One small word of praise on this journey of
tears,

Outweighs in the balance, 'gainst car-loads of
sneers.

The plants that we're passin' as commonplace
weeds,

Off' prove to be jes' what some sufferer needs;
So keep on a goin'; don't stay standin' still,

Some people won't like you, but other folks
will.



Mrs. Anna Bell Holvey.

ADDRESS IN PART OF REV. MR. POWICK AT THE RECEPTION.

Mr. Chairman: Since the Saviour of men put so much emphasis upon the last of his beatitudes, I think Dr. Swallow must be one of heaven's favored sons, and ought to be one of its happiest heirs. He has certainly inherited the blessing that was pronounced upon those who "are persecuted for righteousness sake," and so he ought to "rejoice and be exceeding glad, for great is their reward in heaven."

If I may be indulged a few remarks as to his status on earth, I will remind you that a few years ago many foolish things were said and done, in defense of Pres. McKinley, by great and good men, under the spell of an unreasoning passion that was kindled by an assassin's bullet. Under the abnormal conditions some of our leading pulpits gave utterance to sentiments which in the cold and calculating process of the court room, would justify the imprisonment of the preachers who uttered them for inciting to anarchy. A charitable public has buried these things for the most part, and very properly so, in oblivion. But the Board of Trade walls that surround you to-night are still reverberating with words, uttered at a so-called indignation meeting, that were surcharged with the very spirit of anarchy and breath of hell; words that were so false and foul that by their very excess of human hate, fell harmless at the feet of their intended victim, Dr. Swallow; words, too, that were spoken by otherwise reputable and intelligent citizens of Harrisburg, whose minds were blinded, and whose prejudices were stirred, so as to be oblivious of the inspiration of the devil whose venom they attempted to pour upon the head of the man we are glad to-night to honor. We can hardly be mistaken as to the source of these words, for their sulphurous fumes betray their origin, and still pollute the air. We would gladly forget them if the malice that inspired them would only allow. And certainly

we should try to forget that they were inspired by a minister of the Gospel in the employ of State grafters.

FULLY ACQUITTED.

I refer to them at this late day only to remind you that it was in such an atmosphere as this, that the ecclesiastical persecution of Dr. Swallow—which, however, by courtesy we must call a prosecution—was born. And I am willing to stake my reputation for candor as a man, and for honor, as a Methodist preacher upon the conviction that the evidence and circumstances of the case raise an insurmountable presumption that it was conceived in sin and born in iniquity, and that it never had an inch of honest ground to stand upon, and that it was a burning shame and everlasting disgrace to the church that it was ever entertained by the presiding elder. And if I knew these would be my last words before appearing at the bar of God I could not modify a syllable. That a committee of ministers sitting as a species of grand jury found a true bill and sent the case to conference for trial proves nothing to the detriment of Dr. Swallow's veracity when the conference, upon a fuller hearing of the case, acquitted him of the charge.



Rev. William Powick.

HELL'S VOMIT.

A few weeks ago hell took another bilious vomit. This time it was all over the editorial rooms of one of our great dailies, whose editor turned the filthy stream into his editorial columns for the delectation of his readers. Its news columns contained a rather formidable looking list of selected "official records" which were intended to support the misrepresentations of its editorial. They are worthy of a passing note:

1. It is rather remarkable that not one of them proves the allegations it was brought forward to support. But, to those who can read the language of the church, they prove exactly the opposite; and show that, in every instance, when the judicial process was complete, Dr. Swallow was acquitted of every charge on which he has ever been tried.

2. The published list of records was not complete. Two were suppressed that would have exposed the deception. And when I showed them to the writer of the newspaper attack in Philadelphia he said he knew all about them, but that he "did not publish the whole case," etc.

3. Among the records which were published there was one that has never before been published, and which was not accessible to the general

public. Although I was one of Dr. Swallow's counsel I had never before seen it. And it could have been furnished for publication only by some one who has had access to the archives of the church, which is evidence that some high church official is aiding the state grafters and their hireling preacher in the persecution.

THE GRAFTER'S HIRED PREACHER IN IT.

4. Whatever bearing it may or may not have on this point, it is a singular fact that when I entered the editorial rooms of the *Philadelphia Press*, from which a few days before, the first brutal attack emanated, the first man I saw was one of the preacher instigators of, and participants in, the indignation meeting held in 1901, in this room, to which reference has already been made. This preacher was also the prosecutor of Dr. Swallow in the conference of which they are both members. I refer to the so-called Mr. Wetzell. And in a discussion of the attack he stated to me that he had brought some annotations on the case himself. This connects him unalterably with much if not all of the libelous and sennilous venom appearing in the *Press*.

SUPERIOR COURT CLEARED HIS SKIRTS.

The statement of the public press that Dr. Swallow has never availed himself of the "opportunity to clear his skirts" that was afforded by the new trial granted by the Superior Court, can only be a malicious fraud, deliberately perpetrated upon the public with intent to deceive. The writer must be presumed to have known full well that he needs no such opportunity; that the Superior Court cleared them for him the moment it reversed the judgment of the Dauphin County Court, and thus put the odium of Dr. Swallow's original charge upon his accusers. He likewise knew full well that as it was a Commonwealth case Dr. Swallow had no power to bring about a new trial if he did need or desire it. He knew full well that Dr. Swallow has not declined for eight years, as he falsely alleges, to appear before the Dauphin County Court, etc., for the reason that the opportunity was not his, but his accusers; and that it is his accusers who need to clear their skirts and have declined to improve the opportunity afforded them by the new trial which was granted, but which they do not want. There is nothing they are so much afraid of as a new trial under the order of the Superior Court to admit the evidence that the lower court so unjustly ruled out. Of all the wicked things ever alleged against Dr. Swallow none will compare in malicious deceiveableness of unrighteousness with this diabolical attempt of the public press to falsify the facts to mislead its readers.

EXCESS OF ZEAL TO RAISE THE GENERAL AVERAGE.

Now, I do not say that the misrepresentation, the villification, and the persecution of our friend and brother are exclusively, because he is more radically and consistently aggressive in his loyalty to the temperance and prohibition declarations of his church, and takes a broader view of his obligations as a prophet of God and an ordained minister to promote the welfare of society as distinct from that of his denomination; but I do believe that but for this he would not be the victim of so much of either. In his anxiety to save your boys and mine from a drunkard's grave and a drunkard's hell he may sometimes have waxed too warm in argument, too extravagant in statement, and too personal in application. But, if so, it is a very virtuous sort of vice compared with that it antagonized, though perhaps more embarrassing for some folks to deal with. It seems a strange thing that with such a lot of charity for extravagant sinners, moral weaklings and downright hypocrites, there should be so little for the man who persists in standing so everlastingly straight that once in a while he may topple over in his efforts to straighten out the crooked sticks around him. It is passing strange that the one unpardonable ecclesiastical sin of the age should be straight and aggressive loyalty to the logic of the temperance declarations of the church of Jesus Christ. Why should she be so fearful of indiscretion as to waste her opportunity in indecision? Why should she hesitate to whack the rattlesnake through fear of raising the dust? The day of reckoning is coming that may put unsuspected meaning into the words. "I would thou wert cold or hot," one thing or another. Anything is better than the lukewarmness that makes God sick, and turns the day of reckoning into another day of vomiting when God shall "spew thee out of his mouth," as he has declared. In the light of that awful day it will appear that the extravagance, the radicalism, the sanctified imprudence and blunders of our modern Elijah's and John the Baptists, were worth more to a lost world than all the heartless tact and calculating prudence of the men of whom the world speaks well. The makers of history and the saviours of society are often men of extravagant and aggressive loyalty to an ideal that the critics despise, and are often lopsided in their vision and imprudent in their action; but, in spite of all this, they live and influence the thought and life of the on coming generations long after their evenly balanced and more commonplace critics are forgotten. The intrepid warrior who marches down the Jerusalem-Jericho road and cleans out the thieves and robbers may be called a crank by the good Samaritan, but in the end he may be the better Samaritan of the two. Such a preacher and good Samaritan is our guest of honor, Dr. S. C. Swallow.

BERWICK, PA., Nov. 14, 1906.

Mr. T. H. Hamilton, Chairman Reception Committee.

My Dear Sir: I am not with you to-night for the very reason that makes my presence desirable. That is to say, the fidelity to convictions of right that made me a Prohibitionist, and therefore made me desirable to you on such an occasion as calls you together, holds me with inflexible purpose to the performance of other and equally sacred duties. The man who makes a practice of allowing pleasure to supercede business, or will let self-indulgence excuse the performance of duty, will soon be unsought, and, continuing in such a course, is bound to die "unwept, unhonored and unsung." Previous engagements of peculiar character hold me and explain my absence from your gathering. But I would fain attempt some atonement to propitiate the almost displeasure of my friends, and so I crave your indulgence to this letter.



Mr. T. H. Hamilton.

FIGHTING INDISPENSABLE.

Had I been present I was to have spoken on the topic: "The Fighting Parson." To those who know me I need not say that the theme would have been a congenial one. Just what it is to the warrior to "meet a foeman worthy of his steel," that it is to the speaker to have a theme congruous with his convictions and temperament. I love a fighter, and all the more when the objective of his conflict is personally the subservience of righteousness. Some people dislike the word "fight" and affect to despise the fighter. But there are fights and fights, there are fighters and fighters. He "must have his quarrel just" who would be admired for his struggle. Conflict is evil, but is grounded in righteousness and is therefore eternal, because the bulwarks of the throne on which the righteous God sits are "Judgment and Justice." Then his work must be continued by some one else. I wonder what Elisha will wear the mantel of this Elijah? Oh well, we need not fear for the future, for God will have the man ready when Time's clock shall strike the pregnant hour. "Have faith in God."

ETERNAL VIGILANCE.

Meanwhile the agitation must be kept up. "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." That's why I wedge into an already full day the

task of writing this letter. As yet the people are scarce alive to the real gravity of the situation, or the magnitude of the evil and the possibilities of such an enemy as unrighteousness in civil government. Oh 'tis a big job we have on hand. Good old Thomas Manton once said: "They are dead fish which are carried down the stream." And they are but poor citizens who are always swept on by the currents of political influence. Fish having life may sometimes be swept out of their course by freshets, but dead fish are borne on by any current at all. The late Charles H. Spurgeon once said, anent the quotation from Manton: "There are plenty of such (dead fish) in all waters, dead souls, so far as the truest life is concerned, and these are always drifting, drifting, drifting as the current takes them. Their first inquiry is, What is customary? God's law is of small account to them, but the unwritten rules of society have a power over them which they never think of resisting. Like the Vicar of Bray, they can twist round and round if the stream is running in an eddy; or, like the sluggard, they can remain at their ease if the waters are stagnant. They stand in awe of a fool's banter, and ask of their neighbor leave to breathe."

But, dear me, I must stop. I was only to have had about five minutes and I feel like talking for five hours! Now aren't you glad I didn't come? But I need not take the time to show the application of the words of Spurgeon to the subject in hand. That is obvious to all of you.

NO FUTURE FUSION.

In closing let me say—Let us pledge ourselves anew to the work we have in hand, viz: that of unyielding hostility to the liquor traffic, and unrelenting opposition to political graft. The late campaign, to my mind at least, illustrates the folly of attempting a fusion between principles such as Prohibitionists hold and these of the old parties. Never lose sight again of the words of the apostle, "Come ye out from among them and be ye separate, etc., for what fellowship hath light with darkness, etc?" You can fill out the quotation.

Then also the fight against political corruption must be maintained, and the helmet must not be doffed, nor the sword ungirded, nor the shield be cast away until the conflict is over and the conquest fully won. Till then, we shall thank God for all "fighting parsons" and find occasion to pray, God bless them and all whom they may lead out of darkness into light, and out of strife into triumph.

With real regret and abundant good wishes, I am yours for the fight against all wrong, now and forever.

RICHARD H. GILBERT.

Bro. H.—

*P. S.—*I should be glad to be remembered by the receipt of such account of the affair as may be made. G.

PITTSBURG, Nov. 15, 1906.

Dr. and Mrs. S. C. Swallow, Harrisburg, Pa.:

My dear friends: I am in receipt of an invitation to be present at a reception to you at the Board of Trade in Harrisburg on the evening of November 16th, 1906. This invitation includes Mrs. Castle. You cannot know how grieved I am that it is impossible for us to be present. The absence of my partner, and the press of business, so long neglected, make it impossible for us to come.

For now something like twenty years I have known and labored with you; to know you and Mrs. Swallow has always been a benediction to me. That God has endowed you with the graces that have made you a blessing to your friends and a benefactor to your state, is, to my Presbyterian notion, a matter of thanksgiving to the Giver of all good gifts. It has rarely, if ever, been the lot of a man to stand as you have for more than a score of years in the front ranks of reformers in church and state.

My kindest regards to Mrs. Swallow, and in all that I have said by her express directions, Mrs. Castle joins me.

I hope you will permit someone to read this letter to your assembled friends in lieu of what I might say if I were there. I join with them in wishing you many years of life in which to do service for the Master, and to help in the lifting of humanity nearer toward God.

Yours very sincerely,

H. L. CASTLE.

NEW CASTLE, PA., Nov. 14, 1906.

Dr. and Mrs. S. C. Swallow, Harrisburg, Pa.:

My Dear Friends: Your card received and looked over with great pleasure. How I would like to meet you and your good wife and the reception committee at your banquet November 16th, 1906; but fearful of exposing myself in this bad weather forbids me from being with you.

Give my regards to the Rev. William J. Lockhart, Rev. H. F. Lutz, Hon. J. C. Rummel, E. H. Molley, T. H. Hamilton, A. D. Smith, E. B.



Rev. Dr. R. H. Gilbert.

Buckalew, J. Henry Spicer, Prof. A. H. Ege, and all of my acquaintances that may be present.

Wishing you a pleasant time and that you and Sister Swallow may live for ever, I am,
Very truly yours, M. S. MARQUIS.

My Dear Doctor Swallow: I wish that I could be at your reception next Friday night. If I were there and were permitted to say something, I'd give one of my smooth and oily talks on the situation.

But time and space and other things will keep me away. The men whose names I see on the program will certainly make things lively at that time. Please accept my congratulations on this reception.

The war we wage cannot be too hot, too fierce, too merciless for me, for I am driven to the conviction that the system of mercy with which we deal with our sworn enemy is exactly the system by which that enemy fattens upon our folly. That system is the license system and I am firm in the belief that no more successful system was ever invented to blind the eyes of men who (sometimes) want to be good.

May God bless you and keep you in the fight for one hundred years.

Fraternally Yours,

CHAS. A. CRANE. *Pastor of People's Temple Boston.*

SHIPPENSBURG, PA., Nov. 16, 1906.

S. C. Swallow, D.D., Harrisburg, Pa.:

Dear Sir and Brother: Owing to a severe attack of rheumatism, I will not be able to attend the reception, and I assure you it is a source of great regret that I cannot have the pleasure of meeting you and Mrs. Swallow, and our fellow Prohibitionists.

Please accept my congratulations and thanks for the splendid fight which you made for civic righteousness.

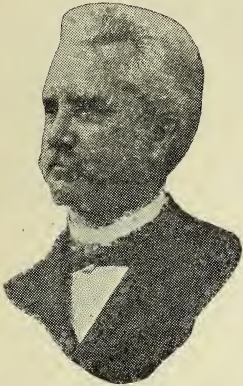
The violent outbreaks of malice of the "political gangs," who did not hesitate to malign you for your patriotism, have added new luster to your laurels.

May our Heavenly Father's richest blessings abide with you and your wife. Yours very truly,



Hon. J. C. Rummel.

J. C. RUMMEL.



Dr. Charles. A. Crane.

SHICKSHINNY, PA., Nov. 14, 1906.

Rev. S. C. Swallow, D.D., Harrisburg, Pa.:

Dear Brother Swallow: Enclosed please find \$1.00, amount of my subscription to the *Forum* for the current year.

Mrs. M. and myself deeply regret our inability to be present at the reception to be given Mrs. Swallow and yourself by your host of friends, at the Board of Trade Hall, in Harrisburg, on the evening of the 16th instant. Mrs. Miller is confined to the house with an attack of rheumatism.

We extend our congratulations in advance on the very delightful occasion which the reception will assuredly furnish.

Most Cordially,

(REV. DR.) A. R. MILLER.

BALTIMORE, MD., Nov. 15, 1906.

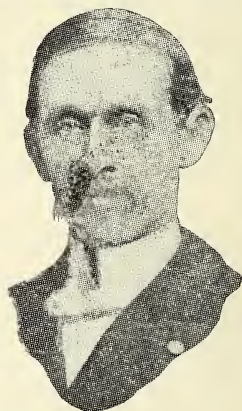
My Dear Dr. Swallow: I have just received an "admission ticket," which I take as an invitation to the reception tendered you and your good wife, to be given at Harrisburg to-morrow. I am glad that I was thought of in this delightful affair. How I wish I could be present and help do you honor.

Be assured of my high esteem and very best wishes that you and Mrs. Swallow may have all manner of blessings all the rest of your lives.

Sincerely yours,

L. H. PEARCE.

Editor Baltimore Methodist.



Rev. Dr. L. H. Pearce.

EDITORIAL TAKEN FROM "THE PEOPLE."

Desperate Muck-Raker Runs Amuck.

The Philadelphia *Press* shows the effect of its long association with licensed booze in maudlin and incoherent attacks upon Dr. Silas C. Swallow.—How one "Reform" paper shows up after the campaign has knocked the varnish off.

The Philadelphia *Press*, own agent of Satan in maintaining on earth the licensed liquor traffic which frankly lives on human lives, has made another of its vile attacks upon Dr. Swallow like the recent one that was hailed with such delight in every den of vice in Pennsylvania, *and by all Bishops, Preachers, etc., who rejoice with such rejoicing.*

The Philadelphia *Press* is perhaps the leading exponent of the farcical and hypocritical warfare which the minions of the drink devil are "waging" against the minions of the graft devil, in the hopes of deceiving the people into the belief that at last the kingdom of Beelzebub is divided against itself, and that by the aid of Satan we will presently cast out Satan. It has been wearing a self-applied coat of holiness-varnish. It has sought to paint itself as the chief hope of the coming of the kingdom of righteousness to the Keystone State. But in the shrewd brushes it has met with during the campaign all that has been knocked off, and the Philadelphia *Press* stands revealed in its true colors—the foulest and most villainously abandoned sheet ever printed. Its descent from the heights of virtue, hypocritically assumed for a purpose, into the depths of adjective outrage has been like the fall of its own beloved Lucifer, into the depths below the lowest depths, and still going.

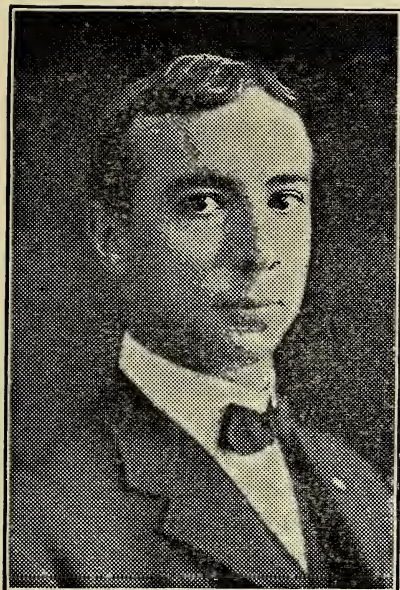
Nothing the Philadelphia *Press* can scoop up out of the slime and filth of its highly unsanitary imagination, bite into articulate words with its pestilential mouth, and spit in the direction of Prohibition's Fighting Parson, can affect by one jot or tittle the lofty place Silas C. Swallow holds in the love and esteem of his comrade Prohibitionists. Doctor! The saloon hates you! The saloon, that gobbles greedily the Christmas toys of little children, that horribly builds into its own corpulence the flesh fast disappearing from between the bones and skin of worse than widows, which has inoculated a million homes in this generation with hell, and which has shed innocent blood until the crimson waves thunder in the ear of a just and terrible God—*The Saloon*, Doctor, hates you, and the Philadelphia *Press* hates you. And the happy couple, joined in the unholy wedlock of a community of hatred, may be counted upon to spawn a whole stateful of hopping, wriggling lies. For there is no "race suicide" in that family connection!

The *Press*, already the defendant in a libel suit for telling one story in its news columns, and a precisely opposite one in its editorial, again and again pauses in the spawning process to fondle the first-born and favorite of its sulphurous brood—the lie that Dr. Swallow attacked a dying President. Not once does the watchful care of the *Press* permit a lone truth to stray among its litter—the truth that when Dr. Swallow's article on McKinley was published the doctors had repeatedly and emphatically announced that the President was not seriously hurt, but would be able to resume his work in a very few days.

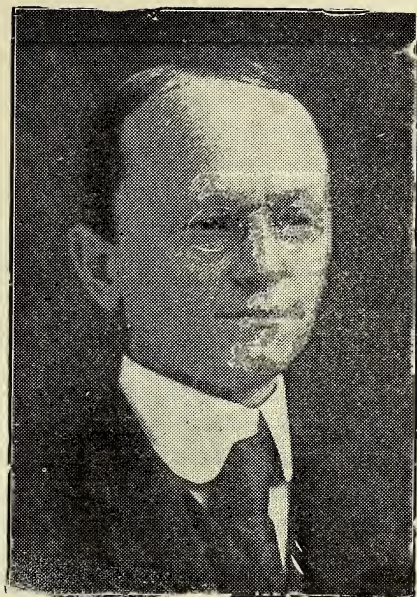
The *Press* seeks to arouse horror by quoting Dr. Swallow's description of a supposed "Belshazzar's feast" participated in by eminent Republicans. But we, personally, have seen Republican doings so much more so than the ones described by Dr. Swallow that the inadequacy of even his vigorous language provokes a smile. The editor of this paper a member of a musical organization, as a matter of business, went with a Republican excursion from Oil City, in the fall of 1896 to the home of Mr. McKinley, in Canton, Ohio. It was a republican crowd, traveling free on a Republican railroad, on a visit to a leading Republican, on a Republican errand. We saw those men scramble over each other to shake hands with Mr. McKinley, and heard them fill the air with their acclaims as he heartily welcomed them. Their conduct on the train returning was an orgy indescribable. Compelled to listen to the recounting of their exploits in the under world at Canton, we cheerfully record our conviction that Dr. Swallow's description of the depths to which booze will sink a crowd of men is rather pale and lifeless instead of overdrawn. And the thing that dehumanized the mob on that train is exactly the same thing which is inextricably bound up with the high officials, bishops, etc., mentioned in the chronicle of "Belshazzar's feast," until the trail of the serpent is over all.

Finally, we decline to be impressed with the array of names of eminent churchmen and others which are introduced by the *Press* in the attempt to prove right off that Dr. Swallow must be a bad man indeed to attack so much goodness. These Presidents, Bishops, etc., hate what the saloon hates, as we have already seen. Their political victories are as well the victories of the saloon. The same movement which aims at the death of the saloon, would, successful, be at the same time the death of the political ambitions of these great (?) and good (?) men enumerated by the *Press*. *And they are not of the light who have so much community with darkness.*

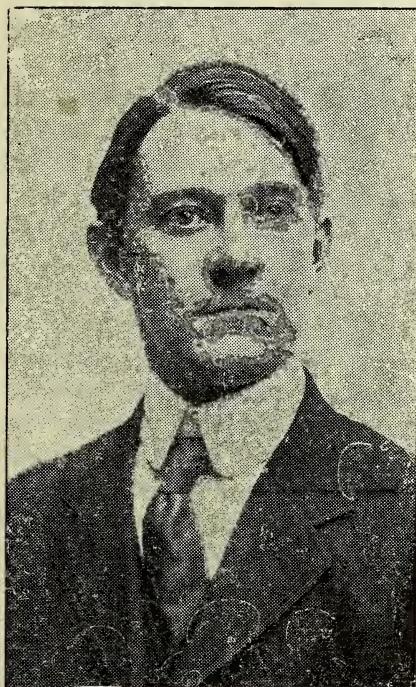
Dr. Swallow, your brave life has hurt Hell, and set it to roaring beautifully."



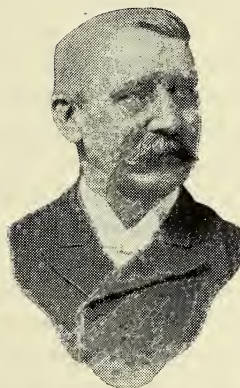
Rev. George Hoffman.
(See Page 330)



Hon. Homer L. Castle.
(See Page 338)



Hon. David B. McCalmont.
(See Page 327)



Rev. James C. Clark, once a
Presiding Elder in the Central
Pennsylvania Conference, and hav-
ing rendered valuable service in
1897 in the expose of the grafters.

CHAPTER XLI.

DR. HENRY VAN DYKE ON THE CHURCH'S DUTY TO THE STATE.

We shall introduce this chapter with a few observations on "The Powers That Be," by Rev. Henry Van Dyke, and while we do not agree with him in the statement that "in the rivalry of candidates and the strife of parties the church has no concern," because parties represent moral issues or the absence of them, and should be supported or opposed on those issues, yet in the main we heartily agree with him. He begins:

"But what have religion and the church to do with these things? Just this: A free church in a free state should exercise a direct influence upon the moral tone of domestic and political life. If not, it is an impotent and useless parody on Christianity. The church is set as a light in the world. Do not let that light be put into a dark lantern, and turned backward upon the Scribes and Pharisees. Set it upon a candlestick that it may give light to all that are in the house. Let the church shed the light of warning and reproof upon the immoral citizen who enjoys the benefits of citizenship and evades "its responsibilities; the dishonest merchant who uses part of his gains to purchase political protection and his good reputation to cover the transaction; the recreant preacher who denounces the competitions of government "down on Judee," and ignores the same competitions in the United States; the lawyers who study the laws in order to defend their clients in evading them; and the officials who profess to serve the state, and then add: 'The State—that's *me*,' but it is not only to expose and condemn the evil that the light of religion is needed. It should also shine to reveal and glorify the good. Let it fall upon the true heroes of the Republic, the brave soldiers, the loyal citizens, the pure statesmen, that all men may know that the Church recognizes these men as servants of the most high God because they are in deed and in truth the Servants of the people.

It is to be remembered that the American Church bore a noble part in the beginning of our National life, inspiring, purifying, and blessing the struggle for justice and liberty. It is not to be forgotten that she has a duty, no less sacred, in the conflicts of these latter days; to encourage men in the maintenance of that liberty which has been achieved and in the reform of all evils which threaten the purity of private and public life; to proclaim that our prosperity does not depend upon the false

maxims of what are called 'practical politics,' but as Washington said, 'upon Religion and morality, those great pillars of human happiness, those firmest proofs of the duties of men, and citizens.'"

With politics, so far as they have to do with the strife of parties and the rivalry of candidates, the Church has no concern, but with "politics—the moral aspect of the life of the state." By the way frequently wrapped up in party strife—"she must deal frankly and fearlessly." When she evades or neglects this office of public prophesy, when she gives her strength to theological subtlety and ecclesiastical rivalry, and clerical millinery, and stands silent in the presence of corruption and indifferent to the progress of reform, her own bells will toll the death-knell of her influence, her sermons will be the funeral discourses of her power, and her music will be a processional to the grave of her lost honor, but when she proclaims to all people, without fear or favor, the necessity of a thorough-going conscience and a divine law of righteousness in every sphere of human life, the reverence of men will crown her walls with praise."

We now propose to show that while the Methodist Church has led all others in house-top proclamations for purity, she has also led all others in acts of treachery to her own loudly proclaimed principles.

THE CHURCH'S PROMISES LIKE PIE CRUST MADE TO BE BROKEN.

The resolutions of the General and Annual Conferences and the Quadrennial addresses of the Board of Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church as before stated have for more than a quarter of a century been radically against the liquor traffic.

Referring to the traffic the Bishops said many years ago "It cannot be legalized without sin." Thousands of Methodists the Country over argued, that logically, the legislators who legalized it, the judge un-compelled by law who granted the license, and the voters who knowing their relation to the liquor traffic voted for these legislators and judges were all sinners, and at once they began to vote only for candidates for office who were openly pledged to oppose the "legalization" of the traffic, but were disappointed and horrified to ascertain that four-fifths of the Bishops who signed the statement that "It cannot be legalized without sin," were openly voting for the men and parties openly committed to its legalization. Not only so but the same proportion of the more than five hundred sub-bishops known as presiding elders, appointed to that office by the Bishops, and the same proportion of the 17,000 ministers who like the presiding elders were appointed to their work by the Bishops who had power without assigning cause to remove them as well as the presiding elders at any moment, and assign them to less remunerative fields of labor, were voting as did the bishops. Not only so but the

General Conference elective officers such as editors, secretaries of the benevolent societies, etc., as well as the 300,000 voting laymen of Methodism were both, in about the same proportion as the bishops, following the lead of the bishops in voting for license candidates nominated by license parties.

SOME EXCUSES.

Some gave as their excuse for so doing, that there were other important issues claiming their attention. As though there could be a more important issue for the followers of Jesus than that of sending two and a half million of souls to hell in a quarter century and the worse than squandering of twenty-five billions in money during the same period, to say nothing of the poverty, crime, and misery produced thereby.

PLEDGING OLD PARTY CANDIDATES TO BREAK THEIR PARTY VOW.

Others professed to believe in local option, and hence continued to vote for candidates committed by their party allegiance to Republican high license, or Democratic low license, or no license, pretending to believe that they could do the dishonest trick of persuading, or by threats forcing, these candidates to play the traitor to their old party principles and vows on the license question and vote to accommodate these pious Christians for some form of Prohibition, or for the privilege of allowing the majority to say whether in their locality license should be granted to sell a substance that produces most of the poverty, crime and misery of the country. If "it could not be legalized without sin" would a majority vote to legalize it render it sinless? Wrongs already settled as such by the King Eternal can not be made right by a majority vote. It was tried in Noah's time, in Isaiah's time, in Christ's time, and in fact in every period of the world's history. No morally sane man will consent to an attempt to unsettle a moral question which God has authoritatively settled. "Woe unto him that putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips." "It cannot be legalized without sin," no not by popular vote.

AGAINST CHURCH LAW TO VOTE FOR REPUBLICAN OR DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATES.

Then the General Conference, the only law making body of our church constituted largely of presiding elders, made such by the appointment of the bishops, declared and put it in the church discipline the law book of the church to whose tenents every member must vow allegiance as a condition of becoming a member, and every minister must reiterate his membership pledge of fidelity or have the door of the Annual Conference shut in his face, yes the General Conference put in the book of

discipline in 1892, sixteen years ago and it has reaffirmed it every four years since, (see page 406 of the 1904 edition) this statement, viz:

"Quoting and reaffirming the action of the General Conference of 1892 we " record our deliberate judgment that no political party has a right to expect, nor ought it to receive the support of Christian men so long as it stands committed to the license policy, or refuses to put itself on record in an attitude of open hostility to the saloon. But the foregoing must not be considered as in the interest of any political party."

SLUMPED AGAIN.

That was a brave utterance for the leading ministers and laymen of Methodism to send out to the world, it has in it the shout of victory. Hundreds of thousands of Methodists hailed it as the beginning of the end and since it was first published, in one or more elections have caught its spirit, and voted for the candidates of parties "on record in an attitude of open hostility to the saloon, only to again be disappointed and horrified to learn that at least three-fourths of our bishops and a larger proportion of ministers and laymen including the members of the General Conference who passed the resolution following the example of the bishops have gone right on not only voting for high license Republicans or low license Democrats but in many cases electioneering for the candidates of these parties.

SUMMON AND PLEDGE SAID THE BISHOPS.

Bishop Andrews stood up in the General Conference of 1900 which convened in Chicago and read an address signed by all the bishops in which they said:

"Aroused and indignant at the inexcusable miscarriage of the anti-canteen law, and the introduction liquors into our new possessions, we will summon and pledge all our preachers and people to a more determined struggle against the enormous evil."

THEN PLEDGED TO A CANTEEN PRESIDENT.

The canteen was the army saloon where at times even the Christian Temperance soldier boy must needs obey the command of his superior officer by dealing out to his fellow soldiers intoxicating liquors in exchange for their hard and scanty earnings. The place where according to the best of evidence a large majority of soldiers spent their monthly wages within a week after pay-day, and not a few got credit in the purchase of these intoxicants, and paid up on pay-day when it took the last dollar to square accounts with the saloon keeper who was the agent of the brewer.

During Mr. McKinley's first term Congress passed a law blotting

out the army saloon otherwise known as the canteen but Mr. McKinley on the evidence of his Attorney General, nullified the law. This he did because possessed of high ambition for a second term, and in the belief that it would pay him to cater to the liquor sellers, since the church vote would stick to him in any event, as it had done when as protegee of the Brewer's Boss Cox he ran for Governor of Ohio. This aroused the church to a white heat and remonstrances by thousands flooded the executive mansion and members of Congress demanding a restoration of the law.

The passage from the Methodist Bishops address delivered in May, preceding the Presidential election in November, was their form of protest and again thousands of Methodist voters including hundreds of ministers, catching the spirit of the bishop's utterance, began to "Summon and Pledge" those with whom they had influence, to vote with them for a candidate that could be trusted on the great moral issue so emphasized by the bishop's address.

But alas! Alas! they were again disappointed and horrified to find that a large proportion of these very bishops, and the Methodist voters imitating their example, were using their influence for the re-election of the one man responsible for the "inexcusable miscarriage of the anti-canteen law." Was it any wonder that a Methodist lawyer of high standing in intellect and influence should have exclaimed indignantly as for the third time he witnessed the abortion, "They are a set of ——— liars and I am done with them."

A BISHOP'S PORT.

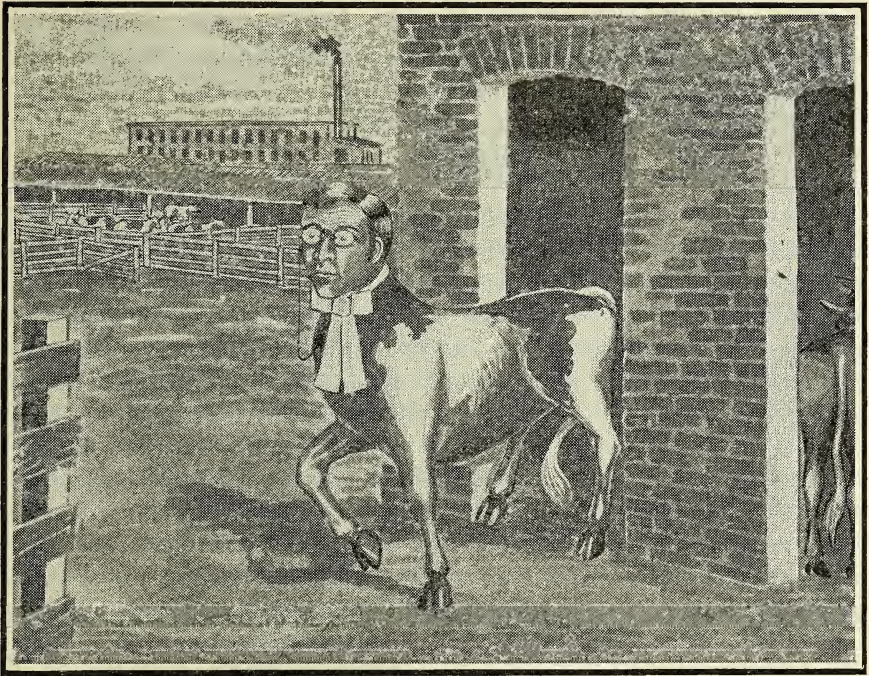
One of these bishops went so far as to declare in a speech before the corrupt sugar trust of New York of which the notorious Searles was the champion: "Rather than see our man defeated and his opponent elected I would go to sea in a boat of stone, ———but I must not record the blasphemous statement further. Poor fellow he has gone to his reckoning, let us hope with joyful acceptance. This speech was reported in the *New York Sun*, the reporter certified to the correctness of it, and the bishop did not deny it, but said he had quoted it from another. It is true that Dr. Talmage was the author of the blasphemous utterance, Emory Storrs of Chicago used it afterward, but the bishop forgot to give credit nor would it have changed results if he had.

DISCIPLINARY VOTERS PUNISHED.

Large numbers of Methodist preachers as the result of the radical but truthful and highly proper declarations of the Bishops and the General Conference made as we have shown at different times became active in "summoning and pledging" their members to vote only for candidates

who were known to be in harmony with these declarations. One preacher succeeded in raising the Prohibition vote in his county from 300 to 1500. He of course expected the approval of his presiding elder and the bishop who should next preside at his conference, but was chagrined to find that through the influence of Republican license advocating politicians in his church, men who carried the long purses of the congregation, presiding elder and bishop were both against him as a troubler in Zion, and he was removed to a circuit paying but \$400 salary, on which he and three other members of his family were expected to live and do service for the master.

And this was not an isolated case, for in every conference, and we be-



Old Decoy Transformed.

lieve we would be safe in saying in nearly everyone of hundreds of presiding elders districts could be found cases to parallel this one. Conscientious men were thus thrown back on the alternative of sacrifice your principles taught you by the General Conference and the bishops, or leave the ministry, or see your families starve.

RESOLUTION DECOYS, DEATH TO THE DECOYED.

How like a scene found in brute life has been the action of many church leaders in the great moral conflict. For many years a huge

spotted steer was used in the Chicago stock yards slaughter house as a decoy. So well trained was he, that without being driven or led he would mingle with the bunch of steers to be slaughtered next, and when the gate to the "bridge of sighs" was thrown open he would at once start up the narrow wooden passage with mock assurance of "no danger here," and the whole bunch would follow into the slaughter pen. When the retreating gate was securely fastened "old decoy" would slip back by a private passage and be ready to escort another bunch to their undoing. Is not this a fitting illustration of the action of many Church leaders toward the rank and file of the ministry on the liquor question? Heroic resolutions galore, Episcopal exhortations the most fervent and then bat every preacher over the head who persisted in carrying them out. They were simply decoys to satisfy the reformers, while at the ballot box they more than satisfied the liquor men. On election day they were generally headed for the rear to bring up another bunch of victims with their conference resolution on resolution day.

WE STATE FACTS.

We will allow the reader to use vituperative epithets in characterization of the conduct of our church representatives if they are so disposed, we prefer to do as we have always done, record the facts; showing what they said and promised, and side by side record what they actually did. It was alone this treatment of them by us that incensed these leaders against a large number of writers and speakers, myself among the number. In some cases that exasperation became a frenzy of persecution which was manifested by the clandestine but tyrannical use of official power in promoting political friends, and demoting those regarded by these leaders as their political enemies. Indeed they went so far as to assist their henchmen in an attempt to degrade and even to destroy those who dared to point out the inconsistency of their words and their deeds as is shown elsewhere in this volume.

CHURCH AUTHORITIES FRIGHTENED.

A few years ago conditions became so strained throughout the church that its leaders were forced to a serious consideration of "how shall we harmonize the different elements? How satisfy the large number educated by our teaching touching the "sinfulness of the traffic" "the non-support of license political parties by Christians," and the duty of the church to "Summon and pledge" preachers and people to a more determined struggle, "and at the same time not offend the politicians and their supporters who have the money of the country? Money that we want with which to build and endow schools, replace ordinary churches with finer ones that will compete in elegance with other denominations

to satisfy the tastes of the families that have become wealthy among us, secure the four or five thousand dollar salaries we have allowed ourselves and keep up our missionary operations? How? How? It was a vexed question.

HOW SAVE THE CHURCH AND THE REPUBLICAN PARTY?

Years before, Hiram Price, a leading Methodist politician of Iowa aided by Dr. Alpha Kynett and other ardent temperance men, himself a temperance man holding office in Washington, had devised a scheme as he thought for destroying the liquor traffic without destroying the Republican party all of whose interests had become through the years beginning with 1862 ineradicably entangled with the liquor interests, which in those years under the fostering care of that party had become the most powerful trust of this or any other country, dominating other trusts, politics, business, finance, corporations and as we have shown even the Church of Jesus Christ.

A LOCAL AND OPTIONAL MORALITY ADVOCATED.

After serious consideration the anti-saloon league became the pet of the Methodist Church leaders. Its theory was and is, first: stay in your own party and vote for the best men in both of the old parties as though an official in practice can be better than the license party that elects him. In most states this is rendered impossible by the primary election law. Second: the people shall say by vote whether they want license or no license. That is, "sin or no sin;" since "it cannot be legalized without sin." The league has been operating with a great flourish of trumpets for more than a decade telling the people in Pennsylvania what great things are done in other states, and telling in other states what great things are being done in Pennsylvania, and yet more liquor was sold last year in this country than ever before in its history. Why? Because there is no party or officials behind the law to execute it.

The fact, that simultaneously, in all the annual conferences, the conference boss, always the mouthpiece of the bishops, or some other preacher not hitherto identified with the radical methods inaugurated and afterward ignored by most of the bishops and other church leaders, was thrust to the front by the nomination of Republican presiding elders as chairman of the Conference Temperance Committees, indicated a concert of action by those leaders. This conviction is strengthened by the Anti-Saloon League and local option endorsement of the reports presented by these committees to the annual conferences, and their adoption by those bodies under the watchful eyes of the bishop and the conference boss.

How to capture the great Methodist Church, was for years the prob-

lem of the Anti-Saloon League. It was accomplished finally by the method just described, and in addition thereto, by the election of one of its bishops, a splendid man, to the National presidency of the league.

HOW NOT DO IT.

Well the league is in the saddle, and the churches, including the Methodist, are the subtle and generally innocent agents in promulgating the doctrine that if a majority of the voters want hell on earth, there is no redress for either God or the minority. What a fearful backsliding from the former teachings of the bishops and the general conference. The craze will have to run its course, getting great victories by blotting out the saloon in the rural districts where it does not exist, and in the towns and cities where the old parties fear the Prohibition party vote, and when it has worn itself out in fruitless endeavors to persuade Republican and Democratic candidates to perjure themselves by violating their tacit pledges made to the license parties to which they belong, belong, too, in the same sense in which a dog belongs to the master whose collar it wears, the church will then come back to the doctrine that "No political party not on record as against the saloon should receive the support of Christian men." Though nearly one-half of the country is said to have voted the saloon out under local option, yet the per capita of liquor sold has increased in twenty years from 6 to 18 gallons. Why? because the law is not enforced. Why? because there are no officers pledged in advance of election to enforce it. It is true that Prohibition don't prohibit without a party behind it to enforce it, any more than does an ax cut without hands and arms and a robust body to swing it.

DEATH STILL IN THE POT.

In the meantime a hundred thousand lives and souls, and a billion of money goes annually down in the great immoral maelstrom. Meanwhile too, the agents of the Anti-Saloon League many of them Methodists preachers, who have honestly changed their views as to methods have the run of all the churches, many of them teaching morals by majorities, and taking monthly subscriptions to be collected by girl members of the church, and aggregating amounts which, if legitimately used for national Prohibition would speedily end the great national crime. Thousands of our preachers and laymen educated by the teachings of the bishops and the General Conference, up to high ideals, have gone back with the backsliding leaders of the church, they being led by old party political leaders to the advocacy of morals by majorities.

In nothing that has occurred in the history of the church, has the "Blight of officialism," as Rev. Dr. Powick styles it, been so apparent

as in this degeneracy of our church leaders led on by rum party leaders on the question of prohibition. Mr. Powick clearly defines what he means by the blight of officialism. Viz: "That disposition which so often appears in officials of the church, to use the influence and exercise the functions of their office to secure ends for which the office was not intended, or at other times to secure ends which are not contemplated by the law of the church, or at still other times to secure them, though lawful enough in themselves, by methods of manipulating the machinery of the church which are not thus contemplated. An administration, in other words which virtually amounts to government by official pre-rogative or official dictation. So that, under such a regime we often become the victim of what in politics are called "bosses." Now when the church bosses are led by rum party political bosses, there is danger to not only the spirituality of the church but to the morals of the whole country as well.

MANY PROHIBITIONISTS ARE PERPLEXED WITH THE QUESTION.

What should be the attitude of the Prohibition party toward the local option movement? We published our opinion on this question and here reproduce it though at one or two points a repetition of what has gone before.

My answer is, up to the time that the Legislature passes a bill allowing a majority of the voters of each county or other division of the state, to say by ballot that the liquor traffic shall or shall not be licensed in each locality, the party Prohibitionist should be passive in his attitude toward the local option movement; but exceedingly active for the enactment of prohibitory laws for city, township, county, state and nation. He should not oppose local option since it is a forward step for the new converts, but would be a backward step for Prohibitionists.

If a law is passed without the party Prohibitionist asking for it, giving the voters the privilege of voting for or against license in given localities, then the party Prohibitionist should not only vote against license under the local option law, but strive to induce as many other voters as possible to vote against license. This he can consistently do.

And now for some of the reasons back of such advice.

Because we should have nothing to do with securing the enactment of a defective law, but much to do in executing the effective parts of that law when secured by others.

THOSE ELEVENTH-HOUR "LEADERS."

2. The party Prohibitionist who has made the whole subject a study for a decade, or possibly as some of us have done, for nearly a half century, knows something not known to the new convert who is but a novice

in a movement because it has become popular. The party Prohibitionist knows some things learned in prayers, in tears, and in blood, not known by men who make a fat living out of compromising and popularizing a great reform movement. He knows, for instance, that moral questions affecting the welfare of the individual, the state and the nation, are not to be decided under a Republican form of government by popular vote. They have been decided by the Divine edict, "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink," and the woe is upon the state, as well as upon the individual, regardless of what the majority may say. The majority did not rule in the final analysis in Noah's day; "it went down in the soup. Nor yet in the times of Sodom, of Nineveh, or even of proslavery America."

"One with God is a majority" and the world long since learned that "Vox populi, Vox Dei," or the voice of the people is the voice of God, is often, one of the many lying proverbs more otherwise than wise.

TO GIVE OPTION MAY INVOLVE CONSENT TO LICENSE.

3 Asking the Legislature for the privilege of voting "license" or "no license" is a tacit agreement to acquiesce in the decision of a majority of the voters of a given locality in case the majority votes for license. This no honest reformer can do, without stultifying his conscience, for he will go on agitating for Prohibition and thus be in revolt against the majority after tacitly agreeing to be governed by it.

4. As well agree to be governed by the majority vote on the question shall we license men for a money consideration to "swear," "to break the Sabbath," "to perjure themselves," "to steal," "to commit adultery," or "to commit murder" as to ask the Legislature to submit to a majority vote the question shall men for a money consideration, paid to the state, be licensed by the state, to sell a poisonous beverage, the use of which produces a large share of all the profanity, Sabbath desecration, perjury, theft, adultery and murder committed in all the world. A beverage that never benefited any individual, but has slain its millions. God and man's conscience unite in saying in matters of morals, "Thou shalt" and "Thou shalt not." All the commands of the decalogue are prohibitive. Not one is conditioned on a majority vote.

ORPHANED PROHIBITION.

5. The party Prohibitionist knows, as everybody else should know, that law does not leap from the statute book and execute itself. Living men of flesh and blood, of nerve and muscle, elected to the executive department of government, must execute the law. And when the Legislature has given the people a chance to vote "license" or "no license," it

has not committed itself to Prohibition, and every member of that body may vote for license when the conflict is on at the polls. Nor has the judge, the prosecuting attorney, the mayor, the constable, the policeman who declares for local option in any sense committed himself to Prohibition. If a majority votes "no license" these executive officers may say just as scores of them have said in states where Prohibition under a local option law is nominally in force: "It is not my law, the people voted dry, now let them make it dry." And the voters who voted a secret ballot say: "I am not going to jeopardize my business by openly antagonizing these liquor selling violators of the law." And thus the law passed by the secret ballot of the people, lays like a foundling on the steps of the state house with no one to father it, but with a great bunch of liquor sellers eagerly giving to the law the questionable service of wet nurse. Then it is heralded abroad that "Prohibition don't prohibit," and we must do our work over again by electing men as executive officers who are openly pledged not simply to favor the local option principle, but openly pledged to favor Prohibition and to execute the Prohibition feature of the local option law.

LOST IN THE BUSCH-ES.

6. Some one has said that "local option" is too local and too optional to be of practical value, except as an instrument of agitation which helps to bring education. If license is voted out in one county, ward or township, and voted in, in an adjoining county, ward or township, as is frequently the case, the law in the Prohibition district becomes inoperative through its proximity to the license district. The thirsty buy liquor in the wet division, and get drunk on it in the dry district. The dry district must thus take care of the paupers and criminals created by the sale of liquor in the wet district, and getting no revenue from licenses, with which to bear the borrowed expense, and consulting the pocket nerve conclude to conveniently backslide. Local option is reform made easy only in appearance. It is simply a "make shift," a truce, a compromise measure as was the Missouri compromise on the slavery question. This is shown by the fact that many liquor men—notably the millionaire Adolphus Busch—are bitterly opposed to Prohibition, but favor local option, believing that it will not greatly curtail the aggregate of sales, since what they lose in the dry districts they gain in the wet, or in "the moonshineriës," "the blind piggeries," "the boot leggeries" that spring up in the dry districts, the latter doing business without license and depending on the apathy of the local option office holders, and the sly secret voters for exemption from prosecution.

WHAT WE SHOULD DO.

Therefore the wise party Prohibitionists will not shoulder any of the responsibility of getting so inoperative, so illogical, so unscriptural, so abortive, so ungodly a thing as local option, which is simply the liquor dealers' last ditch, and the cowardly voter's last refuge. But if others, notwithstanding our protest, are foolish enough to shoulder the responsibility of asking for what they don't want, and getting it, instead of asking for what they do want and waiting and working till they get it, the Party Prohibitionist will then strain every nerve to secure Prohibition by popular vote under the majority provision of the local option law, and when secured do all in his power to punish the violators of the law.

And when the local option farce fails in its execution as it has done in large measure in the past, in every state where it has been tried, the party Prohibitionist, who believes in electing men to make, apply and execute law, who are sufficiently brave as to openly advocate and if need be fight for the right, will be ready to lead the people from the ruins of their high but baseless hopes to the higher ground of national Prohibition, with a pledged party behind it, as was the case in the Anti-Slavery and every other successful conflict ever waged for moral reform. Thus has the party Prohibitionist led the people through forty years of wilderness wandering away from free rum, away from low license, away from high license, away from the Gothenburg system, upward and ever onward toward the only sane and safe goal of national Prohibition enforced by a party. They have contributed millions of dollars of money, distributed millions of pieces of literature, and made thousands of addresses. They have had heaped upon them all sorts of abuse, and their work is not yet done. They may look for still greater abuse from the new converts bent on taking a short cut by compromise, but they must stand by their guns and complete victory will be their ultimate reward.

The whole country is rapidly coming to this standard and we must be patient with the learners who insist on hewing out for themselves these local option broken cisterns that can hold no water, except the tainted article so generously mixed with the modern beer and whiskey, gin and rum, and with all the other kinds that make drunkenness come.

THE BISHOPS THE WHOLE THING.

In this general backsliding on moral issues we must acknowledge the subserviency of a large percentage of church voters, and the ability of our church leaders to lead them. It will be remembered that several years ago, the Christian Advocate published a lengthy editorial which

was designed to show that in Methodism the Episcopacy is the whole thing. Every thing else in the church, circles around it, depends upon it, looks up to it and in fact is in every way subordinate to it. This, bating the abstract danger of one man power, might not be an unmixed evil if the bishops and other church leaders were immune from the influence of Methodist politicians who suffer themselves to become the abject tools of the liquor interests of the country.

We would not by any admission belittle the danger to the church of the one man power in Methodism. There is danger in the very nature of the case. Since so far as church law goes all Methodist Bishops could go back six months after holding the Annual Conferences and in the interim of those conferences change the appointments of every one of the 17,000 itinerants and of the 500 presiding elders, and no human authority except the General Conference which convenes but once in four years would have legal right to resist so great an outrage. It of course goes without saying that arrogant and unreasonable changes of pastors have never been made and probably never will be made except in a very limited way. The bishops from Asbury to Neeley sixty-four in number, have as a rule been among the best men produced by the church, and as a rule filled their high office with discretion and self sacrificing zeal. But the fact that they have such practically unlimited power in the appointing of preachers and through this, power also to dictate the policy and conduct of the local churches, renders the office as now constituted, not to say as now in some cases administered a menace to Republican simplicity and a travesty on Democratic independence.

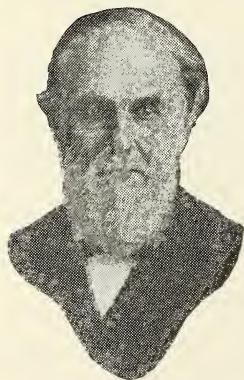
That some of these worthy church officials should give way to the small tyrannies of party-olatry, or be influenced by rich politicians whose money they want for legitimate purposes, to use their high office and opportunity to thrust the knife into the backs of the ministers who differ with them, or are offensive to the moneyed politicians, is well known to not a few of our people. That some preachers are willing to cater to bishops, whose pets they thus become in promoting episcopal policies, and in punishing those opposed to these policies is easily proven. The general conference of 1908 so changed the discipline that the District Superintendent in conjunction with the pastor may set aside, cancel, blot out, refuse to hold either the second or third Quarterly Conference of the year, without consulting the stewards, trustees, Class leaders, etc., embraced in that body. There may be important business to transact but cancellation beats it out or carries it over to another quarterly conference.

IN THE SADDLE.

Again and again during the 1880 General Conference before referred to, when grave questions of church polity were being warmly discussed

did the presiding bishop crack the Episcopal whip around the ears of the delegates by declaring with emphasis, "The Board of Bishops are unitedly opposed to the measure," or, "they favor this or that proposition" as the case might be. Then how humiliating it was to see members who wanted a presiding eldership at their annual Conference, or were thirsting for leadership in their conference, and must get these promotions, or a better pastoral appointment, if ever gotten, as a favor from one of these bishops, how humiliating, I repeat, to see them change their votes, whipped in by the episcopal frown. The same thing was observable in the General Conference of 1896, of which I was a member. And it was enough to make a free American citizen's blood boil, to witness the adject sycophancy of large numbers of those who by virtue of their being delegates to the law making body of the church, were supposedly the strong men of the church.

The Church law does not know a Board of Bishops, nor an Episcopal Board. It only recognizes them in their individual capacity and assigns them individual duties. And yet they must needs have semi-annual meetings, at which they block out the polity of the church even to the destruction of the law against dancing, theatre going, card playing and the like, and some of them are not slow to let these ministers whose fates as to appointments are in their hands know their desires in the matter of legislation. Ours is a bishop ruled church. And the tendency is to produce cowards among the rank and file of the ministers and laymen.



Rev. Dr. Daniel Steel.

Dr. Daniel Steel, the orator, educator and voluminous author, discussing this matter in *Zion's Herald*, pleads—evidently without much hope—for a return to more suitable and sensible things. He says referring to the change of name:

"Exit Presiding Elder—welcome District Superintendent. Now, exit the Bishop and let the General Superintendent enter, enter in the interest of uniformity and of Methodist history."

After discussing the "Hodge Podge" methods by which the Superintendents have come to be Bishops, he says:

"What would have been our present status as a church if Wesley's purpose of instituting only a general superintendency had been carried out? We would have all the benefits of the present system without its discounts—first, the omission of the title of bishop, with all the glitter of its historic associations awakening the ambitious desire of thousands to attain it, as children chase an iridescent soap bubble. The unsanctified heart craves high titles. Scores of American millionaire heiresses are willing to leave a home and native

land and to marry a no-account count for the title of countess, or a pauper prince for the title of princess. At a diocesan election of a bishop, in the Episcopal Church, a friend attempted to console the disappointed competitor by saying to him: 'Don't feel bad. The elected man is a Low Churchman.' "Yes," was the sobbed-out reply, 'but he is a High Bishop.' It is true that at the request of Dr. Coke he was consecrated to his non-descript office, but it is not probable that we would long have continued to consecrate the general superintendents (being already elders), seeing that there is no more call for it than there is for that of a Sunday-School superintendent or a district superintendent. Nor would there have been an escorting of the elect to the platform and bouquets of posies, the moment after his election is announced; nor would there have been any life-tenure with its emoluments, but a time limit to the superintendency, and a return to the ranks at the end of the term. In other words, the prize would have been so much cheapened that the competition for it would have been so weakened as to render the election to it an event not worthy of being telegraphed around the globe as of immense importance. The life-tenure of this office would also have been avoided, together with the perplexities of pronouncing the ageing officer ineffective and laying him on the shelf.

The General Superintendent would not be a new-comer to Methodism, for he was an original settler till he was supplanted in 1788 by a pretentious upstart by the name of Bishop, who turned the venerable General Superintendent out of doors, though ample safeguards had been placed around him in the Third Restrictive Rule, one of the cornerstones of the Methodist temple. It is remarkable that the said upstart had no place in this part of the constitution till he got it about fifty years ago disguised as a missionary. We have never found fault with the great power of our ecclesiastical major-generals. To be effective leaders of the Lord's army, they must be clothed with large authority; but they do not need snowy plumes and glistening epaulets. The use of the latter was abolished in the British army in 1855 because they were obstructive of the efficiency of those who wore them. 'Their old vanity,' said Burke, 'was dazzled, and seduced by military liveries, cockades and epaulets.' Let us away with showy titles, especially the false title of Bishop, although this neat dissyllable is more convenient than the sesquipedalian title eight syllables long, General Superintendent.

"Who knows but that, as our University doctors have suddenly blossomed out into gowns and hoods, our so-called Bishops may not in some future day of greater spiritual decline appear in episcopal robes, bands and mitres, with crosier in hand?"

A COMPARISON.

Two young men, graduates from the same college, with equal honors, and entering the Ministry complete their conference studies with equal credit. Both come early into the best pastorates in Methodism, Bro. A., the least efficient in pulpit and pastoral work by political manipulation or without it is elected a Bishop and holds his job till 75 years of age at a salary of \$5000 a year and travelling expenses and fees from lectures, dedications and literary work. He then retires on half pay. His work as a bishop in presiding at Annual Conferences as outlined by the law of the church has required but twelve or fifteen weeks out of the fifty two weeks of each year. Any other work performed by him was wholly at his personal option. And possibly to their credit be it said most of the bishops die from over work, in maintaining the dignity of office and titles. He dies and is buried with great ceremony by his colleagues, their mouth-piece the official church papers devoting columns and perhaps pages to eulogies of his greatness. His widow continues to draw from church funds an ample support as long as she lives.

Bro. B. more efficient than the bishop as a pastor and having received for the episcopacy nearly as many votes as Bro. A. is relegated at 65 years of age to an appointment paying him but \$500 a year, his average salary for forty years having been less than \$1500 a year. or possibly a bishop comes along who claims as one did that fifty years is the dead line for pastors, and that they should retire at that age and give place to younger and more efficient men and Bro. B. becomes a supernumerary or a superannuate ten, fifteen or twenty years before Bro. A. his bishop friend regards himself as incapacitated for his easy work, with the performance of which physical or mental senility does not seem to greatly interfere. Brother B.'s pulpit and pastoral labors have required from ten to sixteen hours a day and 365 days to the year. Now being retired he draws from the church fund from two to four hundred dollars a year, or less, while the retired Bro. A., the bishop, draws his two thousand dollars a year. Bro. B. dies; is possibly buried by charity being followed to the grave by his poorly clad family and a few ministerial and lay friends who have not forgotten his former usefulness, and the official church papers grudgingly give him a half column notice or possibly a column in small type and without editorial comment. Then his widow ekes out a miserable existence on the little church stipend, supplemented by her scanty earnings as boarding mistress, or other respectable drudge. The one was a bishop by a dozen votes, the other was not.

A cast has grown up in American Methodism, that is no credit to its head or its heart. If Bro. A. had been elected a general superintendent for four years, being eligible to a second term only, and paid a salary

equal to his average in the pastorate, to go back to the pastorate at the expiration of his general superintendency, and take his chances as to salary with other superintendents or pastors when worn out, Methodism would not suffer from the quadrennial disgrace incident to the scramble for the title of bishop and its ill-adjusted perquisites.

This spirit of caste reaches down through all grades. It is a degradation for a man elected to a general conference secretaryship to go back to the pastorate, as it is also for a pastor who has been getting \$2000 salary to go back to \$1000 salary, and so we hear much of five hundred dollar preachers, and one thousand dollar preachers, and two thousand dollar preachers. We also hear stout objections from pastors to being changed to "a lower grade." They seriously object to being "degraded" in the Methodist ministry, and why should they not object since the highest caste in Methodism rejoices in being "once a bishop, always a bishop," with a bishop's salary. Methodism will become more democratic or less in influence, and fewer in numbers.

CHAPTER XLII.

FRENZIED CHURCH FINANCE.

We feel the urgency of the above subject so deeply that we venture a chapter that may or may not meet with the reader's approval but, having had an experience in different methods, and having seen abuses ripen to the hurt of the church we feel impelled to state our convictions.

The simple life of the early Christians, when they had everything in common, was adequate to the infancy of the Church for a very brief period only, but inadequate to its requirements further on. It was probably as hard for some followers of the Master to give up leaky boats, and time-worn nets, because it was their all as for Matthew to relinquish a good clerkship in the Custom House. Church financiering was comparatively easy where the preacher was satisfied to be sower, reaper, thrasher, miller and baker, by rubbing the wheat grains out in his palm, and being content with such a meal eaten while he walked. He was his own steward, trustee, treasurer and banker. All of these offices were easily filled, where bread and meat in the form of manna and quails came daily with the dew; or where the crows had a special commission, like that to Elijah, to provide for daily wants. Church financiering was also simplified where the oil barrel was miraculously replenished for the mere asking.

Our lot, however, is cast in a different period in the world's history. Ours is a different, not to say a better, type of civilization, from any that has preceded it. And yet the birds and the dews still feed us, and the olive and the oil are still miraculously multiplied by Him who sends the former and the latter rain, the seed time and the harvest.

ESSENTIAL PARTNERSHIP.

In a sense, we still have everything in common. One man furnishes brain, another brawn. The skill of the architect, the builder, the artist, the factory expert is set over against the money of the man who knows how to get it, and save it, and spend it. The time of the employee is pooled with the money of the employer. They are brethren, co-partners, mutual helpers, and palsied be the wagging tongue that would set the classes against the masses, or the masses against the classes. It is still true that "The laborer is worthy of his hire"; still true that we have every-

thing in common. The head cannot say to the foot or the hand, "I have no need of thee," nor can the eye say to the ear, "I have no need of thee." The conductor is dependent on the engineer, he on the fireman, and all three on the brakeman and flagman, the switch-tender and the track-walker. And the passenger's life hangs on the integrity and fidelity of each separately, and not only so, but upon the conscientious co-operation of all and of a hundred and one other partners in the "all things in common." And so it is through all the marvelously intricate and mysterious ramifications of what we call "modern life." Partners multiply with each added link to the ever-lengthening chain of our high-pressure civilization.

With such alarming rapidity have organizations multiplied to emphasize and facilitate the theory of "everything in common," that the student of sociology must needs rub his filmed eyes and prick open his dull ears. It goes without saying that this sociological disorder, this materialistic mania, this communistic malaria, has not only made sad inroads on individual devotions and family altars and the religious and social gatherings of the Church, but has in too many instances, abridged, if not destroyed, the home life. Those who in our day clamor for the equal division of property, and for the good old Pentecostal times when men had literally all things in common, forget utterly, that under the most favorable conditions, that supposably ideal policy probably did not last a year. For as the number of the disciples multiplied, there arose a murmuring of the Greeks against the Jews because their widows were neglected in the daily ministration. Then the preachers of that day, seeing

THE GATHERING STORM

and feeling helpless to stem it, called the people together, literally the whole congregation, and said, "It is not reason that we should leave the word of God, and serve tables. Wherefore, brethren, look ye out among you seven men, full of the Holy Ghost and wisdom, whom we may appoint over this business. But we will give ourselves continually to prayer and to the ministry of the word."

The Church has sought to stem the tide of wordliness by organizing counter attractions, such as church theatricals, lotteries, and appeals to the stomach; also by establishing the institutional church, where all of human wants, physical, intellectual and moral, are supplied, not forgetting man's need of recreation and amusement. It has appealed to the youthful and masculine love of strife by establishing military organizations among the boys, where the rattle of the kettle drum, the clash of steel sabres, the click of the rifle and the military command, contrast strangely enough with the philosophy of him who said, "Put up thy sword." "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you." It is in sharp contrast, too

with this International Peace Conference held in the hope of establishing arbitration in lieu of the arbitrament of the sword. Large amounts of money that should go to the church, now go to clubs, lodges and orders.

THE LARGER RESOURCES.

Perhaps in nothing has the materialistic tendency of the age, somewhat Christianized to be sure, been more manifest, than in an attempt to raise and expend money for educational, benevolent and eleemosynary purposes. Millions on millions now replace the contributions of the dimes and dollars of a half century ago. Yet, let it not be forgotten that the old-time Christians were heroes, and gave as a rule "till they felt it." They gave outright of their time, their best thought, their prayers, their tears, their labors and their money. Their homes were ever open to the minister and his family, including his faithful and indispensable horse. The "prophet's room" was ever ready and often filled. Let us honor the memory of our fathers. They were men of whom the world was not worthy, and in some respects the former times were better than these times; for character cannot be purchased by money, and is frequently the product largely of environment. Struggle makes character, and our fathers were compelled to struggle, in order to lay the foundations on which we of the twentieth century are so proudly building. Yet, with all our backsliding, and heart-wanderings, and degeneracy, who so foolish as to want to exchange the present for the past, or the men of to-day for those of yesterday?

We have greatly improved in the matter of church financiering at some points, but have we not at other points deteriorated? The Jews gave their tenth, the early Christians gave more; do we do as well? The command of Jehovah, four hundred years before Christ, was "Bring ye all the tiths into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it." Ah! There is no provision there for a church supper, or an oyster stew, or a lunch, or for a fish-pond or grab-bag lottery. No provision for the Church merchandizing in ice cream to freeze you, or coffee to warm you, or pickles to sour you, or taffy to sweeten you. No "tailing the donkey," no sham marriage or euchre party, with a price for admission. Every offer of a saucer of ice cream, or a lady's fancy purse, or a comic church show in exchange for a contribution to Christ's kingdom is a deliberate discounting of Christ's cause. Such money-raising practically says: "The Church of Christ is not worth supporting; but it has got to be supported, so buy this thing, almost getting your money's worth, and we will turn over the profit to the Church." Or, it is equivalent to saying, "The Church is worth supporting, but we

don't give you credit for believing it, or for any willingness to help in its support, so we offer you something that will appeal to you." Such an appeal is

A TRAVESTY ON CHRIST'S CHARGE.

to his disciples, "Freely ye have received, freely give." One has properly asked, "What would be our estimate of Moses, if in the account of the building of the old tabernacle of the Hebrews, which cost a large sum of money, you should read something like the following: And Moses called unto him Bezaleel and Aholiab and saith unto them, 'Go to now, let us get up an entertainment, a grand festival with a manna supper and roast quails in abundance. We may also have games and music and dancing, or a kissing frolic. And let sundry beautiful damsels scour the neighboring country selling tickets, and by the payment of a shekel each, let the people vote as to the most beautiful woman in the village.' "

If it is right to raise money for church repairs by means of concerts or appeals to the eye or the stomach, why not right and expedient to raise money for the pastor and the missionary in the same way? Some one has suggested a paraphrase like the following of the preacher's announcement to his congregation as throwing some light on the subject: "The stewards will now serve ice cream to those whose hearts are moved in this congregation in behalf of the perishing souls in heathendom. The ice cream is of three flavors, of good quality, and two spoons are with each glass. Brethren and sisters, invest for the cause of missions. Think of the souls in danger of perdition, and take at least one glass apiece; two, if your own souls are greatly moved." Permit me to say that there is presumptive proof that the whole business of selling animals in the temple for sacrifice, and of changing money as a convenience to tribute payers, was done by the authorized collectors of religious offerings, and that the profits were a portion of the religious revenues of the temple establishment. The Master's vehemence, as with whip made of short, knotted ropes he beat the desecrators out of the temple and overturned the tables of the money-changers, was directed against a pernicious, enervating, reverence-destroying system of church finance, rather than against the individuals engaged in the desecration.

INDIRECT SUPPORT.

I know a church, and it is one of many scattered far and near. Ten years ago its financial management fell into the hands of a young layman and his wife, both most excellent and self-sacrificing persons, but, unconsciously perhaps, selfishly ambitious to run things. Through all these years, there had been a succession of suppers, festivals, concerts and all sorts of entertainments, for the purpose of raising money for that church.

Interest, pastor's salary, repairs, Sunday School supplies, etc., have appealed to that people through their ears and eyes, but principally through their stomachs. Nearly every financial effort gave rise to dissatisfaction on the part of some one. In almost every instance, some individual, or family, or class was offended. And while the village has increased three-fold in population, that church is neither numerically nor spiritually as strong as it was eight years ago, when the population was one-third what it is now. There may be other causes for its failure, but none I think so potential as the persistent attempt to do God's work in indirect, rather than in a direct way. And there is surely a difference here with a distinction. e

Now I speak from the standpoint of personal experience. For more than a dozen years of my early ministry, I followed the multitude in the matter of church suppers, festivals, excursions and paid entertainments; but, seeing the error of my ways, determined to set my face like flint against the whole brood. I came to the conclusion that, if properly presented to their intelligence and conscience, the people would give directly for church and benevolent work all that was necessary to be raised. Or, to reverse the proposition, that God's cause could get along without that which the people refused to give, or were unable to give directly, in response to a

DIRECT AND INTELLIGENT APPEAL.

And with one or two solitary exceptions I managed to influence my congregations and hold them to that theory. The result was less social friction, and more liberality, more intelligent consecration of individual resources to the work of the Master, larger church revenues, and incomparably greater spirituality among the members, followed by blessed revivals among the unsaved. And last, though not least, a greater reverence for God's house on the part of the young people—a consideration worth all the sacrifice required to secure it.

I may be asked, "How much ought our people to give?" I answer, there can be no hard and fast rule. There are those who, in view of health conditions, family, and limited income, should not give one-tenth of their incomes. With the masses, the tenth is a safe rule. There are many who should give two-tenths; yes, five-tenths. Others might even give all their income, and a part of their capital stock. Circumstances alter cases. While the "two mites," given by the poor widow out of her penury, was more than the rich gave into the Lord's treasury out of their abundance, and was commented upon by the Master, I do not understand him to commend the giving of all, but rather that he would condemn the "withholding of more than is meet" on the part of the rich. To "give

as the Lord hath prospered us" is our formula taken from the New Testament, and perhaps it is quite as good as any other.

Jacob's Bethel vow to give a tenth if the Lord would prosper him in the way, seemed much like a sharp bargain made with the Lord for the purpose of personal gain. But since the Lord ratified it by giving the prosperity, we may safely conclude that he is not averse to such vows. I know a man who, with his wife, said at their marriage, "Henceforth not less than one-tenth to the Lord's cause." And they kept their vow and were surprised again and again at the prosperity that came, enabling them to give hundreds and thousands, where they had expected to give through life only cents and dollars.

I was accustomed, prior to the year 1873, when Jay Cooke failed, and the whole country suffered, to point when attending church dedications to that financier and philanthropist as an example of systematic Christian liberality. Early in his business career, he had opened an O. P. J. account, which he explained as the "Old Patriarch Jacob Account," referring to his Bethel vow to give a tenth. After Cooke's failure, not a few of my friends came back to me with "Where now is your O. P. J. account?" I would answer, "Wait for the finish." When Jay Cooke had paid back in full to those creditors who held on to his securities, including ten per cent. interest on their holdings, I retorted on my friends by saying, "There is your O. P. J. account with interest!" It is still true that "the righteous are not forsaken, nor do their seed beg bread." Ten per cent. of the income of the millions of Christians in this country, on a careful estimate, would yield so enormous a revenue to the church annually, as to require the services of many more church officials than we now have on annual salaries of \$5,000 each and expenses paid, the sum total of whose duties would be just to give this money away.

We know of no better system of church financiering than the envelope system. We worked it long before it came into general use and in a more general and systematic way, twenty-five years ago, than it is worked even now by most of our churches. I like the plan of fifty-two envelopes, one for each Sunday of the year. Similar in its details is what is known as the "duplex envelope system" issued by a Richmond, Virginia, printing-house, and now in use in many churches. One end of the partitioned envelope is for the local church, including incidentals and pastor's salary, and the other end for related benevolences. I would modify the system somewhat, but follow the general plan. This system eliminates, in a measure, the necessity laid upon the pastor for dunning from the pulpit, beginning when his pastorate begins, and ending only when the pastorate ends, unless perchance death shall mercifully relieve him before. While the caution of the Master to "do not your alms to be seen of men," and "let not one hand know what the other does," is gen-

erally applied to our method of helping the poor, yet I question whether, on interrogation, the Savior would not have applied it with equal force to all kinds of religious, charitable and philanthropic giving. Certain it is that many of our methods for money-raising, especially at church dedications, are so ostentatious, so at variance with the spirit and character of the "meek and lowly One," so booming to the rich giver and such a boomerang to the poor giver, that we need to take heed to our ways.

We need to teach our people that giving is an act of worship, and that the daily toil that confers the ability to follow the Pauline method of giving, should be done in a worshipful spirit, whether it be farming, railroading, merchandising or housekeeping. "Whatsoever ye do, do it as unto the Lord." Then the blacksmith, as he hammers the glowing iron, will say, "At least a tenth of this product will, on Sunday next, go to enrich the treasury of my Lord." Paul wrote to the Corinthian church, "Now concerning the collection for the saints, as I have given order to the churches of Galatia, even so do ye. Upon the first day of the week, let every one of you" (that means men, women and children) "lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him, that there may be no gatherings when I come." It would be a strange paraphrase of the language to read it thus: "Let every one of you join in getting up an oyster supper, or charity ball, or a taffy pull, or a Boston baked beans dinner, or church theatricals, or any other thing that will raise money, only so that you have it all ready for me when I come," and further, "Oh my Corinthian brethren, if you can induce some of the Canaanitish descendents of the Hivites, the Hittites, or the Girgashites to buy some of the tickets, this will be clear gain, and will be greatly appreciated by your servant in the Lord."

When the members of any church, large or small, have given to their full ability and have done their utmost to induce gifts from other legitimate sources and still find their expenses not met, it is a fair presumption either that the expenses should be cut down, or a padlock be put on that church door.

As another has said, "Giving to the church a portion of what one earns in his daily work, as Paul surely did, is good in every way. To ask some one else to buy the product of that work, on the plea of helping the church, does not help the buyer as much as the church ought to help him in teaching him to give." A church may get money by selling peanuts, or taffy, or oysters, or pin-cushions, or teddy bears, but it is by that act squandering one of its finest opportunities. A church can hardly afford to lower its morals in order to raise money; better raise its morals, even if it lowers its cash balance. A church had better have high moral standards than a high steeple. There are church buildings still standing in America that were paid for with money secured by lotteries. This method

was long since outlawed everywhere, except in those churches where grab-bag and fish-pond festivals still prevail. And the church fair or social entertainment as a money-getter is passing even now, as the better way begins to appear more clearly to earnest Christians and devoted supporters of church work everywhere.

CHAPTER XLIII.

A Medley.

Typhoid; Surnamed, Judas Iscariot.

Queer isn't it to put in a chapter on so warm a subject. Why do I so surname this fever? Why that all who read may know, that I regard it as the embodiment of masculine treachery, feminine duplicity, and neuter-gender hypocrisy. I have never shirked duty for fear of contagious or infectious diseases, having baptized one afflicted with small-pox, and helped to nurse another suffering with cerebro spinal meningitis. Nor have I on the other hand coveted bodily affliction as a means of grace, nor with a desire to increase my sympathy and fellow-feeling for the afflicted, nor yet for the purpose of boasting of a checkered or varied experience as I mingle with those who by their own account have had every ailment to which human flesh is heir, and hence know to a certainty by actual experiment just what will cure each and all in the shortest possible time. I never could appreciate the feeling of that boy who cried to go to the circus, but if he could not do that, then "to have his tooth pulled or something." Nevertheless I have had my full share of sickness and sometimes they brought me apparently near to death. Where is the enterprising American lad that has not had measles, rash, whooping cough, chicken-pox, and—and—and if among the lewd little fellows of the baser sort, that unspeakable something that shows itself between the fingers and leads the sufferer to wish that he had been born an old cluck, that he might more effectively scratch. But what are these amusing incidents in a boy's life, compared with scarlet fever, catarrhal fever, pneumonia, bronchitis, grip, dyspepsia, and last but not least, typhoid fever? All of which in the language of Caesar, "I saw, and most of which I was." In my case the most can be changed to all. Life has been a constant fight to keep alive; and a large proportion of the children of Adam have had a like experience. Else how have Doctors all lived sumptuously, and the Druggists rode in chariots, and autos, and the patent medicine manufacturers become millionaires? Think of the great army of allopaths, homeopaths, osteopaths and Christian Scienceopaths.

The latter path I tried in the month of February 1908, arguing day after day that it was all in my mind, there is no pain no disease, I am well and will be well, etc., etc. How did it end? Worse even than that of the dear old lady whose horse ran away. She said, "I trusted in the Lord

till the britchen broke and then I didn't know what to do." When on my back "as flat as a flounder," after two weeks of walking typhoid and Christian Science self treatment self taught, I fell back on the old school theories of trusting in the Lord and in a skillful physician, a carefully trained nurse, the vigilance of my guardian angel wife, and the encouraging messages by mail, telegraph, telephone, and call at the door, of hundreds of as faithful friends as any man ever counted among his most precious jewels. It then took four weeks to get out of bed, and many more to get the strength that "runs through a troupe and leaps over a wall."

In addition to the calls that came, our house was for many days a conservatory of the most beautiful and fragrant flowers, sent or brought by many loving friends from near and from far. My wife's comment was significant, "Better far have the flowers when you can enjoy their beauty and sniff their fragrance than have them piled on your casket." to all of which I gave assent by means of a good old fashioned "amen!"

As I took my bed a few days prior to my 69th birthday, the physicians question was a natural one: "What are you doing with typhoid? It is a young peoples disease." I answered, "I will be sixty-nine years old in a few days and this is an evidence that I am entering my second childhood."

I am not of the number who say we get sick, God cures us, and we pay and praise the physician. Neither is to be counted out in the conflict, but the wise physician will do with the patient as Lyman Beecher advised his theological students at Lane Seminary to do with the sermon, viz: "Make thorough preparation and then let nater caper." He who thinks of medicine as an exact science has forgotten that there is but one exact science and that is the science of salvation, "For I know whom I have believed." The *Materia Medica* and the practice of medicine go hand in hand as a perpetual experiment. Think of the contrast between the treatment of fevers a half century ago and now. Then the theory was "feed a cold and starve a fever." Now it is reversed and every three hours the crooked glass tube, which if the outerlimb were as long as the one in the liquid food would be called a syphon, is thrust between the fever patients lips, if awake; and milk, malted milk, chicken broth, lamb broth, beef tea, or animal albumen nourishes the patient while the cold water, erst while so "fatal," is now encouraged in allopathic doses to act like a charm to flush the sewers, cool the blood, and exorcise the demon. I am not sure but that the Chinese practise of paying their physicians when the patients are well, and not paying them when sick is the correct one. The physician should be paid for keeping his patron well, just as the lawyer's fee should be the fattest when he succeeds in keeping his client out of law suits.

I would not be understood to scoff at Christian Science. It has in it an element of truth not to be despised. It emphasizes "Trust in God, in nature," and cheerfulness in all things much after the fashion of our heroic forefathers, and without doubt has effected marvelous cures of chronic diseases, through mental and affectional processes. In many places it leans hard toward the faith cure theory which is far more rational than the Eddy denial of the existence of disease, pain, death or even matter. Had she lived in Christ's time, would she have rebuked the Master for calling to his Apostolic College, "Luke, the beloved Physician?" We trow not. She of course would answer, "That ended Lukes practice of medicine and introduced him to Christian Science." And then what shall we answer.

No thoughtful person can read Mrs. Eddy's book, used unceasingly and everywhere as their Sabbath sermon commentary on the Scriptures, or attend their services, without a feeling of intense pity that so good a people should never hear a sermon wrought out and delivered by the living preacher, with all the variety incident to the preachers studious habits, and the development of his own fertile mind through contact with books and human experience, but must be resigned to accept the frequently unintelligible dogmas of *one* woman's understanding of the scriptures, and that understanding warped crooked by the study of a long since exploded philosophy of pagan origin.

And this intense pity for this never varying narrowness, will be further intensified when we remember that this sin of these parents will probably be visited upon the children even to the third and fourth generation. No matter who the preacher, nor when the sermon is preached, extracts from Mrs. Eddy's dogmatic teachings will constitute that sermon. The Eddy attempt to render unreal the things made most real by the Bible and by human experience, finds apt illustration in the answer of a lad met by a Christian Scientist with the question, "how is your father?" He answered: "He is very sick." "Ah you mean he *thinks* he is sick. Go home and tell him to think he is well, and he will be well." A few days thereafter they met again. "How is your father, now?" "He *thinks* he is well, but he is dead."

This was of a piece, of unintended sarcasm, with the irony of the man in the crowded theatre who arose and said if there is a Christian Scientist in the room will he or she or it please arise. A woman arose. The man responded I am in a draft here and would like to change seats with one who can't take cold."

The narrowness of their teaching is further apparent in the compila-

tion of their hymnal. It contains much that is highly meritorious, but is also crowded with nondescript poetry; if such much of it may properly be called, from obscure or little known authors, so destitute of the poetic fire that "warms the cockles of the heart," so metaphysical in the sense defined by the colored preacher, viz: "Ef ye hear a man talking bout what nobody understands and he don't understand hiself, dat am metaphysics," so lacking in inspiration toward repentance as a godly sorrow for sin, toward a faith in Jesus that brings the witness of the spirit, as to render the hymnal comparatively worthless to all except the narrowest bigot. We looked through it in vain to find the standard hymns from the masters of song that have "stood the test of the moving years." We do not remember now to have seen even one of Watts, or Bonar, or Dodridge, or Montgomery, or Heber or Newton, or Faber, or Zinzendorf, and but one from that sweetest and most prolific hymn-writer of them all, the immortal Charles Wesley.

It is evidently the chosen mission of Christian Science to take advantage of a partially back slidden condition in the churches, to convert backsliders from other denominations to a cult having but one idea and that so obscure as to be mysterious even to its teacher. When witnessing their services we have again and again asked ourselves the question, "how long would it require such a service to make a sinner sick of his sins, or cure one made sick and sorrowing elsewhere?" It is a proselyting cult.

But this chapter is much like somebody's lecture on "milk" who while he had a glass of the lactic fluid on the table before him, yet never mentioned his subject except to say at the beginning "I am to lecture on milk," and at the close "I have lectured on milk." Our departures are logical, for is not this an "omnium gatherum."

While flat with typhoid fever came the Annual Conference of 1908 held at York, Pennsylvania. For five years I had been a supernumerary Methodist preacher which means literally "one above the number necessary to do the work of the Methodist Church." It had been given to me at the Altoona Conference of 1903 without my asking but with my cordial consent on motion of the Conference boss I having given notice that if accepted, it must be on the principle on which the Irishman took his whiskey, viz.: "Unbeknownst to himself." I had the choice between it and an appointment which under other circumstances would have been entirely congenial to my feelings, but I remembered that a bishop for whom I had much respect had once said that fifty years ought to be the dead line in the Methodist itinerancy and I was hastening toward seventy. Of course this did not apply to the Bishops themselves which is an evidence either that their work is easier or that they are stronger men than the ordinary itinerant. But now at the Conference of 1908 having gradu-

ated as a supernumerary as had several other members and being about to matriculate as a "superannuate" or worn out preacher, I lay on my fever burned back and dictated the following letter:

*To the Bishop and Members of the Central Pennsylvania Conference.
In Conference assembled at York, Pa., March 18th, 1908.*

Dear Fathers and Brethren: I may not follow the Apostolic formula of "greeting with an holy kiss," since my present stock in trade is neither ethical nor esthetical, but rather they are unsanitary, illegal and contraband.

Whether this be one of my lucid periods, or one of my lurid, loony periods, the contents must determine.

For two long weeks, I had a guest *incognito*. He sat with me at my desk four hours a day, and rode with me in the saddle two hours a day. He sat with me at the table, layed with me in bed, and then at the end of two weeks flung me prone on my couch, and snarled "sleep if you can, I never sleep, my name is Typhoid." I answered, "Are you Judas Iscariot Typhoid, intent on drying my mouth, parching my throat and boiling my blood?" And he only grinned and snarled. My best wish for him is that when he gets through with me, he will go out and hang himself on a rope so slender and rotten that he may fall down and burst asunder.

Well, I am on my back and can see afar, though I am not enamored with compulsory devotion, but would prefer "by the *mercies* of God to present my body a living sacrifice, wholly acceptable unto God, which is but my reasonable service."

I am not anxious as to the outcome of this illness for I know that when my Father wants me, He will send for me, and His free transportation makes going easy.

I had anticipated great pleasure in being the guest again of my quarter century old friends, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Baker.

Also in reviving the memories of forty-five years ago, when on this same spot I vowed allegiance anew, to the old Bible, book of Methodist discipline, and to the old flag, which then waved everywhere North of the Mason and Dixon line.

Most of the men who then witnessed my allegiance have been called to the higher service. I think of Bishop Scott, Henry Slicer, Thomas B. Sargent, James Brown, James Brades, George Hildt, McKendree and Asbury Reily, Acquilla and Thomas M. Reese, George and John Guyer, Thompson B. Mitchell, Benjamin B. Hamlin and Jacob L. McMurray—translated all.

I had also anticipated a revival of the memories of the Eighties, when as their pastor these loyal Methodist laymen in three years paid

an eight thousand dollar debt on one church, a three thousand dollar debt on another church, and built and paid for both Epworth and Ridge Avenue churches, and held far-reaching revivals.

I have reached the limit of the supernumerary and must take something else. I would like to be made a Bishop, but since I could not be as good a one as Luther B. Wilson, now presiding over your deliberations, ambition dies.

Make me a superannuate with optional service, till called to the higher.

With much love to the brethren I end this exhaustive and exhausting epistle.

S. C. SWALLOW.

After conference, returning ministerial brethern honored me with their calls, to see how the invalid was convalescing, and on my inquiry reported that my letter so far as they knew had not been read to the Conference. This I could not account for as I mailed it to Bishop Wilson so as to reach him on the first day of the session.

There were various suggestions as to why it had not been read such as: 1st. "Possibly it miscarried." 2nd. "The well known modesty of the Bishop may have deterred him from having read a letter so complimentary to himself." 3rd. "The Bishop's Cabinet may have decided that a comparison between the letter and much of the cabinet and conference talk might from the standpoint of the "lucid" and "luny" be unfavorable to the latter, and hence suppressed the dangerous document." 4th. "Baltimore was the Bishop's home Conference. It is the monumental city. More graves of early Methodists there than in any other city on the continent. This may have rendered the Bishop of too great gravity to submit a letter to the conference having in it a slight tinge of the humorous." 5th. "It may have fallen into the hands of the Conference overseer who if custodian of the Bishop's mail, may in his wisdom have thought it best not to have such a letter presented to the Conference, and may have pushed it back till too late to be read." All these however were mere guesses to be dissipated in due time by the receipt of the following most kindly letter from the Bishop himself fully explaining the situation.

1008 Madison Ave., BALTIMORE, MD., March 27, 1908.

The Rev. S. C. Swallow, D.D., Harrisburg, Pa.

My dear Doctor: Upon reaching Baltimore, where I am stopping for a day or two, I found your communication, addressed to the Conference, among mail which in some way escaped my attention and was not opened while at York. I beg to assure you of my deep regret at

this circumstance, as it would have been my pleasure to present your communication to the Conference, had I seen it. I can only account for my failure to see and open the mail, upon the supposition that it was handed to me at a time when I was under special pressure, and was for a moment laid aside. Permit me to express my pleasure at your measurable recovery from your recent illness.

Trusting that the days may bring to you increased strength, I remain,

Very truly your Brother,

L. B. WILSON.

A Little Joke.

The following is clipped from the Peoples Magazine. The ironical argument offered in "defense" of the liquor traffic—lost the decision and was glad of it.—How the Doctor swapped hobbies.

At a school exhibition recently, Dr. S. C. Swallow, as briefly noted in The People last week, was asked by the teacher to take the negative on the following question: "Resolved, That absolute Prohibition would benefit our nation." No one being found brave enough to champion the liquor sellers side in the argument, Dr. Swallow consented, and a newspaper man noted the following among the Doctor's arguments:

"A minister visiting a ward in an insane asylum where he trotted out his anti-tobacco hobby was asked by an inmate whether he knew the difference between riding a horse and riding a hobby. Answering that he did not, the inmate replied, "A man who rides a horse can get off but one who rides a hobby never can get off." I am asked not only to do the impossible of dismounting from the Prohibition hobby after 40 years of continuous riding at a gallop, and, at a time when my hobby has grown into a war horse speeding victoriously through the nation. But I am asked to trade him for a pesky whisky mule, sans ears, sans tail, crippled in all fours, and able to do nothing but bray. And this is to be my hobby to-night.

I want you Prohibition cranks to show how the 250,000 liquor dealers and their employes are to get a living if Prohibition prevails. Do you propose to take the bread out of the mouths of their wives and children? Do you propose to compel them by law to give up their breweries, distilleries, and beer wagons, and send these splendid horses to the farm? It looks to me as though you would be mean enough to take the burglar's revolvers, jimmies and skeleton keys from him if you caught him, and thus deprive him of the tools with which he makes his living. And if Prohibition prevails, what is to become of the 3,000 judges and their \$8,000,000 of salaries. Half their time is spent in granting licenses and trying cases growing out of it? It would only require half the number of judges. Would you deprive the other half of a means of livelihood?

And think of the army of mayors, burgesses, aldermen, constables and policemen who spend most of their time in, and get most of their salaries for, catching and punishing common drunks. Do you want to impoverish them? Have you no feeling of sympathy for the sheriffs who imprison and hang these drunks when they commit crime? Do you propose to take their jobs from them? And the undertaker and grave diggers and tombstone makers who furnish the coffins and shrouds, and dig the graves and cut the marble for the 100,000 drunks that you say die annually, have they no rights that Prohibitionists are bound to respect?

And what right has the government to interfere with man's personal liberty? If he chooses to sell or drink milk which the milk man has watered, milk taken from the udder of a tuberculous cow, or if he chooses to eat her flesh, whose business is it? What right has the government to interfere with druggists selling arsenic or strychnine? I see the railroads and trolley lines are getting into this prohibition business. They have signs, big ones, printed in large letters and stuck up in their cars, "Spitting Prohibited," as though a man has no right to use his own mouth, no right to spit when and where he pleases. These meddlesome railroads evidently have not heard that "Prohibition don't prohibit," and that there is a lot more spitting done where it is prohibited than where spitting is unrestricted. They ought to understand better that peculiarity of human nature which irresistibly prompts a man to do what he is forbidden to do. The Reading Railroad Company recently discharged 30 men because they drank beer when off duty, and other railroads are doing the same. Do these railroads suppose that they can coerce men? Or make them moral by discharging them?

Is not the example of Mr. Roosevelt a noble one? At St. Louis he drank his glass empty. What a beautiful example he set to the soldiers and sailors of manly independence, so unlike these railroad and express and life insurance presidents who attempt to make men moral by law. What an inspiration is the President of this great Republic to the youth of our land to defy these exacting employers and drink what they please and when they please. And what a rebuke he administered to meddlesome ministers when in writing to Mrs. Storer how much he would love to exalt the Catholics to office, he takes occasion to rebuke "Those fool Methodist preachers who wish to abolish the army canteen."

You cranks think you are going to mop up the earth with the liquor men, but you must remember that they can raise millions to your tens, with which to buy legislators and judges and mayors. They raised \$5,000 in Philadelphia alone with which to buy 20 columns of a Philadelphia paper to show up one of your cranks in the gubernatorial fight a year ago, and hired a man to make an oath to a statement they wrote. And they control the courts. If the worst comes to the worst, they know how to

use firearms and dynamite bombs. Remember the fate of Haddock and take timely warning.

Don't imagine that "the holier than thou crowd are invulnerable to the blandishments of the liquor sellers' gold." did they not, in connection with the state thieves fully six years ago, buy one of your number, a preacher, a Methodist preacher, a Prohibition preacher, to turn his batteries on the Prohibitionists, and bring charges against one of your number, and has he not been employed on Capitol Hill ever since at \$1,800 a year? So you see that Prohibitionists can be bought, and your forces can be divided.

Absolute Prohibition a benefit? Who will it benefit? Well, you haven't got it yet. You may get local option as a compromise measure possibly, and then get beaten at the polls. Some of you cranks will get hurt if you don't let up on this crusade. You preachers won't get all your salaries and you politicians will lose the liquor vote, but if you let up you will get both the liquor and the church vote, for churchmen stick to their party always.

The Doctor lost the decision and suavely remarked to the crowd: "If it had gone in my favor, I could not have slept for a week."

A Row of Houses, and How I Got Them.

The following editorial that appeared in the October number, 1906, of the Church Forum explains itself.

Editor of the Carlisle Pointer:

My dear Sir: I observe in closing an editorial, criticising my opposition to the endorsement of Lewis Emery by the Prohibition party, because of his now well known relation to the liquor traffic, you make a personal request of me to tell the public how I became the owner of a row of houses. Of course the insinuation is, that it was by some dishonest method. It is an assertion by innuendo, which the editor lacks the courage to make direct.

If I am possessed of anything that does not legally and morally belong to me, I am not aware of it, and if you or any of your readers over their proper signatures, will point out such belongings, I assure you it will be my highest pleasure if in my power, to emulate the example of the little fellow who climbed into the sycamore tree nearly two centuries ago, only to come down as the entertainer of the King of kings and Lord of Lords, and will endeavor, as did he, to "restore four fold."

I once had an opportunity to "get something for nothing," save the sacrifice of my self respect, the searing of my conscience, and the degradation of my character but did not.

I recognize your question as a legitimate one concerning any man,

since each is "his brother's keeper," but especially is it pertinent as related to one in the lime light of public life. As there is nothing hidden from God, and as nothing can finally be hidden from each other, when the books of the general judgment are opened before the intelligences of an assembled universe, so nothing of importance even in the private life of the individual should be withheld from any who by such knowledge would be helped in the arduous struggle of life. And inasmuch as my private life is made up of habits which by their reflex influence determine my character, with which my neighbors must come in contact, and be influenced thereby for good or evil, they have a right to know everything about me, except my snoring when asleep, for which I am not responsible. All rules as to keeping one's mouth shut in sleep to the contrary notwithstanding.

There are at least three dangers as my friend Lewis Emery has learned in making a confessional of the public prints. The first is, the danger of being branded an egotist. Another is the emphasizing of our little sins as a cover to larger ones. And the third is the danger of failing to get, as the result of our confessions either priestly or lay absolution, while we live, or extreme unction when we die. Of course Mr. Emery and I may be exceptions to the rule.

And now as it may be helpful to some young couples, who have an ambition to "own a row of houses," to know in detail the *modus operandi*, I will proceed, after confessing that from boyhood I have had an inherited weakness for real estate, though it has never reached a mania in my case, but it has been for me a diversion. Bishops Simpson and Ames were once the Sunday afternoon guests of a layman, of whom Bishop Ames asked the price of real estate in these parts. Bishop Simpson interjected, "Tut, tut, Bishop Ames! Have you forgotten that this is the Lord's day?" "Oh, no," responded Bishop Ames, "but the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof." "

Suffice it to say that when this Swallow made his quarterly flights to the nest of a distant Robin, whose Christian name was, and still is Rebecca Louise, though her last name has been that of the chimney bird since January 30, 1866, she was very properly warned by some of her girl friends and others, that marriage to a preacher getting but three hundred dollars a year salary, meant want, sorrow, tears, social circumscription and an old age of dependence on the conference collection. "Your inheritance will be a string of black, shiny old coats and your fate to "bite and cry." We agreed at the start that we would first pay the debt incurred in securing an education for the ministry. Second, that we would give at least a tenth of our income yearly to benevolence. This we have done for forty years; and third, we would save something every year

for a "rainy day," and avoid if possible, becoming beneficiary on the conference collections.

At church dedications, as presiding elder, I frequently held up the example of Jay Cooke, who opened early an old Patriarch Jacob account, referring to his giving a tenth. When Cooke failed and the country was submerged in a great financial convulsion, some of my friends laughed, saying, "Now where is your O. P. J. account. But when he paid principal and ten per cent. interest to those creditors who kept their confidence and securities, I laughed best by laughing last. Retorting there is my O. P. J. account. That Jacob and Jay found by experience we have found, viz: That it pays to pay.

The first year after marriage the salary was \$600.00, showing that the wife was worth to the work at the start, as much as the husband had climbed to in four years, his first year's allowance having been but \$100.00, and the old intinerant rule of celibacy having been strictly observed, till in the work at least four years. Permit me a la Mr. Emery to drag my wife in once more, for she has been a good giver, because a good saver, and to her belongs the lion's share of the credit for any success I have had in this, or any other department of life. How little of the much deserved praise is accorded to the faithful wives of the country.

It was my theory from the start that the best possible recreation is a change of work. Hence for thirty years I went from revival, pastoral and pulpit work, to church and parsonage building and collecting money for relieving from debt the churches I happened to be serving. When this was unnecessary, I sometimes instead of going to the mountains or sea shore for summer vacation, bought a patch of ground in some growing town, and donning a pair of overalls, superintended as big a force of men as I could secure in building a house or several of them. At the end of two weeks' vacation I invariably went back to my pulpit bronzed and brawny, and with an invigorated appetite for study, food, sleep and work. I thus laid the foundations, I trust, not for life's luxuries, but for a competence "in the sear and yellow leaf." And this is how I got the row of houses.

I have, through the years been profoundly thankful that when no daily paper would espouse the cause of reform in State politics nine years ago, I was possessor of a few thousands with which, aided by a few friends who believed in the justice of our cause, we started and continued the Daily Commonwealth until other dailies came into line.

Thankful also that I was financially equipped for an expensive suit with the thieves in court. And while my hundreds would not have been a match for their thousands and a convenient State Treasury; yet truth with a little money once more demonstrated its power over lies backed by millions.

Now if there be anything else you, Mr. Editor; or any of your friends and neighbors wish to know about my business; private or public financial, political or religious, in the home, the office, the family or the skeleton closet, don't be backward in asking; as since Mr. Emery is not endorsed by the Prohibitionists, I have plenty of time to answer conundrums, solve problems, work out puzzles, decipher riddles and otherwise entertain and amuse my friends.

And now Brother Pointer, next time put a point on your pointer, so that your interesting paper may not be styled "The Carlisle Pointless Pointer."

P. S.—Perhaps I should further state that inasmuch as all the houses in that row have not been sold, nor the profits and losses balanced, I am not quite sure whether it belongs to me or to the sheriff.

But what matters it after all whether the row of houses belongs to me or my creditors, provided they are amply protected, for did not our Scotch Bobbie sing:

"What tho' on homely fare we dine,
Wear hodden graw and a' that?
Gie fools their silks and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that."

Yours fraternally,

S. C. SWALLOW.

Swallow Street to Brandy Patch.

In the June-tide of a late year in last century (My! my, but that sounds antiquated) wife and self had attended a reunion of the Amphictyon Society, of Wyoming Seminary, and then with a two-horse load of Wyoming Valley relatives started for a day's trip through Dorranceton, and the classical Forty Fort, to Wyoming Monument, beneath which rests the bones of relatives on one side and possibly on both sides. Thence to West Pittston, past the old farm on which I had taken my first lessons in plowing, mowing, harvesting and sowing, yes and in the shaking ague, followed by the burning fever; none of your ordinary malaria or dumb ague, but the speaking kind that rattles the teeth and causes the bones to grumble savagely an inarticulate call first for fire and then for water to quench it. Thence through West Pittston across the bridge to Pittston and down through the town. Calling to an Irish lad on the curb, I asked for the street that would take us east to Yatesville. "Sure sir, ye jist take that strate right thar at yir left hand." "What street is that?" I ventured. "That sir is Swalle strate and it leads to brandy patch and jist beyont is Yatesville." The laugh was on the driver, but I rallied enough to answer that "Swallow Street never led to brandy patch," but remembered that an uncle had owned a farm on which a part of Pittston was built, and acknowledged the soft impeachment. We found Yates-

ville, but the dear old English "Uncle Francis Yates" whose prayers and exhortations had so often made mellow my boyish heart in the old red school house, sixty years ago, had long since fallen on sleep. We dropped a tear over present memories of past associations and hastened down to the village of Lafflin where in the weather worn farm house near, my infant eyes first saw the light. We drank out of the old spring, now nearly dried by coal excavations, lunched on the old lawn, fed our horses in the old barn where we first learned to "help do the chores," looked around for some one I knew, or knew me, or knew my father, or my grand-father or my uncle or my rover dog of the long ago, but could find not one. And feeling doubtless as did Irwin's Rip Van Winkle after his return from a twenty years' sleep sadly inquiring "does no one know poor old Rip Van Winkle," we turned our horses heads toward the morning start content to never again look upon the unseen graves of those "long dead but not forgot." We drove Wilkes-Barre ward, all silent for a time, but feeling perhaps with Longfellow in his "God's Acre."

"Into its furrows shall we all be cast,
In the sure faith that we shall rise again;
At the great harvest when the archangles blast,
Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain."

A Swelled Head and a Shrunkn Pocket.

The author had an uncomfortable experience in November, 1904. The wife was not in health, and the sea-side was recommended. By previous engagement we stopped off in Philadelphia to address the National Women's Christian Temperance Union, then holding its sessions in Dr. Conwell's Temple. As we came down from the crowded platform to the equally crowded audience, fair hands were stretched toward us from every side with verbal assurances of support given me in the presidential campaign but recently closed. Delegates from states where women vote were especially demonstrative, and kept both my hands busy in friendly grasps, while men and women crowded so closely around me as to render it almost impossible to move a short step in any direction. Presently there was a tug at what the Texan would call his pistol pocket located in the region of the Sacrosciatic ligament, or to be better understood by future pick pockets, midway between the hip and spine. Here I carried my pocket-book containing nearly \$150 in money, railroad tickets, and memoranda of value to me but to no other. That "tug" was successful to the he, she, or it who had made it. I was conscious of having been relieved of something, but could not turn my body or even get either hand to my pocket that had been surreptitiously emptied. But while my pocket was relieved my feelings were far from being relieved, and yet I made no outcry for I instantly recognized not the thief, but the fact that

newspaperdom would never tire of poking jibes at the man who had ridden the water wagon for forty years, ran for Governor on a single plank platform, viz: "Thou shalt not steal," and then had his pocket picked in a cold water convention made up largely of women. The situation was altogether too grotesque to brave the satire of the fun loving reporter. I did not tell my invalid wife lest she would be troubled. My first revelation was months after at the dinner table of a W. C. T. U. magnate at Glyndon Park near Baltimore. She informed me that the thief was probably a woman who had followed these conventions for several years, not a member of the organization nor known to any of its officers. They



A Swelled Head and a Shrunkn Pocket.

had suspected her of taking the purses of members but could not prove it. A check given by me at the Continental Hotel paid my bill there, and secured me enough change to pursue our journey to the seaside.

Moral 1. Don't carry so much money.

2. Don't carry it in your hip pocket.

3. Don't get the swelled head when the ladies smile, lest you get a shrunkn pocket that lasts long after the smiles have evaporated.

4. If you do get the swelled head, nothing so instantly relieves it, as to get your pocket relieved of all your money, especially if you are a hundred miles from home.

Digging a Grave for Cough or Coffin.

The summer and autumn of 1905 were spent in addresses before Chautauqua gatherings in the middle west, many of them conducted by the Prohibition party, and emphasizing the great reform as indispensable to national perpetuity. I became overheated in speaking in a great canvass tabernacle at Moundville in West Virginia and too suddenly cooled in riding in a summer trolley car twelve miles to Wheeling; and though I went on, doing my work in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Iowa, yet the close of the season returned me to my Harrisburg home with a cough which the physicians strove in vain to relieve, and then advised



Crest Nest.

me to go to Southern California, or to Colorado. In answer to my wife's suggestion that I "must go away," after a midnight paroxysm of coughing, I replied "I go to-morrow." So I took Greeley's advice and went West—three miles—to Camp Hill, bought a lot of ground and hiring men and carts became a hand with them, on the advice given his invalid guests by the venerable Dr. James Jackson at his Sanitorium at Dansville in Livingston County in New York; in a lecture to which we had listened in 1874, viz: "For any pulmonary trouble there is nothing better than digging in the ground," "But suppose the cough continues,"

was suggested by one of the hearers. "Well, continue to dig," was the reply, you will thus make a grave either for your cough or for your coffin." So we digged for street widening, grading, and cellar excavating, and though the wind at times threatened to blow the clothes off of me, yet I digged and in two months I had buried my cough.

Then came the building of the house. It was to be a cheap one, but then including churches, parsonages, and houses built for sale, I had experimented on over thirty buildings in as many years and now felt an ambition to build a model, and I modeled the model over an old dutch farm house modified by the architect, a broad central hall and rooms on either side, up stairs and down; the stairs going up from the side with 6 inch risers and 12 inch treads instead of from the front, and that describes it. In modern phrase it is called a C-o-l-o-n-i-a-l.

"But what's in a name? That which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet."

The liquor men and rum subsidized politicians however sought to make this house "smell rank to Heaven," as built with money furnished by the Standard Oil Company, or Bois Penrose or, or, or, or, somewhat not honest but gave up the scent when they learned how easy it was to make fools of themselves, and liars as well. Howbeit the most active agents in circulating the lie were a few Methodist preachers, and a handful of disgruntled prohibs, who wanted Emory elected because he had one foot on a local option platform. They took no note of the other dancing on a plank equalizing the church and the brewery.

ACRES VS. THREE FEET AND SIX.

And now a few acres of soil are mine for a short time only, when a lot 3 feet wide by 6 feet long will suffice. I claim the sub-soil of my little ranch four thousand miles deep and the country above it to the North line of the third Heaven provided I can work both, for a man is entitled only to what he can improve or improve for. The ranch I call "Crest Farm" just three minutes gallop for Dick, or ten minutes walk from "Crest Nest." It sort of feels good to get back to the growing crops, from which I gladly escaped fifty years ago, and I live in wonder at ones change of mind or of taste. But then some one has truthfully said, "Nature never stands still nor souls either." They ever go up or down" and Tennyson sang:

"Not in vain the distance beacons,
Forward, forward let us range,
Let the great world spin forever, down
The ringing grooves of change."

While the most of my farming personally considered is done from the top rail of the fence, or from Dick's back, yet betimes I delight to handle the plow, the shovel and the hoe, and even the old-time scythe and

the old time rake, not always refusing the new style muck rake when used in the interest of public morals; and as I work to sing the boyhood song:

"The farmers life's the life for me,
I own I love it dearly,
And every season full of glee
I take its labors cheerly.
To plow or sow,
To reap or mow,
Or in the barn to thresh sir;
All's one to me,
I plainly see.
'Twill bring me health and cash sir."

The health is more apparent than the cash, though my turnips have not yet cost me like Beecher's "ten cents a piece." And yet it is better than a lawyer's or doctor's fate for the same musical author of long ago sang:

"The lawyer leads a harrassed life
Much like the hunted otter,
And twix his own and others strife,
He's always in hot water."

While with the doctor,

"Like death itself
Unhappy elf,
He lives by others dying."

Scott's Ivanhoe does not allow even the preacher to escape the charge of shaming. He says:

"All live by seeming.
"The beggar begs with it, and the gay courier
Gains land and title, rank and rule, by seeming;
The *Clergy* scorn it not, and the bold soldier,
Will eke with it his service.—All admit it,
All practice it; and he who is content
With showing what he is, shall have small credit,
In church, or camp, or state,—so wags the world."

Happy the man, whatever his vocation or avocation, who with brim-full eyes or sunny smile can set the stroke of his oar on life's up-stream pull to the glad refrain.

"Id' rather be the least of them
Who are the Lord's alone;
Than wear a royal diadem
And sit upon a throne."

BUSY, BUSY.

Oh yes, I am kept busy sixteen hours a day. Always have been busy and always expect to be in this life and in the next. In fact I have never been so busy as during 1907-08. Up at six or before, two to three hours of manual labor for exercise, an hour for correspondence, five hours on my book, one hour for callers and calling, an hour for church work and worship, an hour and a half for meals, three hours for reading books and periodicals, two hours for interruptions, and then retire at nine when I can without being considered rude. Then there comes in the Sunday public service as a supply for the needy. Take one or two months as a sample. Teaching a bible class nearly every Sunday. Sermon at Ridge Avenue, Epworth, Curtin Heights, New Cumberland, Fairview and Camp Hill Methodist Churches. Address at P. R. R. Y. M. C. A., three days at National Prohibition convention and three at Saratoga International Congress, address at reception of new pastor at the Christian church, address before Loyal Legion at Sunbury, presiding at fire protection meeting at Camp Hill, Rally Day address at Highspire United Brethren Church, address to men at Tabernacle Baptist Church, to say nothing of two weddings and two funerals, a dedication and the preparation of an article for the Christian Herald. I draw the line if possible on distant traveling. Have had a surfeit of it. It makes me sick in other ways than home-sick. The best part of travel is coming home.

"Home! home! sweet, sweet home!

Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

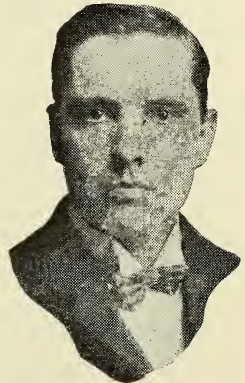
SOME LINES.

(Written on hearing that Dr. S. C. Swallow was writing a book.)

B. F. M. SOURS, *Mechanicsburg, Pa.*

I see an agile pen now writing
 Sharp snatches of the years.
 Life has been full of jar and battle,
 Of gladness and of tears.
 Son of a farmer—birds a 'twitter
 Told when the day was nigh—
 He grew among the yellow pumpkins,
 And neath the holy sky.

His young heart there, in years long vanished,
 Bowed humbly to its God,
 And found the rapture of the angels
 Among the golden-rod.
 And "boarding 'round," in old time fashion,
 A 'teaching school he went;
 Law student,—gay amongst the robins—
 So were the young days spent.



B. F. M. Sours

But when the Father called to duty—
 The Christian ministry—
 He answered by life's full surrender;
 God's should the future be.
 Next, from the pastorate, fruit laden,
 The Book Room claimed his care;
 Trade and Reform united ever
 His heart and thought and prayer.

O editor, with heart as iron,
 Who in the struggle stood!—
 O editor, with pen all dripping
 With your courageous blood!—
 Truth was the rule of all your writing,
 Heart gentle as a child,
 Strong in its tendernesses always,
 And strong for battle wild!

State thieves were looting in the darkness.
 As when the strong blasts fall,
 Of hurricane, when all is slumber,
 Came there a clarion call;
 Then was the clash of battle-royal
 With the Philistine host—
 We stared!—who dared engage their frenzy?
 Swallow was at his post!

There stood the monarch-hearted hero,
 As at Thermopolae
 Stood old Leonides, in glory—
 Ready to win or die!—
 Never in all of human battle
 Was there a fouler foe:
 Never did hate in madder passion
 Seek a man's overthrow.

In travesty of justice, surely,
 Came there a verdict wrong.
 Then, like a sleeping lion, waking,
 Full aged, and sure, and strong,
 We heard the bones crunched in his triumph—
 There was no verdict then.
 Right scorned the blunders of the jury,
 And held the field again.

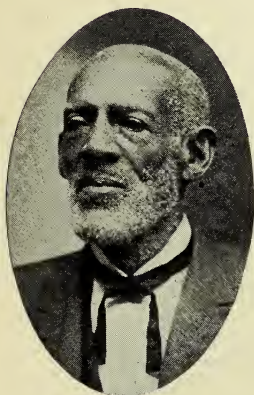
The flying foe hissed brimstone—truly
He showed his habitat!
 There is no breath, like that, in Heaven,—
 And none on earth like that!

O Prohibition soldier, hear them!
 Hear the loud, long encores:
 Peal after peal the mighty plaudit
 Sweeps from the distant shores!

For Treasurer of State we ran him,
 And then for Governor,
 And then for President—the highest
 Is far too humble for
 God's nobleman. A king in conquest,
 The monarch of himself—
 A man, above life's pride and passion,
 And just for power and pelf.

Threescore-and-ten to him no tremor
 Bring from the farther shore.
 HE WRITES A BOOK!—'tis full of story,
 Nor are his battles o'er.
 Back to the farm!—O joy of living
 Amongst the birds and flowers!
 God bless him!—till his mantle, falling,
 Shall clothe these hearts of ours!

UNCLE ISAAC.



Uncle Issac France.

Allow me to introduce my friend and fellow townsman, Uncle Isaac France. Tall, gaunt, wabbly from age, and slightly sun-burned from heredity; his forefathers having lived long where the sun was so hot that it scorched the skin and kinked the hair. But Uncle Isaac is white inside, which is more than can be truthfully said of some who are very white outside. He kept us warm as fireman at our Harrisburg Publication house, and some times makes it hot for people who vote as they pray, viz: "With their eyes shut."

I highly prize his all too infrequent visits to the porch of our summer home where we swap songs and stories, riddles, reminiscences, and recitations. I can beat him in memory when applied to facts, thoughts of authors etc., clothed in my own language, but he "takes the cake," with a "walk over," when it comes to reciting the exact language of the poet or other author. Oh it is true I can repeat some scripture, such for instance as "The days of our years are three score and ten, and if by reason of strength they be four score, yet is their strength labor and sorrow; for it is soon cut off and we fly away," etc. And a few more; but as old Mr. Marcy

answered when asked in class meeting while waiting for his wife; "what has the Lord done for you my aged friend?" "Oh nothing to brag on." So my memory is nothing to brag on. The psalms and hymns that have sung themselves into my soul are numerous and every day sing themselves out again. But Uncle Isaac has a memory like the proverbial "tar barrel." Every thing that touches sticks. It is a joy to hear that basso voice rendering the classical utterances of Tennyson, Longfellow, Whitcomb Riley, and William Cullen Bryant, with an emphasis and just interpretation of the author's soul that would do credit to the most cultured elocutionist without the latter's surfacy stage setting. One over which we have both shed tears more than once as I thought of my old mill creek yonder in classical, "Wyomings Vale," where sixty years ago, I swam, or fished with pin hook and red worm, he thinking meanwhile of his Maryland brook on whose banks his father wrought to earn money with which to buy the freedom of little Isaac and his mother, is "Bryant's Rivulet. And here it goes:

THE RIVULET.

This little rill that, from the springs
Of yonder grove; its current brings,
Plays on the slope awhile, and then
Goes prattling into groves again,
Oft to its warbling waters drew
My little feet, when life was new.
When woods in early green were dressed,
And from the chambers of the west
The warmer breezes travelling out,
Breathed the new scent of flowers about,
My truant steps from home would stray,
Upon its grassy side to play,
List the brown thrasher's verbal hymn,
And crop the violet on its brim,
With blooming cheek and open brow,
As young and gay, sweet rill, as thou.

And when the days of boyhood came,
And I had grown in love with fame,
Duly I sought the banks, and tried
My first rude numbers by thy side.
Words cannot tell how bright and gay
The scenes of life before me lay.
Then glorious hopes, that now to speak
Would bring the blood into my cheek,
Passed o'er me; and I wrote, on high,
A name I deemed should never die.

Years change thee not. Upon yon hill
The tall old maples, verdant still,

Yet tell in grandeur of decay,
How swift the years have passed away,
Since first a child, and half afraid,
I wandered in the forest shade.
Thou, ever joyous rivulet,
Dost dimple, leap and prattle yet;
And sporting with the sands that pave
The windings of thy silver wave,
And dancing to thy own wild chime,
Thou laughest at the lapse of time.
The same sweet sounds are in my ear
My early childhood loved to hear;
As pure thy limpid waters run,
As bright they sparkle to the sun;
As fresh and thick the bending ranks
Of herbs that line the oozy banks;
The violet there, in soft May dew,
Comes up, as modest and as blue;
As green amid thy current's stress,
Floats the scarce-rooted watercress;
And the brown ground-bird, in thy glen,
Still chirps as merrily as then.

Thou changest not—but I am changed,
Since first thy pleasant banks I ranged;
And the grave stranger came to see
The play-place of his infancy,
Has scarce a single trace of him
Who sported once upon thy brim.
The visions of my youth are past—
Too bright, too beautiful to last.
I've tried the world—it wears no more
The coloring of romance once it wore.
Yet well has nature kept the truth
She promised to my earliest youth.
The radiant beauty, shed abroad
On all the glorious works of God,
Shows freshly, to my sobered eye,
Each charm it wore in days gone by,

A few brief years shall pass away,
And I, all trembling, weak, and gray,
Bowed to the earth, which waits to fold
My ashes in the embracing mould
(If haply the dark will of fate
Indulge my life so long a date).
May come for the last time to look
Upon my childhood's favorite brook.
Then dimly on my eye shall gleam
The sparkle of thy dancing stream;
And faintly on my ear shall fall

III SCORE & X

Thy prattling current's merry call;
 Yet shalt thou flow as glad and bright
 As when thou met'st my infant sight.

And I shall sleep—and on thy side,
 As ages after ages glide,
 Children their early sports shall try,
 And pass to hoary age and die.
 But thou, unchanged from year to year,
 Gayly shalt play and glitter here;
 Amid young flowers and tender grass
 Thy endless infancy shalt pass;
 And, singing down the narrow glen,
 Shalt mock the fading race of men.

And then he swings naturally into "life's story," so tersely but graphically descriptive of, and well adapted to my III Score & X. Hear him:

I stood upon the old bridge and watched the river flow.
 As daylight beams were fading fast, the evening sun was low;
 My memory reviewed the past, its pleasures and its pains.
 And in my lonely reverie, I lived life o'er again.

Life's book of recollections lay open to my gaze,
 I dwelt amidst the early scenes of childhood's happy days:
 I saw the school and playground, too, the haunts of former years.
 And as my mind recalled the past it brought back joy and tears.

I saw the dear old homestead, but it no welcome gave,
 For those I loved and cherished lay silent in the grave;
 No more the faithful house-dog lies basking on the lawn:
 He, like the dear, dear loved ones, now long since dead and gone.

Just a little infant, just a little child,
 Just a few fast fleeting years, then a boy so wild;
 Now he reaches manhood, next comes on old age;
 Thus you have the story from the cradle to the grave.

Just a little sunshine, just a little rain;
 Just a little happiness, just a little pain;
 Just a little poverty, just a little gold.
 Then the great eventful tale of life is told.

Uncle Isaac is toothless but always toothsome. He is full of grit and grace but never gruesome. And yet a tear one day glistened in his eye as remembering the indignities heaped upon his race for no other cause than color he asked: "Do you think we'll be black up yonder?" To which there is but one answer: "We shall be like Him for we shall see him as he is." It matters little whether we be black or white, red

or blue, sandy blond or brunette; ring streaked, spotted or speckled, if only we be "like Him." Travel on foot-sore old pilgrim! ye shall be both a "king and a priest forever," for you shall be "like Him. Not as the artists have mistakenly painted Him with beautifully smooth features and physically commanding presence, but possibly with plebeian or insignificant feature, rendering the kiss of a Judas necessary to distinguish Him from a dozen fishermen. Ah, He was the man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. "He was a root out of dry ground, without form or comeliness and when men *saw* Him there was no beauty in Him that they should desire him. That is, no beauty to the natural eye. But there was and is an inward beauty that renders Him "the one altogether lovely and the chief among the ten thousand." Let the black man, the red man, the deformed, the plebeian featured, the outwardly repulsive, take courage in the thought that within ye may be like him. "The lovely one."

Christ the Cure of Public Ills.

By request of the Harrisburg Ministerial Association, made up of all denominations, the following paper was prepared, and read before that body by the author during the preparation of "III Score and X."

1. Who was and is Jesus Christ?
2. What are some of the public ills that need a cure?
3. How? and when? shall the cure be effected?

On the mother's side Jesus was the son of a poor but pious woman, so obedient to the divine behest, that she was willing to take the risk of being stoned to death for the crime of mothering a child out of wedlock. Strange was it not that it required two thousand years to produce so good, so queenly a woman as Mary?

On the *reputed* father's side, Jesus would have had royal blood in his veins, for though he, Joseph, was but a plebeian, a poor laboring man, yet his family tree covered nearly two thousand years. He could trace his lineage back through forty two generations, through Zorobabel, Josias, Solomon, David, Jesse, Jacob and Isaac to Abraham. But real royalty is not dependent on being the descendant of a king or queen, but on having a kingly heart, courage, industry and general disposition. David was but a shepherd but he had excelled in that vocation as he subsequently did in war, in statesmanship, in music and in that most difficult of all the high arts in friendship for God and man. How he loved Jonathan and how loyal to even his crippled son. Men are born kings; or they are God-made kings; or both.

But Jesus was not the Son of Joseph, but the Son of God by miraculous conception. And by virtue of being the Son of God he was the "Son of Man," not the son of an Indian, or Malazan, or Mongolian, or Ethiopian, or Caucasian, nor yet of Jew, or Gentile. Nothing is so marked as nationality. You point out the Son of Abraham 80 centuries removed, by facial, criminal and pedestrial idiosyncrasis that have their germ in the mental, moral and affectional fiber of the race. So you recognize the Frenchman, the Irishman, the Italian by his general make-up; by his features, and his walk as well as by his talk. There was none of this in Jesus, for he was begotten by Him, who begat the first Adam by miraculous conception in the womb of old earth, with the very dust for a matrix. Jesus humanly considered was not a specific but a generic product, that took on the nature of the Universal Father who begat him.

Hence "the Son of Man" he is called over sixty times in the word and such he frequently called himself. And hence his attractive power over men without regard to race, or color, or "previous condition of servitude." If I be lifted up I will draw *all* men. He had and has sympathy for all men, and salvation for all men who want it. "For the poor? Surely! He himself was poor. Born in an asses feed trough in a tavern stable because there was not then, nor has there been since room for him among the diamond bedecked guests of the hotel parlors. Born of a mother so poor that on the day of her purification, she could not offer a lamb but only a dove. So poor that he contrasted his poverty with the high privileged birds with nests, and foxes with holes, while he had "no place to lay his head."

The artists have painted him as most beautiful. A babe with a halo around his head; but if such there had been in real life Herod would have found him without having to kill all the children of his age. And, when grown to manhood his murderers would not have needed the kiss of Judas in order to pick him out from among a dozen other plebeans, fishermen common folk.

Have artists done the cause of our Master a real service by painting him in colors in which he never painted himself? Have his historians helped or hindered its progress among men by riding all booted and spurred into the holy of holies of Christ's motives and methods in their attempt to render Him acceptable to the natural man? Does not the attempt of the author of *Ecce Homo* to make Jesus congenial to the four hundred by bringing the last supper down to the level of a club supper savor of blaspheming? To ask these questions is to answer them.

When Albert Durer painted Jesus as the "Man of Sorrows," with face down-cast and head turned aside, the worshipping world said: "Not so. He was beautiful"; which is an argument that if he was homely or common, the worshipping world of to-day would no more have received him than did the Jews, or than do they now receive Durer's picture of Him. And yet Isaiah declared seven hundred and fifty years before he came that, "when men shall *see* him there is no beauty in him that will render him desirable to them." That is no beauty to the sight.

Beauty of soul, of life, of service, of self-sacrifice, of courage, of devotion to the father's business, of death for enemies? Oh, yes, beauty there was, but not of the skin deep sort. "A root out of dry ground without form or comeliness, despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrow and acquainted with grief, and we hid our faces from him." His visage, his face was so marred more than that of any man, and his form more than the sons of men." It is no wonder that "kings shut their mouths at him," or if you please made faces at him, "for that which had

not been told them they saw." And if we could to-day see the Jesus of history instead of the Jesus of art, of music, of poetry, of imagination, it is a problem as to how we would answer that most important question of the ages, viz.: "What think ye of Jesus?" and that other, "What will you do with Jesus?"

And this is the man, that I am asked by the committee to say that He can cure public ills. And then tell how and when? This stable born, carpenter shop bred, Nazareth smirched, pauperized, despised, hated, murdered man; who was so poor he had to have a borrowed grave. So despised, that he was mobbed when in the ministry but three short years, and died a felon's death between thieves, with sour vinegar and bitter herbs pressed to his lips instead of the cooling water draught when in his dying thirst he asked for a drink. Can this man of riven side, and thorn pierced brow, and nail pierced hands and feet, who has been dead nearly two thousand years, and was buried nearly ten thousand miles away, can he cure public ills in America, or anywhere else on the face of this sin cursed earth?

Preposterous! if, as the higher critics assert he is the Son of God only in the same sense that we are all the Sons of God, or that he died for others in the same sense in which the soldier dies for his country. Or, that he was, and is divine, only as men obedient to God are divine. What crass-headed nonsense comes to us from these wise-acres of the new theology. Have these polite modern infidels never heard, or read, or dreamed that "He was the *only begotten* of the Father?" Alas how has he been wounded in the house of his professed friends!

The best evidence of his deity as well as of his divinity, is found in the samples of His government as seen in Christian nations, and when contrasted with the governments dominated by heathen Gods. The highest and best types of civilization have always been found among peoples looking for the coming Shiloh or believing in, and worshiping the Savior, who has come. Here education, the sciences, the arts are cultivated and flourish. There ignorance or at best a refined superstition. Here invention abounds and the beautiful and useful children of the brain of genius bless men with their convenient, helpful and healthful smiles. There, barrenness, antiquated methods, and the absence of labor saving machinery around. Here, eleemosynary institutions, such as hospitals, infirmaries, orphanages and reformatories find congenial soil and diligent cultivation. There, they kill the aged, neglect the sick, abandon the helpless and think they do God's service. It all depends on the kind of God they worship. The motive power among Christian souls is the *love* of God which "constrains" men, lifting them out of, and above

self and selfishness, while among the heathen, the fear of their gods dominates their actions.

And so, the comparison and contrast might continue almost indefinitely. Now and ever Christianity is the mother of Civilization, while now and never is Christianity the product of civilization.

As the centuries proceed, Jesus is demonstrating by object lessons among the nations, that among all the Kings that have lived and reigned He is the superior. The King not only of the people, but "the King of Kings." His scepter dominates all other scepters. These so called Christian nations, where because of man's depravity and stubborn resistance, Jesus is permitted to reign only partially, and the resplendent ethics of his philosophy are only imperfectly applied, to-day dominate all other nations. His nations grow stronger and more enduring, while the opposing nations grow weaker and are numbered among the effete civilizations that are rapidly declining toward an early extinction as world forces.

The church as the bride, the companion, the representative of Christ among men, is to be a living transforming force in the jurisprudence the statesmanship, the diplomacy of the nations. As Campbell Morgan has well said: "Strength of spiritual life always issues in the manifestation through the church to the world of the facts of the Kingship of God in Christ, and the power of Jesus Christ to deal with *all the things in human life*, that are contrary to the mind and will of God. The church is to be aggressive, capturing men," as well as women and children—"fighting against wrong, urging everywhere and always the claims of Jesus Christ and this she can only be, as within her own borders there is realized the purpose of God." And he might have added that purpose is the answer of the Christ inspired prayer, "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven." A fulfillment of the prophesy and promise that, "the Kingdoms of this world shall become the Kingdom of our Lord and his Christ."

Jesus Christ was, to use a "bully" slang word much employed by the dignified and cultured president of these United States, no "Molly Coddle," no effeminate man. No mere goody-goody hair splitter, or seed picker, or superficial observer of men and things. He was no mere optimist, satisfied with things in the world as they are. He was a pessimist, recognizing the good there is in the world, and encouraging cultivatings, and conserving it, but also recognizing the evil, the predominating evil in a world; not as God made it, and pronounced it good; but as the devil spoiled it, rendering brambles and briars indigenous not only to the material but to the intellectual and moral soil as well. Hence he became the greatest reformer of the ages, and so offensive to the elite of his time, that as stated before they killed him as a felon, before

he had time, as measured by present ecclesiastical methods, to become an elder. He was only fairly matriculated as a minister when he was sent to an ignominious death and a borrowed grave.

He had neither time nor disposition to deal with the personal squabbles over the millinery of his day, such as the proper width of phylacteries; the division of property among brothers; the fruit of covetousness or avarice. Nor with the time to wash hands; whether before or after meals or on rising in the morning, or on retiring at night, or with the observance of holidays. Nor yet with the unmentionable quibbles about the multitudes of non-essentials with which the Pharisees, the churchmen, and especially the scribes, the lawyers of his day sought to divert him from the great work of his life.

He was capable of becoming deeply incensed, indignant, "angry without sin," over the great wrongs that afflicted and harrassed society; and his chief contention was against the leading church—men of his day. Though himself, "the prince of peace," and "the giver of peace not as the world gives," yet he was a fighter; declaring, "I came not to send peace on earth. I came to send a sword. I am come to send fire on the earth, and it is already kindled. Woe unto you tithers of mint and herbs and neglecters of justice and love. Woe unto you washers of the outside, while ye neglect the inner washing. Woe unto you fools neglecting to feed the hungry and therefore having dirty hearts however clean your hands may be. The Ninevities stand a better chance than you. Woe unto you garnishers of the graves and memories of the prophets, whom your fathers, killed"; for you are thus wasting time and strength on issues dead and buried, instead of tackling the live issues that mar or make the present and the future."

His almost fierce denunciations reached their climax, when he made a whip of short ropes with knots tied in the ends and rushed pell-mell through the Church building, striking right and left at the fleeing brokers of his period who were using the church for secular purposes. It would be a very undignified procedure for a preacher of our day and it would be the precursor of a declaration by Presbytery of a vacant pulpit, or by the Bishop of a change of pastors. It must have been a withering look that he gave them when he said: "Ye have made the house of prayer a den of thieves."

It goes without saying that, if the Holy Ghost received on the day of pentecost, and destined to "abide here forever," should find a permanent and universal residence in his only abiding place on earth, viz.: in men's hearts, there would be no public ills, for they would all be prevented or cured.

There would then be little if any necessity for stately governments,

for standing armies, for legislatures, judges, justices, policemen, or a constabulary force. The panacea for all human ills is found in that one word "obedience." Had man obeyed he had not fallen, and obedience is the ladder on which he must climb back to his forfeited heritage. "If any man will do His will he shall know of the doctrine."

The moral law is as binding now, as when first given from Sinai, and Jesus summed up the ten in one, viz.: "love to God and man." "Love is the fulfilling of all law."

But unfortunately we have not yet reached that perfection of Christian character or conduct that renders it safe to abrogate forms of law, and the equipments of government. And public ills have been, and are, and probably will continue to be a menace to individual and collective happiness. Or, at least till "All shall know the Lord" from the now poorest laborer to the most plethoric and purse proud millionaire.

Jesus took cognizance of the public ills of his day. "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's and unto God the things that are God's" did not imply a blind unreasoning compliance with the demands of either God or government, but a thoughtful discrimination of the claims of both, and in the action of the individual a harmonious and just division of both tithes and taxes. It implies a study of what justly belongs to Caesar, and not a blind compliance with all of Caesar's claims. Obedience to human laws that are clearly in contravention of Divine law, is no mark of either a devout Christian, a high-bred citizen, or a wise statesman. Jesus dealt largely with abstract principles as applied to human behavior, but gave enough of concrete application to enable the wayfaring man though a fool, to regulate his conduct thereby.

One simple rule given by the Christ, if applied to human conduct everywhere would cure all public ills, viz.: "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you do ye even so unto them." The laborer would give good measure of service in both quantity and quality. The employer would share generously the profit on labor with the laborer. The farmer would not put the large potatoes on top of the basket. The merchant would use a measure thirty-six inches long, and not sell cotton for all wool yard wide fabric. David Harem's guarantee that the horse he was selling would stand without hitching, would not have the hidden meaning, that he would balk and stand without hitching in a rainstorm till his owner was drenched to the skin, and frozen to the marrow. No man could be found mean enough to sell his neighbor a liquid poison that would under-mine his health, rob him of reason, beggar his family, and send his soul to hell. Tax payers would not be *mulcted* into paying thirteen millions for a seven million State House. Doctors would not overdose nor overcharge their patients. Nor would patients

wait till Sunday to get sick, nor call the doctor from his bed, in order to save daylight time for business or pleasure. There would be fewer lawyers, and more money in ex-clients pockets, and when an Irishman would see an epitaph reading "here lies a lawyer and an honest man," he need not ask, "Be gorry and be there two men in that grave?" The preacher would not hunt the largest salary but rather the largest opportunity. Nor would any ecclesiastical Shepherd steal his neighbor's sheep, nor plagerize another's sermons. There would be no sand in sugar; no peanut shells in pepper; no excess of water in milk, or in stocks; no thieving policemen; no drunken mayors; no substedized editors; no plum tree olives; no beeless honey; no long fingered conductors, nor long tongued or long eared Christians; no hasty marriages, nor gatling gun divorce courts, nor wives in the third person plural number. Children would obey and love their parents, parents would tenderly guard their children. Dogs would either be tied, or stones would not be frozen fast. There would be no swelled heads, nor tight laced bodies, nor corn raising toes, nor tobacco scented breaths. No occasion for societies to prevent cruelty to animals, or to protest against the vivisection of rats. No conventional hugging matches called dances, nor patronizing of Sabbath desecrating public conveyances by ministers or laymen, by which a million people are compelled to shorten life by working seven days in the week and fifty-two weeks to the year.

Men would not insult and outrage all sense of decency by poluting God's pure air with tobacco smoke, blown into the faces of a long suffering public from rotton mouths and rotting lungs. Nor would women shut out men's vision of the "earthen vessel" bearing the gospel message, nor obscure to men's sight all other visions of earth and heaven by their "Merry Widow" head gear.

In short if the one plank in the Shilos platform was in every man's platform, there would be few private ills and fewer public ills.

But since the long looked for millennium is delayed, the law must still be our school master, and men must be elected to make the laws, to apply the laws, and to execute the laws. And in a republic we the sovereigns, must elect officials to fill these varied spheres. They should be men of God, pledged to that righteousness which exalts a nation and against all sin which is a reproach to any people. The elector should cast such a ballot as that, if all other electors should do the same would bring the greatest good to the greatest number.

To profess belief in the deity of Jesus Christ, and his ultimate kingly rule of this world, and then vote for a man who denies it; or to advocate the prohibition of the liquor traffic and then vote for a candidate who stumped his state against prohibition, smacks of inconsistency not to say of hypocrisy.

The Democracy's Opportunity.

Will It Be Improved?

As a means of agitation which frequently brings education I sent out a thousand circular letters to representative Democrats in 1905. Another thousand in 1906, and the following in 1907:

"Many Democrats, enthusiastically seconded by many Prohibitionists, believe that the National Democracy should adopt as its dominant issue, 'The Prohibition of the Liquor Traffic.' And that it should do so for the following reasons among others:

1. Back of such an act is the Almightyness of the God of the universe, who declares that 'righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people.' All of His laws against evil are always and everywhere prohibitive, and never permissive. They form the foundation of all law, worthy the name of law, among all peoples, and through all ages. He says, 'Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth thy bottle to him, that maketh him drunken also.' And this woe applies to governments that license the liquor business, and to political parties favoring license, as well as to individuals who sell intoxicants under such license.

2. The prohibition of the liquor traffic is by far the largest question, morally, politically and financially before the American people. It accomplished, would go far towards emptying jails, penitentiaries, reformatories, alms-house, asylums and police courts. It would help mightily in preventing the annual destruction of the souls and bodies of a hundred thousand people, and the wrecking of a hundred thousand homes. It would eliminate largely the necessity for the immense police and constabulary force and the criminal courts now supported by the tax-payers at a vast expense for the purpose of catching and punishing the common drunks that daily menace society, and threaten the stability of government. It would turn the hundreds of millions of dollars now invested in a destructive business, into constructive channels, and help to solve the problem of our cities whose governments are paralyzed by the existing carnival of crime, to a great extent generated in the saloon and the bar room.

3. Party expediency dictates the adoption of the Prohibition issue by the National Democracy.

(1) Because it is the only important issue not already either pre-empted or stolen by the Republicans.

(2) The long continued dominance of that party has attracted to it the corrupt and the corrupting elements of all other parties, such as the promoters of monopolies, the devotees of corporate greed, and the managers of monopolistic trusts, including that giant octopus among them all, viz.: the liquor trust. And because of the union of these corrupt forces the Democracy cannot hope to rival the Republicans in what Parson Brownlow once called 'devilish smartness' nor yet in sanctimonious hypocrisy; hence, better 'quit your meanness,' and lobby for the decent vote.

(3) Thus while the Democracy carries the stigma of being the 'liquor party,' the Republicans get the monetary and suffrage support of a large proportion of the two hundred and fifty thousand liquor dealers, and of the two and a half millions of votes controlled by them, and gets it, too, in exchange for what it has done and proposes to do for the traffic if kept in power.

(4) The Republican party has back of it most of the corporations, and banks and because of this the finances of the country; also, the newspapers, the Mormons, the Catholics and the Northern Methodists, and added thereto, that most efficient arm of political Missionary Service, the rural free mail delivery. It has everything with which to perpetuate itself except a moral principle. This it has not had since it grappled with slavery, and then abandoned to his fate the freed slaves.

(5) But while it has not the resources for rivaling the Republicans in political meanness, the Democracy can have this moral principle as an indispensable asset of legitimate and enduring success, and it can have it by adopting the prohibition issue, which Abraham Lincoln declared was the next problem for solution after that of slavery.

(6) No minority party is likely to come permanently into power without appealing to the moral sense of the people. This the Republicans did nearly fifty years ago, forcing the slavery issue upon the South, and has quite successfully maintained its ascendancy as 'the party of moral ideas' ever since. On the principle that 'one good turn deserves another,' how would it do for the Prohibition South to force the prohibition issue onto the North, and thus give to the anti-slavery patriots of the sixties a taste of their own medicine? The South can force the Northern Democracy to accept this issue provided it has that nerve of which it boasted and furnished bloody proof at the beginning of the Civil War.

(7) The larger portion of the Southern States where Democracy is dominant, has in one form or another already adopted prohibition, and the Democracy must carry whatever stigma may attach to that fact

in the minds of the advocates of 'personal liberty,' and suffer the loss of this vote. If the party now fails to attract the votes of men who believe that the saloon should be abolished, or, at least, that the profit-sharing partnership that has existed between it and the general government since July, 1862, should be dissolved, it will not require an expert in political mathematics to predict the result.

(8) Theodore Roosevelt, that most wily politician, and smallest statesman of modern times, has theoretically adopted all the issues, originated and advocated by Bryan, Folk, Tom Johnson, et. al. He and his presidential proteges have out-Bryan'd Bryan, and unless the Democracy can bring to the front some real live issues not likely to be stolen by Roosevelt, its doom is sealed. Naturally that live issue is the one already adopted in whole or in part in all the States where the party is strongest, namely, 'The Prohibition of the Liquor Traffic.'

(9) Its adoption would attract to the party the moral classes found in churches, schools, civic and young peoples societies, and also employers of labor who prohibit the use of intoxicants by their employes. It would force the Republican party into an open defense of the saloon, which it has so long secretly protected. It would probably eventuate in the success of the Democracy; if not in the first campaign, then in one not remote. And once in power on such an issue, it would probably remain in power as long as true to its pledges. But all power or no power, "Better be right than be President."

Respectfully submitted for the consideration of the sober leaders of the Democratic party, by"

S. C. SWALLOW,

Candidate for the Presidency in 1904.

HARRISBURG, PA., August 20th, 1907.

And now after election, 1908 I stand on the fence, face toward Lincoln, Nebraska, and shout lustily, "I TOLD YOU SO!!

Here the Innocent Suffer With the Guilty.

Text—Gen. 18:23—“Wilt thou also destroy the righteous with the wicked?”

S. C. S. IN THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, OCT. 28, 1908.

This was an exceedingly interesting dialogue between God and Abraham, “the Father of the Faithful,” nearly four thousand years ago. God threatening the “cities of the plain,” Sodom and Gomorrah, with dire destruction for their great wickedness, and Abraham pleading for them, if there could be found fifty, forty-five, thirty, twenty, ten righteous—pleading with Him to have mercy on the cities for their sake and spare them. Abraham doubtless, after every proposition, searched the city to find the mercy-purchasing number, but they could not be found; and the rain of fire and brimstone came, and like Tyre and Sidon and Babylon and Pompeii, only wave-washed or ash-covered ruins remain as monuments of the destructiveness of sin.

In the choosing by Abraham and his nephew, Lot, of future homes, in order to separate their quarreling herdsmen, Lot had the first choice, and doubtless thought he had the advantage in selecting the rich valley of the Jordan, with its flourishing villages, towns, and cities, in which to introduce his family into polite society, get city-bred men for husbands for his daughters, and easy positions for his luxury-loving sons. But it was as true then as now, that “he laughs best who laughs last.” Abraham, from the pure air of his mountain pastures, where he had studied the book of nature as the book of God, and the stars as the never-sleeping eyes of the Jehovah who had sent him a pilgrim into a country “he knew not of,” must needs come to the rescue of his proud city nephew and his threatened family.

THE COUNTRY MUST SAVE THE CITIES.

Strange, was it not, that in the escape, the children did not look back? But then children never do. It is the aged wife who regrets the quitting of home and its hard-earned furnishings and bric-a-brac. She had so wrought her soul into these accumulations that even salt could not save her. Children are looking to the future. Change and new homes and new associates and new surroundings have such charms for them that they are not tempted to the backward look. It is reserved for

the aged ones to do that, and to remember the occurrences of childhood, and forget those of yesterday.

Abraham, the great heart, remembering only in pity Lot's foolish and self-inflicted bargain, hurries to the gates of the wicked city to save his relatives from the results of their own folly. In his pleadings, he argues against the injustice of "destroying the righteous with the wicked." However, only an escape to the mountains can prevent this. To tarry in the plain of self-indulgence means death. Association with evil means contamination, and that means destruction. If the city is saved, the country must save it. The city left without the new supplies of food, of men, of energy, of pluck, of temperance, of integrity, of conscience and of piety—all country-grown and mountain-seasoned—soon so degenerates as to be "not worth saving."

HOW THE INNOCENT SUFFER.

But if the city suffers, the country must suffer with it. The hand cannot say to the foot, "I have no need of thee," nor can the body say to the mind or the mind to the body, "I have no need of thee." Interdependence is a law of being. How often do we hear it said, "If you only let liquor alone it won't hurt you," but the lie is contradicted in gory colors in every issue of the daily press the world over. It would be a waste of time to combat the silly falsehood, which is twin to that other untruthful saw, viz.: "He injures by his sins only himself." The husband, father, son drink intoxicants, and the wife, the children, and the mother, all innocent of complicity in the crime, suffer with the suffering tippler. The city drinks and the country helps pay the expense of judges, juries, attorneys, jailers, hangmen, and grave-diggers who try, condemn, and imprison or, perchance, hang and bury the drink-crazed criminal.

Richmond, Va.; Springfield, Mo.; Springfield, O.; and last of all, Springfield, Ill.; all voted whiskey in, and voted decency out, and the "dry" counties helped pay the mob-made bills and the whole country was disgraced. Think of the city of Abraham Lincoln at the mercy of a rum-crazed mob, so intent on theft, arson, and assassination that only the State militia could subdue it. Twenty-seven houses in ashes. Over fifty people, mostly innocent, wounded; and seven persons dead, not one of them guilty of the unspeakable crime for which the rioting began. The innocent suffering with the guilty.

Will the American people ever awake to the unalterable fact that the liquor question is a national question—the greatest national question yet to be solved? One State cannot suffer without all the others suffering with it. The superlative selfishness of the rich, who by virtue of "a

pull" with the courts or with the politicians, force the saloons out of their own uptown residence neighborhoods in our cities and drive them to the downtown residence sections of the uninfluent poor, is ever punishing itself through the drunken, incapable labor given in exchange for the rich man's gold, and in the increased taxes levied, the product of the increased poverty and crime of the city, to say nothing of the constant menace to the morals of the families of the thrifty through the existence of the saloon anywhere this side of its native perdition.

GOVERNMENT AND LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

Moral questions are not settled by majorities, else Noah and his family had not been saved while the multitudes who laughed him to scorn for one hundred and twenty years went down to destruction in the flood. God is the first and final umpire in morals, and his commands are clear-cut, positive, emphatic and unalterably prohibitive. "Thou shalt not swear, nor lie, nor break the Sabbath, nor steal, nor covet, nor commit adultery, nor murder. Thou shalt not!" All the law worthy the name of law the world over, whether it be domestic, municipal, statutory, national or international, finds its germ in the prohibitions of Sinai. None of them are submitted to a vote of the people to decide. God, the arbiter of human necessities, has already decided, and the best statesmanship of the ages has followed the Sinaic formula of "Thou shalt not." But when it comes to the liquor question, here statesmanship exhibits its degeneracy by halting and saying, "Thou mayest make and sell the poverty, crime, and death-producing poison if thou wilt divide the revenue therefrom with the government." And when the government, which in a republic means the people, is driven to a modification of its methods by witnessing the moral and material ruin produced by its own folly and crime, it turns compromiser, and is willing to leave it to a vote of the majority to decide whether God is to be defied or obeyed.

The Scriptures are not less explicit as to the individual's relation to the drink habit and traffic. "Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow? Who hath contentions? Who hath babbling? Who hath wounds without cause? Who hath redness of eyes?" Why, any child outside of Kansas or Maine could guess that conundrum, viz.: "They that tarry long at the wine; that go to seek mixed wine." Therefore, "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright"—all marks of fermentation as distinguished from the harmless, unfermented juice of the grape; and the reason assigned for the inhibition even of a "look," is "For at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." Yes, at the *last*, when the

soul needs the emollient applied by a good conscience, a clear brain, and an abundance of the grace of God to meet "the king of terrors." Ah, at the *last*, the drinker finds only the companionship and horrible comfort afforded by hissing, rattling, biting serpents and stinging aders.

DEAF TO OLD TRUTHS.

But listen again. A thousand years later in the world's history, when Jesus "had come and gone," and Paul was writing from Rome to the Christians at Ephesus, he pens that terse command, worthy, as we see it, to combat the sensuality of twentieth century Epicureanism in and out of the church, and to be embossed in gold and nailed, like Luther's theses at Wittenberg, to the door of every church in Christendom. Let all hear who have ears; for alas, in the babble of commercialism, the masses have gone nearly deaf to old truths. "Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess; but be ye filled with the Spirit." It was as though he had written: "I concede the necessity for your being lifted out of the ennui that is the product of life's drudgery, or satiety, or listless languor, or disgust with the treadmill duties of the kitchen, the shop, the store, and the school-room." And well might Paul say this, for did not Caleb Colton say that "ennui perhaps has made more gamblers than avarice, more drunkards than thirst, and perhaps as many suicides as despair?" "Admit it all," says the Apostle to the Gentiles; "but steady now! Be careful that you mistake not effect for cause and end for means. I concede the necessity for something that will exhilarate and recreate the moral, the intellectual and the physical forces; but 'be not drunk with wine wherein is excess,' for it only sensualizes the spirit, whereas the need of all is a spiritualizing of the senses."

On the day of Pentecost, all being of one accord in one place, after a ten days' waiting, watching, longing, pleading for the endowment of power, the Spirit came; and the waiting ones had not only tongues of fire on their heads but in their hearts, and though unlearned they spake the languages of earth doubtless, and walked and leaped and praised God, till the guzzlers of intoxicants sarcastically hurled the taunt at them, "These men are full of their *new* wine." Peter effectually combated the slander. Then followed the marvelous sermon, under which three thousand were converted and added to the church in a single day.

WOE TO THE DRUNKARD.

Paul admits the necessity for getting out of the ruts, and for finding expression for our Spirit-engendered hilarity. And what is his prescription? "Speaking to yourself in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs; singing and making melody in your heart unto the Lord. Giving thanks always for all things unto God and the Father, in the name of

our Lord Jesus Christ." Try it, sin-bedizened soul, and so long as you indulge in copious draughts from the cup of salvation, you will have no use for the sensualizing potions that poison the springs of life, and sink the soul into perdition.

The temperance and prohibition question is hoary with age. It is as old as sin. "In the day that thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die." The necessity for temperance societies has been apparent from Noah till now. David, Solomon, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Daniel, Amos and Malachi all had the vexed problem staring them in the face. Amos hit hard at the tipplers of his age, saying, substantially, "Woe unto them that drink wine in bowls and anoint themselves with the chief ointments, and lie upon beds of ivory, and stretch themselves upon their couches. Therefore now shall they go captive with the first that go captive, and the banquet of them that stretched themselves shall be removed." Wine, beer, whisky, gin, rum are only different ways of spelling captivity for men, communities and nations. Joel cried out, "Howl, all ye drinkers of wine." "They sold a girl for wine that they might drink." Many an American parent is selling his children into drunkenness by his silent complicity with the liquor traffic in his own business interest. For what is a drunkard or two in the family, if only the father can keep peace with drinkers and sellers and can gather in the shekels?

HOW THE PROPHETS FOUGHT THE EVIL.

Isaiah had much to say about this curse of curses. He lived when Israel from bare-backed serfdom had come to a national prosperity that has its only parallel in the luxurious living of the profligate rich and the beggary of the helpless poor of our own day. Isaiah belonged to the aristocracy of his day, but was of the Johannian type of character by second birth. He was a seer who could see. A full fourth of the book he wrote, with its sixty-six chapters, is given up to the fiercest denunciations of the liquor habit and traffic, and the correlated sins and crimes of that remote period, twenty-six hundred years ago. Isaiah was no doubt abused as a "crank" built to turn things; even to "turn the world upside down," where he found it wrong side up. He may have been denounced as "a kicker," "a knocker," a pessimist or their equivalent. A "prophet of evil?" Yes; but a prophet, too, of good. The evangelical prophet of the Old Testament Scriptures. Hear him, ye degenerate, vote-neglecting, luxury-loving, sensualistic, poverty-stricken, purse-proud millionaires of the twentieth century: "Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning that they may follow strong drink; that continue until night, till wine inflame them! And the harp, and the viol, the tabret, and pipe, and wine are in their feasts; but they regard not the work of

the Lord, neither consider the operation of his hands." "Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine, and men of strength to mingle strong drink, which justify the wicked for reward and take away the righteousness of the righteous"—in other words, accept bribes for shielding the guilty, and shutting up the innocent.

Hear him again as he fiercely denounces the "neutral," "mind-my-own-business," "satisfied-with-things-as-they-are," business-immersed financier, or salary-satisfied preacher, or dodging politician, or "at-ease-in-Zion" heathen. In view of the sins of those who are guilty not only of the sins they have actually committed, but of those they had the power to prevent others from committing, he declares: "All tables are full of vomit and filthiness, so that there is no place clean." "Woe unto the crown of pride, to the drunkards of Ephraim, whose glorious beauty is as fading flowers on the head of the fat valleys of them that are overcome with wine!" Many a man who never touched wine has nevertheless been overcome by it, and this is shown by his political silence toward the wine, beer and whisky traffic and its conductors and patrons. Our government has been "overcome" by becoming a profit-sharing partner in the destructive business. But Isaiah says, "And your covenant with death shall be disannulled, and your agreement with hell shall not stand; when the overflowing scourge shall pass through, then ye shall be trodden down by it. * * * The hail shall sweep away your refuge of lies, and the waters shall overflow your hiding-place."

Negative righteousness does not count at Jehovah's court—only the positive kind. The sin of consent is a grievous one. By failing to prevent the wrongs we might prevent, we become a party to them. The young Saul who did not cast a single stone at the protomartyr Stephen, but only stood by the clothes of those who did, was a party to the crime. The "sin of consent" is committed by multitudes of otherwise good men, who think themselves righteous and would spurn an intimation that they are wicked, or deserving of punishment with the wicked. And this comes in many cases from a misapprehension of the fiendish character of the legalized liquor traffic, and this, in turn, is sometimes the result of the efforts of the fiends to connect with their business the most honorable names of the martyred and sainted dead, many of whom never failed when living to strike intemperance and its chief promoters, the liquor dealers, the most sturdy blows in the interest of public morals and of individual well-being. How like sacrilege, and blasphemy, and libel, and slander to name Gladstone, and Wesley, and Lincoln, and even the God-man of Calvary, as indorsers of their destructive work! "At the last it biteth like a serpent."

But a new era dawns. The hill tops all around are touched with

the hallowed rays of the rising sun of temperance and prohibition. From the North, South, East, and West we hear the tramp of coming hosts, white-robed, white-souled, and bent on making ballot-clean this dirty old earth, in fulfilment of the divine promise of a new earth as well as a new heaven. Well may we sing with one of our later temperance poets:

We are bound to win the kingdom, we are bound to gain the day;

We will cross and take possession by and by;

Oh, lift up your streaming banners, for the mists have rolled away,

And the blessed day of victory is nigh!

Oh, the day is coming, coming! we can read it in the dawn,

We can see the sunlight streaming in the sky;

And a thousand happy voices tell us that the night is gone,

And the day of our redemption draweth nigh."

Are Results Commensurate With the Church's Expenditure of Energy and Money?

An address delivered by S. C. Swallow, at the convention of the National Reform Association, held in Harrisburg Board of Trade Auditorium, Feb. 14th and 15th, 1907, and repeated by request at the World's Temperance Centennial Congress at Saratoga Springs, New York, June 16th, 1908.

By the Church here we mean the aggregate of all the bodies of Christian believers or professors. Nor would we by this definition unchurch that great unidentified body of believers whose names are on no church book, but are nevertheless candidates for the church triumphant.

IT PAYS.

The question we are about to discuss is not identical with the question heard on every hand in this distinctively commercial age, viz.: Does it pay? The trader, the manufacturer, the navigator, the agriculturalist, and even the educator, all seem enamored with that question, as applied to their several callings and crafts. That question applied to the Church, every honest, thoughtful man would answer unhesitatingly and with emphasis in the affirmative. Without regard to the most excessive cost imaginable in both energy and money, it *has* paid; it *does* pay; and it *will* continue to pay, to build church houses, hold meetings, sustain Sunday-schools, and Young People's Societies, and call, educate and pay the heralds of the cross. The only way to measure this question is to ask another, viz.:

THE WORLD WITHOUT THE CHURCH.

What would the world be or become without the Church? Christianity is not the product of civilization as some would vainly argue; but just the reverse. Civilization is the product of Christianity. Where Christianity is not found, there is a lamentable dearth in invention, com-

merce, science, art, education and eleemosynary effort. In these things the man of Nazareth has been and is the light of the world. For by him, direct or indirect, were all things made, and without him was not anything made that was made. He is the Alpha and Omega, the father mother and nurse of them all; including self-government, the one kind that God most loves and Satan most hates. But for the daily and weekly instructions of the Church, what would become of the strong moral and social sentiments so indispensable to the very existence of society? But for the teachings of the Church, individual conscience the unit of public conscience would become powerless. There would come a paralysis of human benevolence, did not the religious teacher weekly inculcate a sense of higher benevolence. Our whole social fabric would collapse but for the weekly emphasis from a hundred thousand teachers put upon the existence of a Supreme Being, and upon human accountableness to him, here and hereafter. The Church does now, and has numbered among its members the conservators of human freedom. In its creed if not always in its practice, it stands for human liberty, not only of self, but of all men. It protests where true to its character, against the wronging of any human being.

Our question for discussion, therefore, is not, does it pay the individual, the family, society, the state, the nations, to expend so much time energy and money in church work? It would pay if ten times as much were expended and with only half the results now apparent.

The question is this: Are the results what we might reasonably hope for and expect from the expenditure of so much money and energy? If not, why not? and what can be done to increase the results?

NEITHER OPTIMIST NOR PESSIMIST.

In what we shall say to-day, we do not expect to please the extreme optimist, with his head in the clouds and his feet embodied in fluffy Axminsters or Wiltons, and having an animal content with himself and all the world, so long as his own salary is assured, his own stomach filled, his own feet warm, and his own premium on life and eternity insurance policy fully paid. The extreme optimist is willing to swear, if it don't require too much effort to make the oath, that skim milk is cream. That there is no poverty, no crime, no sorrow, no suffering worth mentioning, but that this is the grandest, most glorious country and age, and community of all the centuries. In fact that "everything is lovely and the goose hangs low." So low in fact that the smallest of stature can pluck it as he rides. The extreme optimist is as happy as a fool, because he is a fool, content with his cap, his beads and his bells.

Nor, on the other hand, do we expect to please the extreme pessi-

mist, sour-visaged, cynical, snarling and senseless. He calls cream skimmed-milk, and sees no sunshine, nor joy, nor beauty anywhere, because blinded to them all by the billiousness of his own bile. There is a middle ground of truth, which only the truly true can discover. Let us humbly search for it.

Said a distinguished man, when sitting for his portrait, "Paint me as I am, even if I look like the devil." Such is my purpose in this address. It is to point out and emphasize, as we have tried to do, the excellencies of the Church. To show how indispensable it is to the race, and this being done, to answer fearlessly the question given us by the committee, viz.: "Are results commensurate with the Church's expenditure of money and energy?"

"FIGURES DON'T LIE."

And now taking the risk of having someone fling at us the thread-worn joke about the "lying statistics," permit us to state that there are—or were when we last counted—about forty different denominations in the United States that claim to be Christian. These are sub-divided; the Methodists into 17, Presbyterians into 12, Baptists 13, Lutherans 19, Reforms 3, Episcopalians 2, and so on to the end, giving us in all about 135 distinct Christian organizations; so differing, each from the other, either in creed, or government, or ritual, or personal leadership, or in all these, as to bear separate names or modified names, and all of them quite complacent, not to say exuberantly happy, when they can secure converts from each other to the membership of their own denomination. Their differences are largely on non-essentials. And the origin of many of them, whatever their pretense, has its foundation too often in the personal ambition of men incapable of intelligent leadership. And the best evidence of their lack of the elements of successful captaincy is found in their lack of sufficient grace to work successfully under the leadership of the denominations out of which they came. Too many of them have been descendants of the mother of Zebedee's children, and their chief ambition has been to be "greatest in the kingdom," without the preliminary service which makes true greatness." "To sit on the right hand and on the left," as church bosses, rather than be counted greatest as the result of "counting themselves least and serving most." And so the sects have multiplied like the frogs, and we have sometimes feared like the lice in Egypt, till the world is bewildered with their claims, and the shores of time are cumbered with their wreckage. And yet, we would not stay the seed-sowing hand of one of the least of these, lest the Master should chide us with "forbid them not." Better these limpid fructifying streams, than one stagnant dead sea,

There are in this country, owned by so-called Evangelical Christians, about 189,400 church buildings. About 139,985 pastors and 20,100,194 communicants. The value of the church buildings is about \$947,000,000. The church current expense account reaches about \$160,000,000 annually. This is exclusive of the Catholics.

NET INCREASE ONE PER CENT.

The net growth of these churches in the last sixteen years has been little more than one per cent. per annum; we mean exclusive of accretions from emigrants' certificates, and converts in foreign mission fields. In other words it requires the efforts of about one hundred Christians for a full twelve months, and the expenditure of seven hundred and fifty dollars in money, to convert one poor little wretched American pagan, reared perhaps in a Christian home and cultured in a Christian Sunday-school. And that is time, energy and money *well spent*, provided that convert is *my* father or brother, or son, or *yours*.

Nevertheless, we contend that such small one per cent. gain in a heterogeneous population, where, according to Josiah Strong, fully one half of the eighty millions of people are yet unchurched, is not commensurate with the more than \$160,000,000 annually expended and the energy and labor supposed to be put forth by the twenty millions of communicants. In other words, there should be a more visible harvest as the result of so much apparent husbandry, so much seed-sowing.

THE PAGAN AT HOME.

The churches are emphasizing most jubilantly the large increase resulting from missionary effort among the pagan nations. And it is cause for great joy. But why is it, some are asking, that we can drop a lone missionary into a community of five millions of India men or Chinamen and have such large published results, while we so signally fail to bring members of these same migrating nationalities into our churches here, where we can surround them with gospel fire, and challenge their attention at every turn to the brilliant illustrations of what Christianity does for the individual, the family, the community and the nation? Why success where the missionary is surrounded by pagans, and failure where the pagan is surrounded by Christians? The hyper-critic's answer has been, that, *there* they witness the real Christianity as seen in the life of the few missionaries. While *here*, where we surround the pagan with Christian light, he sees also the spurious examples of Christ's professed followers, and becomes content with his paganism as set in contrast with our modern type of home-made Christianity.

And, what does the pagan see in this nominally Christian land, that

tends to disgust him with Christianity and renders him content with his wooden gods? What is it that renders the American quick-rich pagan content with companionship with his forty millions of unchurched associates? Content with his own worship of mammon, of Bacchus, of worldliness, and of carnal pleasure? What is really in the way of converting the millions coming to us from Europe, Asia, Africa and the Islands of the sea, and sending them back by ship loads, without the usual accompaniment of the rum barrel and the tobacco bale, to tell in their own tongue the story of redemption to the half billion of unsaved ones amid "Greenland's icy mountains, India's coral strands, and Africa's sunny fountains." What is really in the way of converting the forty millions of unsaved ones, largely native born, living in America to-day?

WHAT THE PAGAN SEES AND HEARS.

Let us look for a moment at some of the things these unsaved ones see in the walking epistles of God, or of Satan, as the case may be. These living epistles known and read of all men, while their Bibles are never read.

1. He sees the best and the worst country and government in the world, and the best and worst age of all the ages.

2. He sees hundreds of thousands of professed Christians, led by a numerous contingent of ministers, with the vows of the Church upon them, prominent among which is "Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy." Doing what? Why, using public conveyances on God's day for pleasure, for business, or for convenience, and thus helping to compel a million or more of their fellow-laborers to desecrate God's day and shorten their lives by overwork.

3. He sees millions of churchmen led by ministers, passing resolutions to the effect that "No political party should receive the support of Christian men so long as it fails to put itself on record in an attitude of open hostility to the liquor traffic." And then ninety per cent. of these same ministers and members voting for candidates and parties not thus on record as hostile to, but on record by their deeds, as in accord with the promoters of the liquor business. As the result of this he sees full almshouses, jails, penitentiaries, insane asylums, and criminal and divorce courts. He sees this Christian government, professedly of, for, and by the people, in profit sharing partnership with the business that, according to Premier Gladstone, creates more misery than war, pestilence and famine combined. He sees a hundred thousand bloated, putrid, government-poisoned bodies sent annually to the grave, and the Bible being true, as many damned souls sent to hell. Two millions and a half in 25 years, all with the concurrence of the Church vote that is

more interested about tariff, canals, railroads and grab bags than about souls. He sees nearly two billions spent for intoxicants and caring for their results, which is three times the capital stock of all the National Banks. For every dollar in revenue received by the government, it costs the taxpayer sixteen to care for its results.

4. He sees not all, but a large proportion of the breweries, distilleries, saloons, brothels, low down theatres, gambling dens and other schools of debauchery and crime, owned by professedly Christian men and women, who share with the pastor and his church the ill-gotten booty. And because of this, immune to church law which has everywhere become a dead letter on the ecclesiastical statute book.

5. He sees the wealthy well-to-do Christians who live in elegant homes in nearly every city, town and village, in license states, vigorously driving the saloon away from their own doors, but not back to hell, where it came from, but driving it down among the poor people, the working classes, where it feeds itself fat off of the scanty income of the wage earners, the bread winners, and their dependent children. Through the votes and influence of these rich Christians the liquor business is taxed, the liquor dealer adding enough to the price of drinks he sells to pay his license fee. Thus the wage-earners and bread-winners exempt the property of the rich Christians from taxation to the extent of license fees paid. He sees a church vote which, if cast solidly in one election for candidates pledged to destroy the liquor traffic, would beget such a rivalry between political parties to secure this vote as would annihilate the traffic in a very short time.

6. He sees not the Church unitedly leading the political hosts for the establishment of Christ's kingdom on earth and keeping step to "All hail the power of Jesus' name," but divided into hostile bands, one following a gang of red-nosed roisterers to the tune of

"Hail, hail, the gang's all here,
What the Hell do we care,
What the Hell do we care,
What the Hell do we care now."

While the other Church band follows a banner inscribed, "I contribute money to breweries as I do to churches and hospitals."

7. He sees our Christian altars in mourning over the sad fate of assassin-cursed Russia, and then in mourning over three of our Christian Presidents assassinated in forty years; the assassins getting their inspiration from the government-protected and church-tolerated saloon.

8. He sees the Church on its knees begging a Christian President not to nullify the law, prohibiting the saloon in the army, and when he has slapped the Church in the face with his nullification veto, and been

shot to death by a habitat of the saloon his veto has protected, he sees this same church canonizing as a saint this same canteen protecting President.

9. He sees two Christian nations mourning for a quarter of a century, because their missionaries are excluded by China's high wall, and when access is given, he sees these same Christian nations joining hands to force the soul-destroying opium and liquor trade into China with their missionaries. And then he sees our own nation passing class legislation of the most offensive character, to exclude from our shores these same sober, industrious, peaceable Chinamen, to whom we so longed so long to give the bread of life.

10. He sees millions of professed Christians leading a dual life, Christlike in form on Sunday and in things sacred, but devil-like in business and politics every other day of the week. They ignore the command, "Whether therefore ye eat or drink of whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." That command renders sacred every act including that greatest of all acts on election day.

11. He sees in hundreds of thousands of Christian homes the euchre or poker table, or other law and gospel-defying gambling device substituted for the family altar.

12. He sees every fifteenth family in the nation, instituted generally by the Church and in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, broken up by divorce, and one-fifth of these wrecked homes are the direct result of the church-tolerated and Government-protected liquor traffic.

13. He sees the churches of the country thrown open every night of the week of prayer, and in most cases every night for weeks, and in some cases for months thereafter, where the pastor and a few faithful members agonize with God and plead with sinners, neither of whom, judging from results, seem to be present.

The sinners are at the Church-constituted saloons, brothels, bar-rooms, dance halls, theaters, minstrel shows, club rooms, lodges, and progressive euchre parties, and God seems to be on a journey, having left a message to the Church to clean-up with their votes, since by votes the country got dirty, and having paid their vows or votes to the most high God, he will return to pour out such a blessing as there shall not be room to contain it.

14. He sees a distressing alienation between the Church and the laboring classes. So pronounced that the masses of the latter make socialism a substitute for the Church. For this they have had some reason, but by no means sufficient reason. A church officer told a reformed drunkard applying for membership, that there were no vacancies in the

church membership to be filled just at that time. A poor, but thoroughly honest and sincere man with too large a family to be of much financial help to the church, applied to a rich and aristocratic church for membership. He was made to come back three times in as many months for another examination, with the injunction each time to pray about it. The third time he answered, "I have prayed about it and got an answer. God told me, as have you, not to be discouraged, for he had been trying to get into this church for ten years and could not."

15. He sees discipline for financial reasons, in all the churches, hamstrung and halting. In some of them sick, emasculated, emaciated and in most of the churches, drawn, quartered, dead, buried and forgotten.

16. He sees Christian leaders in the Church asking as the most important question, "Children, have ye any money?" if so put it on our altars. While the most important question of our risen Lord was, "Children, have ye any meat?" It was this Jesus who said, "All authority hath been given unto me in heaven and on earth." John saw the redeemed earth in the vision of the New Jerusalem, "which," says Canon Freemantle, "is the world under the dominion of Christ," and not simply a heavenly state of mind in this world, nor yet simply a heavenly state beyond this world. How well and how truly has Dr. Strong in his "New Era," page 237, outlined the neglected duty of the Christian Church. He says:

A NARROW VS. A BROAD CHURCH.

"If the Church had grasped her Lord's idea of the Kingdom and recognized her relations to it, her history and the world's history would have been differently written. The narrowness of her conception and of her life has lost to the Church much of her influence, and sadly limited her usefulness. I have not one pulse of sympathy with the hostile critics who regard the Church as a failure. If she has not yet saved society she has at least kept it from rotting and her saving work is vast and precious—so vast indeed, that when we remember how small a fraction of her possible force she has made actual, in how narrow a sphere her influence has been exerted, there is kindled in us a great hope that when she sees the largeness of her mission, avails herself of latent force and employs the methods demanded by modern conditions, she will mightily hasten the millennium and become what she ought always to have been, the promoter of all good and the enemy of all evil."

A FIGHT INDISPENSABLE.

What the Church needs most of all, and would long since have had, but for the subordination of the moral and spiritual to the material and

commercial by Church leaders, is a good big square fight in a battle of the ballots. A fight that would have drawn the lines between cowardice and courage, between self-ease and self-sacrifice, and between moral hagglers and moral heroes. A fight that would have eliminated from the Church army those who have the leisure and lust to crawl on their bellies in the dirt and drink their fill of worldly water; and would have left to do battle with the twentieth century Midianites, the valiant Gideon's band of three hundred strong whose haste for God and humanity constrains them as they run to "lap of the water with their tongues, as a dog lappeth the water." God is saying to the Church to-day as he said to Gideon, "thy people are yet too many to give the Midianites into my hands." That is, too many, such as they are.

CALLED THE ROLL OF THE CHURCHES.

In 1849, Wendell Phillips made an aggressive speech at the annual meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, in which he, lovely Christian character that he was, called the roll of the Boston churches. Said he, "Where is Rev. Hubbard Winslow?" Teaching that a minister's rule of duty as to what he should teach and preach is, "what the brotherhood would allow and protect."

Where is the pulpit of the old South? "Sustaining slavery as a Bible institution. Where is Park Street Church? Refusing to receive within its walls, for funeral services, the body of the only martyr the Orthodox Congregationalists of New England have had, and of whom the Church was not worthy, Charles J. Torrey. And who was he? A northern clergyman and abolitionist who had been imprisoned and martyred at the south for aiding slaves to escape, as Moses had done centuries before. Where is Essex Street church? Teaching that there are occasions when the Golden Rule is to be set aside. Where is Federal Street church? Teaching that silence is the duty of the North with respect to slavery, and closing its doors to the funeral eulogy of the Abolitionist Follen, the bosom friend of the only man who will make Federal Street pulpit to be remembered, William Ellery Channing. And I might ask, where are the New South and Brattle Street churches? but they are not."

And this call of the roll of the churches in 1849 might have been repeated with the same negative result in every city, town and hamlet in the North, while Southern churchmen were bartering in human flesh and blood, tearing asunder families, hunting with blood hounds the fleeing slaves and hunting with the fugitive slave law my father and grandfather, because forsooth they would not assist the Southern slave driver to catch his runaway slave on free soil.

"THE ACTS (NOT THE RESOLUTIONS) OF APOSTLES.

So you may call the roll of the churches to-day on the burning issues of the hour, and you will find preachers and people as a rule, to which there are noble exceptions, contenting themselves with passing empty resolutions, seeming to forget that in the Church as Jesus, established it, there is no record of resolutions, but there is a record of the *Acts* of the Apostles.

Let us in all seriousness ask here some questions propounded by another, viz.: "If it is the duty of the Church to relieve the poor, has she no duties concerning the cause of poverty? Is it binding on her to seek and to save the vicious, and has she no responsibility concerning those conditions which invariably breed vice? Is it her business to save the drunkard, and yet has she no business with the saloon, or with the law that legalizes the saloon and renders it respectable? Such attempts to cure the world's evils especially in a government in which every voter is a sovereign, is sheer quackery. If it is the duty of the Church to put a stop to certain effects, it is evidently her duty to put an end to the causes which evidently produce them. There must be no compromise, no truce, but a war of extermination."

The churches as churches, are living in the midst of organized law-protected evils, and at peace with them. The minister calls his members and himself "soldiers of the cross," but their ideas of "service" is "to sit and sing ourselves away to everlasting bliss," while there are vice and crime, moral and physical filth, ignorance and wretchedness within hand reach of everyone."

WHAT THE PAGAN MIGHT SEE.

But while the pagan sees all this time-serving cowardice; this moral inertia; this hypocrisy; this good-Lord good-devil worship in the Church, there are other things he might see and hear, but for the fact that though having eyes and ears he neither can see nor hear any thing but that which is hurtful, and never that which is helpful. He ought to see the more than seven thousand that have not bowed the knee to Baal, the great unnumbered host of redeemed ones, pure as the gold of Ophir, crucifying self for others. Making themselves of no reputation, taking upon themselves the form of servants, saving others, by not saving themselves, their time, strength, health, money, and even life itself. He ought to see within the Church of Jesus Christ, the men and women and children whose teachings and lives and heroic characters have made this land an asylum for the oppressed of all lands, and made this country and government the envy of all other countries and governments the world over.

IT DESERVES YOUR CO-OPERATION.

The Church is not what it might have been, not what it ought to have been, but thank God that it is what it is, "the salt of the earth," still having enough "savor" to preserve this sin-rotted old world from the putrefaction that could be purged only by fire. And let it be remembered that he is not a good citizen who withholds his comradeship, co-operation, sympathy and support from those in the Church who are struggling for better things in the life, in the family, in the municipality, in the state and in the nation.

CHURCH GROWN MEN THE HOPE OF THE WORLD.

Happy am I to further relieve this somewhat gloomy picture we have drawn by the cheerful admission that out of the Church have come the Davids who, with sling and pebble, have felled to earth the stalking, boasting Goliaths of evil. From the cloister of St. Marco came the eloquent, devout and sincere Savonarola, to declaim with extraordinary freedom and daring, and with unusual success against every form of hypocrisy, vice and unbelief, whether found in his church, or outside of it, till the church, stung to desperation by the force of his uttered truths, strangled and burned his body, and scattered his ashes upon the waters of the river. But though burned as a heretic by one pope, he was canonized "as a saint by another pope." He simply met with that fate which the patriot and the apostle have so often received from a fickle people, and an alarmed and vindictive despotism.

It was from the Church that Martin Luther came to tell the world of the Church-forgotten doctrine of justification by faith, and for his heroism to suffer excommunication, and then imprisonment in the castle of Wartburg.

It was from the Church that emanated the saintly Wesley to rebuke the wild self-satisfied, self-centered sensuality of the priesthood of his own church, and emphasize the forgotten doctrine and experience of "The Witness of the Spirit," and "Holiness unto the Lord," only to brave the displeasure of the Church to the extent of his exclusion from its buildings, and his banishment to the pulpit formed by his father's grave-stone, from which he thundered forth his life-breathing messages.

It was from the Church that John Calvin was expelled, and by it hunted till he found refuge in his home cloister at Geneva, and at the early age of fifty-five, a better refuge for his emaciated body in the grave, and for his torn, harassed soul with God.

It was out of the Church that came Wilberforce and the Beechers, the Cheevers, the Channings, the Phillips, an army of *them*, headed by the invincible Wendell, the Parkers, the Pillsburys, the Greeleys, the

Whittiers, the Mattisons, to thunder their anathemas against the institution of slavery. What their churches would not do, they did for their churches and for the world, and not a few of them suffered martyrdom of spirit, if not of flesh, at the hands of the churches which they sought to serve and save.

And it is from Christian altars that to-day are coming the men and women who gladly accept ostracism in business, in society, and in the church, rather than sacrifice their love for truth, their hatred of the saloon and its adjuncts, and their championship of reforms, on the success of which depend the life of the Church and of the republic.

EXPECT OSTRACISM AND MOBS.

To the Church of Jesus Christ visible or invisible, I mean to the real followers of Jesus Christ in the Church and out of it, must we look for the regeneration of this grand old world. Victory for our Captain is sure to come. Leiber said in 1870, "Bismarck proclaims to-day in the Diet the very principles for which we were hunted and exiled fifty years ago." And so to all reformers in the Church and out we would say in the language of Phillips at Harvard College in 1881, "Submit to risk your daily bread, expect social ostracism, count on a mob now and then, be in earnest, don't equivocate, don't excuse, don't retreat, a single inch, and you will finally be heard. No matter how long and weary the waiting, at last

"Ever the truth comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done,
For humanity sweeps onward;
Where to-day that martyr stands,
On the morrow crouches Judas
With the silver in his hands.
For in front the cross stands ready
And the crackling fagots burn,
While the hooting mob of yesterday
In silent awe return
To glean up the scattered ashes
Into history's golden urn."

Let us remember that "to be as good as our fathers we must be better." It will be well if we accept the counsel of that lynx-eyed, but consecrated Englishman, G. Campbell Morgan. Returning from an unfruitful American evangelistic tour, he recently said:

CAMPBELL MORGAN'S INDICTMENT.

"The Church ought to be a society accepting the ideals of Jesus, and realizing them in the power of his life; consequently a society of people obeying the *moral* code of Jesus, and therefore a society of people

manifesting to the world the breadth and beauty and beneficence of the Kingship of God in and through Jesus Christ. Is that what the Church is? That is what the Church ought to be, for that is the divine intention.

But some one will say, What has all this to do with the evangelistic church? And the very fact of the question reveals the weakness of the hour. The Church has largely failed in evangelism because the Church has not realized within her own borders the force of her own life. We ask how is it that the masses refuse to listen to her evangel, and are treating her, in so marked a degree, with contempt? Because the masses see perfectly well that she is not obedient to her own Master's ideals, and does not realize his purpose. That is the severest criticism, and it ought to make us blush, and hide our heads with shame, that the Church is not fulfilling her Master's ideals. The evangelistic Church, which shares Christ's life, and in the powers of it obeys his law, and thus manifests him to the world. Thus alone can the Church engage in his work, and carry out his enterprises. When the Church realizes and manifests her Lord, in her personal membership, and corporate capacity, then, and then only, is she doing his work the work of seeking and saving the lost. That is the evangelistic church, and that is the true Church of Jesus Christ.

The purpose of the Church is certainly that of conserving the life of the saints, but this only in order that every saint, and all the saints, may be strong for carrying out the purposes and the work of Jesus Christ. "Ye shall be my witnesses," not witnesses as talkers merely, but evidences, credentials, demonstrations, proofs among men. The only church which is truly evangelistic is the church which realizes within her own borders all the will of her Lord and Master Jesus Christ.

Strength of spiritual life always issues in the manifestation through the Church to the world of the facts of the Kingship of God in Christ, and the power of Jesus Christ to deal with *all the things in human life* that are contrary to the mind and will of God. The Church is to be aggressive, capturing men, fighting against wrong, urging everywhere and always the claims of Jesus Christ, and this she can only be as within her own borders there is realized the purpose of God."

NEW DUTIES.

Let the Church forget her past narrowness, her persecution of reformers, her cringing to tainted money, her ostracism of the masses, nor longer "sit like the figure on our silver coin, looking backward," but remember ever that—

"New occasions teach new duties;
Time makes ancient good uncouth,
They must upward still and onward
Who would keep abreast of truth.
Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires
We ourselves must pilgrims be,
Launch *our* Mayflower, and steer boldly
Through the desperate, winter sea.
Nor attempt the future's portal
With the past's blood-rusted key."

Religion in Politics.

An open letter to President Roosevelt, challenging some of the statements made by him in his letter to Mr. J. C. Martin of Dayton, Ohio, on "Religion in Politics."

HARRISBURG, PA., Nov. 24th, 1908.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

My Dear Sir: I have read your letter to Mr. Martin on "Religion in Politics" with a cordial acceptance of many of your unreasoned though not unreasonable statements, but also with a cordial dissent from some of your assumed positions; because, if generally accepted and acted upon they might prove a menace to the highest interests of our country. While as you say, "our government guarantees complete religious liberty, and the right to each man to act in religious affairs as his own conscience dictates," it also guarantees to the citizen about to cast his ballot, the right not only to ascertain what is the religious belief of a candidate for the suffrage of his fellow-citizens, and because of that religious belief to conscientiously and religiously refuse to vote for any candidate whose beliefs, in the judgment of the voter, may if incorporated into actions be hurtful to the people. Nor is it in good taste for the President of the United States to characterize as an "*outrage*" such conscientious questionings by the voter. I say this in view of your statement that "I regard it as an *outrage* even to agitate such a question as a man's religious convictions, with the purpose of influencing a political election."

It does "matter what a candidate believes," however conspicuously he may label his belief with that word "religious." "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he," saith the Scriptures. "Thinking in the heart" is only another name for belief, and if honest a candidate's beliefs will be crystalized into deeds private and public; and if not honest he is not worthy the support of his fellow-citizens at the polls, regardless of what he believes or disbelieves.

Suppose a candidate "religiously" believes that he owes allegiance primarily, not to his government; but to an ecclesiastical potentate, who claims infallibility in temporal as in spiritual things. And, believes too that this potentate's claims, to universal allegiance from all the rulers of all the earth are well founded, though in every country where his supremacy has been acknowledged, it has resulted in the ignorance of the masses, in religious, and social, and political intolerance and depotism, is it an "*outrage*" for the elector about to deposit his ballot to stop and "religiously" inquire into the "religious belief" of this candidate for his suffrage? If a candidate's church has on his entering it, exacted from him a vow of primary allegiance to its ecclesiastical potentate, he must either prove false to his vow or to his government. In either case he is not to be trusted.

Suppose again that a part of a candidate's religion is a belief that it is morally and politically right to have many wives instead of only one wife, and that government should be so framed and conducted as to protect him in his polygamous practices? Is it an "*outrage*" for the voter to agitate the question of that candidate's religious convictions?

Saul of Tarsus "religious conviction" was, that in imprisoning and murdering Christians he was "doing God's service." If he had lived, with those "religious convictions" in our day, and been a candidate for president, would it have been an "*outrage*" for the voter to agitate the question of Saul's religious convictions?

You say the voter "is not entitled to know matters which lie purely between the candidate and his Maker." But there are no such "matters," since a man's relation to his Maker will inevitably influence him in his conduct toward his fellowmen. It effects his citizenship, hence the right of the voter to know a man's religious life, as also his family life, business life, and social life.

You tentatively defend the infidel candidate from inquiry by the voter into his unbelief, and yet the Bible is the statute book of our realm. It embraces the moral code on which all our laws are based, in fact all law the world over, worthy the name of law, whether it be domestic law, statutory law, national law or international law. They all have their germ in the Sinaic law; and it is found only in that book on which in our courts we swear to the truth of our testimony, even as we head all our public documents with Anno Domini, or "In the year of our Lord."

One of the world's most learned logicians once wrote, "Now faith is the substance of things hoped for." Surely it is competent for the elector to inquire into the quality and quantity of a candidate's faith for it is faith that makes character and crowns effort with achievement.

A candidate's faith is the substance of what the voter hopes for in the elect's administration.

Yours Fraternally, For a Christian Citizenship,

SILAS C. SWALLOW.

The World is Growing Better.

At least the Methodist world is growing better. If any disbelieve it let them read the appeal of the Legislative Committee of the Methodist Temperance Society, to the voters of the country, to defeat candidates for Congress who do not favor a bill for preventing the United States government from legalizing liquor selling where the State governments have made it illegal.

If still skeptical, read these extracts from letters from Methodist Bishops concerning the reelection in 1909 of that leering, smoking, cussing, drinking, smutting, gambling fellow from Illinois as speaker of the House. Some call him by his self promoted title, "Uncle Joe." As I choose my kindred as well as my company where possible, I have never yet so befouled my mouth.

Bishop Warren describes him as "Dressed in a little brief authority. Playing such fantastic tricks before high Heaven, as make the angels weep."

Bishop Vincent wrote: "I unqualifiedly endorse the attitude of the Methodist Temperance Society toward Speaker Cannon and devoutly hope that our people will "stand to a man" in favor of the appeal it makes.

Bishop Goodsell wrote: "It is not for any one man to decide what is constitutional."

Bishop Mallalieu, "May God save us from representatives and speakers who are either the defenders of or the apologists for the unspeakable nuisance and curse of rum-selling."

Bishop Thoburn, "The emergency which the speaker of the House of Representatives has precipitated



"It is! It is! The Cannon's opening roar."—Byron.

is so grave that members of his political party have abundant cause for withholding their support from him at the organization of the next House."

Bishop Cranston: "The Methodists know that any rule or order even of the National Congress, which puts it within the power of any one man, or any Committee appointed by any one man to deny them a hearing through their chosen representatives on the floor of Congress, concerning any proper subject of Legislation is anti-Republican and anti-American. It is the function of the Supreme Court to pass upon the constitutionality of legal questions, and no party representative is a safe substitute for the Supreme Court."

Bishop Moore: "No man or set of men should be suffered to defeat the will of the people on this supreme issue. Let every Methodist do his duty as he shall answer to God."

Bishop Berry: "Our first concern should not be to prevent the re-election of Mr. Cannon to the speakership of the House of Representatives but to prevent his re-election to membership in that body."

Bishop McDowell: "The speaker of the House of Congress has chosen to set himself in opposition to the desires of temperance people in this matter. It is for temperance people to set themselves in determined and unyielding opposition to the speaker."

Bishop Nuelsen: "The speaker of the House of Representatives by his refusal to bring to a vote the Littlefield bill, blocks the efforts to enforce the law."

Bishop Oldham: "It has always been the ruse of the liquor men and their allies to put off the real temperance reforms by pleading that any attempt to do this, will imperil other issues. Well perhaps the time has at last come, when Methodists, at least, will perceive that the temperance issue profoundly affects the nation and is not a secondary matter. All those who believe this will endeavor to make it impossible that a speaker shall be elected who is obviously in league with the liquor traffic."

Bishop Quayle: "Speaker Cannon nor anybody else must stand in the way of the moral advantage in America."

Bishop Smith: "But speaker Cannon has set himself deliberately to defend the liquor traffic and defeat the popular will, and the first duty of the friends of temperance and of popular government is to deal with him. He is the obstruction and as he will not get out of the way, he should be put out."

Bishop Lewis: "The speakers evident purpose to use the law-making power of the country to promote the liquor business, deserves the righteous indignation of every lover of purity, virtue and home."

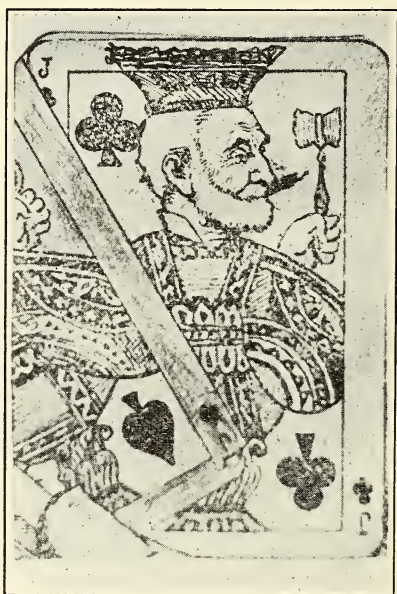
Bishop Hughes: "If I were in the convention in his district I would

not vote for his renomination. If I were a voter in his district, I would not vote for his return to Congress.

If I were a member of Congress I would not vote for his re-election as speaker.

Bishop McIntyre: "Cannon is the keylog. He must be dislodged that the flood of moral indignation against the rum traffic may sweep it into the pit."

Bishop Bristol: "The Speaker's assumption that he is the House of Representatives, and that as the House of Representatives he is the Supreme Court of the United States is not Democratic, Republican, nor sane. The people will not stand for that spirit of obstruction to the great moral movements of the age."



And May It Be This Cannon's Closing Swore. — *Ice-on*

Who says now that the world, at least the Methodist world is not growing better. Why all that sounds very much like an editorial in the Pennsylvania Methodist a decade ago. Yes "The world do move."

The victory ought to have been achieved years ago by the church bringing it in, on moral and religious lines, but it has waited till economic questions such as protection from the drunken negro in the South and the drinking laborer in the North, coupled with financial problems are forcing the issue while the church comes along at the tale end of the procession. Well thank God! anyway, for surely, surely, "De wuld do move."

But presto! Change! Old Decoy to the front! For since writing the foregoing several of these Bishops have published their belief that Old Joe-ker is a decent man. The evidence they give is, that they wrote him and he answered them and told them himself that he is a decent and re-lie-able man.

Our friend Orin H. Graham editor of the People's Magazine has summed up the situation so admirably that I herewith reproduce it.

"THE MEN BEHIND THE CANNON."

"The Speaker of the National House of Representatives is but a worm of the dust. He, of himself, cannot stand in the way of the Littlefield bill or any other bill. The power he wields against desirable legislation is conferred upon him by the Republican party, and the Republican party is composed in large part of the Methodist bishops and other ministers who are at the moment making such a ponderous attack on the instrument by which their own power is used for bad ends, after having by them been handed to the Republican party and by it in turn passed on to Joseph G. Cannon. The whole thing looks too much like the right hand making a show of opposing something that the left hand doeth. Cannon without the Republican party would be nothing, and the Republican party without the Methodist Church—well, would at least not be strong enough to defy the best sentiment of the country by repeatedly elevating such as Cannon to the second place in the government.

When we were children we thought and spake as children, but when we become Methodist bishops we ought to put away the childish thing of spanking our own fingers because they were "naughty" and got into the preserve jar."

But why are the Bishops fighting Cannon? And why did they wait to see fully five years of his opposition to moral issues?" says one not willing to give credit where credit is due. "Ah! the old fellow "sassed" them through the General Conference Committee sent to him. He twitted them of coming to him to do something when they had not attempted to do something themselves, and then made a speech in his home town of Danville, Ill., in which he declared that the "Bishops had gone off half-cocked as they had in the Smoot case." I choose however to believe that a majority of the Bishops are acting conscientiously from pure motives, intent on solving the vexing problems and that at last they are in dead earnest, and that there will be no turning back and no compromise.

"But," continues the hypercritical friend at my elbow, "Roosevelt in writing his desire to Mrs. Storer for an American Cardinal referred to those "fool Methodist preachers" who opposed the army canteen, and the church leaders didn't even wince under the blister, but continued to be de-e-e-lighted with Teddy," to which we answer.

"But forbearance of insults does sometimes cease to be a virtue." "True," says my friend, "But Mr. Taft argues in his speech against prohibition, and advises the students to cultivate the acquaintance of the saloon keeper on the corner because he controls votes. Why did he not advise them to cultivate the acquaintance of Methodist Bishops, Presbyterian Elders, and Baptist Deacons?" We will not attempt to answer our

friend's conundrum, and so he submits another. "Has Mr. Cannon's offense been greater than that of President McKinley, whom you was blamed for condemning for nullifying the anti-canteen law in the face of the protests of hundreds of thousands of churchmen? Why cannonade Joseph and canonize William?" to which we answer: "Possibly what Holland calls "the love of what is ours," has something to do with the "distinction without a difference," but then it is more popular now to badger whiskey defending officials than it was ten years ago, and not nearly so great a crime to be personal in our discussions as it was then.

NEVERTHELESS THE WORLD IS GROWING BETTER.

Now, a wife is not a chattel of her husband. She may spend her own earnings, and share with husband the guardianship of her children. Child slave labor is modified, criminals are no longer crucified or impaled, or disemboweled, or buried alive. Nor are they put to death for forgery or for stealing five shillings or more. No prosecution now for heresy, witchcraft, or religious non-conformity. Slavery has been abolished the world over, opium is banished from China and bondage to the liquor monger is going everywhere. Liberality and charity are more dominant and wide spread. The full feed the hungry, the wise school the ignorant. War is less popular and peace more popular. And corrupt politics is in hiding. Though labor and capital are at war they are gradually realizing that they be brethren. In the dark days of our civil war John Bright, England's great statesman and America's great friend said, "It may be but a vision, but I will cherish it, I see one vast federation stretch from the frozen North in unbroken lines to the glowing South, and from the wild billows of the Atlantic to the calmer waters of the Pacific main, and I see one people and one language, and one law and one faith, and over all that wide continent, the home of freedom and a refuge for the oppressed of every race and clime." And I would add, "over all this that truly *great* country, as it is now simply a *big* country; not a licensed saloon, nor its twin sister a tolerated brothel, nor yet a time serving priest, preacher or bishop or a money subsidized church. Ah yes! the world is growing better, but not fast enough to justify a folding of hands. Let the optimist who calls scim-milk cream to the rear, and the pessemist who calls cream scim-milk to the rear, and the pessi-optimist who sees the evil and the good and has the courage to throttle the former and water and cultivate the latter to the front. Forward march pessi-optimist. "Time wasted is existence; used is life."

